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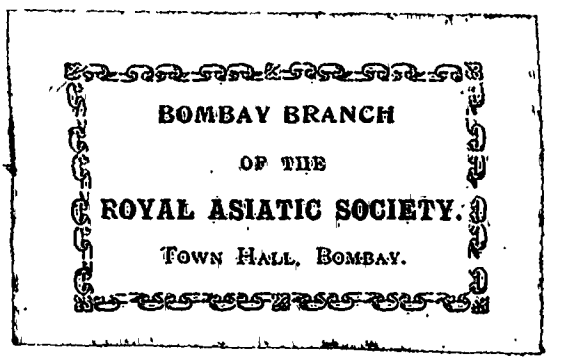

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THE

ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS

AND

LOMBARD RIFLE BRIGADE,

BEING AN

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

OF THE

ORGANIZATION, ADVENTURES, AND FINAL DISBANDING OF THESE CORPS, IN 1848–49.

BY EMILIO DANDOLO.

31355
a.c

. . . . Ah su gli estinti
Non sorge fiore, ove non sia d' umane
Lodi onorato e d' amoroso pianto!
FOSCOLO.

Translated from the Edition published at Turin in 1849.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ORIGINAL LETTERS AND IMPORTANT HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE LATE ITALIAN MOVEMENT OF REFORM.

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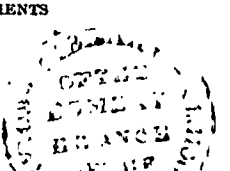

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1851.

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LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

Author's Dedication.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

ENRICO DANDOLO, LUCIANO MANARA,

AND

EMILIO MORISINI,

WHO FELL

IN THE DEFENCE OF ROME.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In these times, when the most extraordinary events press one upon another with strange rapidity, and the future looks dark and big with tempests, I hardly know whether these unstudied pages, alike devoid of exaggeration or flattery, and dictated by a sense of justice alone, will be favourably received by the public. I hesitated and doubted much before giving them to the light, not only from a consciousness of my inexperience as an author, but from the fear of being judged presumptuous in calling the attention of others to details which frequently assume the impress of a personal narrative.

I was induced, however, to overcome my natural timidity by the kind encouragement which I met with from many whom I consulted on this subject, and, above all, by the desire of lending my assistance, as far as my small means would permit, to those who

are sincerely desirous of finding out the truth in the midst of the confusion and obscurity of a period replete with dark and mysterious events.

I had accidentally been placed in such circumstances as to be able frequently to form a clear and precise judgment respecting various occurrences, which, for others, were either of dubious character, or liable to be falsely interpreted. From early intimacy and habits of friendship I was like a brother to the late Luciano Manara; for about a year I was his adjutant and secretary for military affairs, and, above all, his inseparable companion in the reverses which led him at last to the tomb: I had, therefore, the means of viewing, in their true light, the perplexing changes of events in which he and his comrades were so lamentably entangled and ruined.

Without any interested views or regard to party feeling, I have felt, in publishing this brief narrative, that I was paying the last tribute due to the memory of my friends; and, though far from confident in the merits of the style, I hope, nevertheless, to meet with some indulgence for the sake of the spirit of justice which it has been my constant endeavour to preserve throughout. For my only desire in these pages has been to speak the truth on all occasions, and to be impartial both as to things and persons;

so that, if I have deceived myself, I can at least claim the praise of honesty for my intentions.

It will probably be remarked that I have not hazarded political observations or inferences; for such matters not being within my sphere, I have only related what I have seen and what I have felt, without pretending to draw up a complète history; and yet, though my resolution was to abstain, with the utmost care, from every word which might bear the appearance of personal animosity, as I have often been compelled to say what I thought of many, who, by their bad management of public affairs, have powerfully contributed to the general ruin, it may be that my straightforward narrative will cost me many enemies, and much ill will. By not a few of the Lombards I shall be accused of showing little love to my compatriots, and a needless degree of harshness in unveiling some of those wounds which, in the opinion of many, it might be better for a charitable hand to conceal. But I am of opinion that we Italians have been in the habit of flattering each other too much, and that it is but a senseless and hurtful delicacy which would seek now to palliate the causes of our defeat. On the other hand, supported in meeting these reproaches by the object I have in view, I trust that my past conduct and

present misfortunes will prove that I yield to none in real devotion to our unhappy country.

If I have omitted some things, if with regard to others I have been too diffuse, I entreat the reader to pardon me, whilst he considers how many cruel and still aching wounds I have been compelled to re-open in this narrative. The man who tells the story of his own griefs often finds relief in dwelling on minute details, although these may perhaps offer but little interest to those persons who have not shared in his sufferings.

Though young in years, I have been long familiar with misfortune. I have experienced so many varying emotions,—I have borne my part in such an overwhelming series of desolating events and calamities,—that were there no comforts besides those which the World can give, I should believe that my life was henceforth reduced to the last dregs of bitterness and disappointment. But the holiest sources of consolation have never been wanting to those who have earnestly contended, whether with good or adverse fortune, in the sacred cause of freedom. Whilst then I yield not to despondency, I would fain hope that to the sympathies and kind feelings of my readers I may look for some indulgence, should I be accused of occasional diffuseness; for it is

indeed difficult for me not to dwell with a certain degree of complacency on scenes and hours when the future seemed to smile so blandly on myself and my poor friends—friends, alas! with few exceptions, now no more; and such is the satisfaction which the pity and esteem of good men bring with them, that if the perusal of these pages should cause a blessing to be invoked on the memory of those my brave and devoted comrades, snatched too early from their homes and the love and admiration of their country, I shall deem myself not wholly unhappy; and, while repeating the praises of generous minds on the tombs of those martyrs who now rejoice in God, I shall share in the last earthly consolation that remains for their bereaved companions in arms who survive them.

THE TRANSLATOR

TO THE

ENGLISH READER.

HAVING been induced to undertake the office of translator from no other motive than the desire of making the generality of my countrymen acquainted with a book which is deservedly popular in the present day in Italy, I do not think it necessary to make apologies for my own conscious inability, nor do I attempt to offer an eulogium of my author. Wherever bravery, patriotism, and moral feeling can insure a good reception, Signor Dandolo's narrative will meet with an enthusiastic welcome. Few in this country have read his pages unmoved; and whilst the graphic truthfulness of his description finds an echo in every heart, there is not a fallen soldier's mother, sister, or bride, who does not weep afresh while reading the story of the young heroes who died at Rome, and that of their surviving companions

who are still wandering as exiles over the face of the earth. Early and accumulated griefs have brought the author's mind to precocious maturity; he feels with the passionate fervour of youth, while he reflects and judges with the perspicacity and moderation of age. This union of rarely-combined qualities lends an irresistible charm to his narrative, and makes the moral which it contains find a ready access to the youthful class, for which it is peculiarly adapted, and which he has so aptly described as the flower of Italy.

There is something remarkable in Signor Dandolo's abstinence from political allusions: his silence on this subject is truly admirable when traced to its real source. He does not speak of politics, because neither he nor his companions were, or desired to be, politicians. They were, strictly speaking, *Patriots*, they had but one desire, — to lay down their lives for their country; and if Italy had owned thirty thousand sons like these, she would now be free! But as Signor Dandolo confines his narrative to events in which the Volunteers alone were concerned, for English readers, something was required to connect this brilliant episode with the chain of events in which the past and present destinies of Italy are involved. I think myself fortunate in being furnished

with the means of supplying this desideratum by adding to the translation of Signor Dandolo's work two Chapters written expressly with this view by distinguished Italian friends; they consider the subject under somewhat different aspects, thus throwing a light on the political events of Italy; and while they touch on various topics connected with Signor Dandolo's narrative, form the connecting link which was required to enable the foreign reader to understand the part taken by the Volunteers in the late war. The Italian edition of the "Lombard Volunteers" contains, in the form of Appendix, a translation of a purely military history of the siege of Rome written by a French officer, and published in the *Spectateur Militaire.* By substituting matter of more general interest to English readers, we have, in fact, followed Signor Dandolo's lead, only adapting the subject to the class of persons to whom his book is now offered.

And now, having introduced my "Volunteers," I gladly withdraw from notice, and shall think myself more than repaid if my presence is lost sight of in the interest of that subject which it has been my sole desire to make known.

R. M.

Italy, October, 1850.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

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LONDON, PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & Co. 1831

THE ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LATE ITALIAN MOVEMENT OF REFORM.

CONVINCED how deeply important it is to the interests of Italy that the public mind of England should appreciate the sentiments and motives of those, who, counting not the cost, have sought the regeneration of their unhappy country, it is with much earnestness that the writer of these introductory pages seizes the occasion to do justice to his fellow-countrymen, and to their cause. Nor would he wish a fairer field than this, or better company than that of the honest soldier whose narrative now appears in the English language. Its unaffected style, its candour, and plain manly sense will sufficiently commend the work to the reader's favourable opinion. But as the narrative chiefly relates

to the part taken by the Volunteers in the Italian War of Independence, and may rather be said to be a well-delineated biography of a few of the most distinguished leaders of one of the free corps, it appears desirable to offer a few preliminary observations respecting the other elements which co-operated in fixing the final destinies of Italy, such as the political action of our different governments existing at that time, — the influence of foreign policy, — the general state of public opinion; for we hope thus to furnish the reader of Signor Dandolo's narrative with some, at least, of the materials essential to forming a correct judgment of a cause, which, in the days of its triumph, as in those of its defeat, has engaged the anxious attention of statesmen, and the warmest sympathies of the civilised world.

It would be impossible to offer a more apt definition of the Italian Volunteers of 1848, than that which has been given by Signor Dandolo: "they were composed of the flower and of the dregs of society;" nothing, therefore, can be more various, more multiform, more easily eluding minute observation than these free corps, which differ from regiments of the line, as much as the free action of the will differs from passive obedience and blind submission. An almost miraculous concurrence of

THE

ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LATE ITALIAN MOVEMENT OF REFORM.

In these days of political excitement, it is refreshing to meet with a book like that of Signor Emilio Dandolo, written in a modest, unaffected style, replete with sound and moderate views, and animated by sincere and ardent patriotism. Being aware how important it is for Italy, that public opinion in England, with regard to recent events in this country, should be founded on true and unbiassed statements of facts, we congratulate ourselves on Signor Dandolo's work being translated into English.

As the narrative in the original is exclusively confined to the part taken by the volunteers in the

Italian war of independence, being in fact a well delineated biography of a few of the most distinguished leaders of one of the free corps, in presenting the work to English readers, it appears desirable to offer a few brief observations respecting the other elements which co-operated in fixing the final destinies of Italy, such as the political action of our different governments existing at that time,—the influence of foreign policy,—the general state of public opinion; for we hope thus to furnish the reader of Signor Dandolo's narrative with some, at least, of the materials essential to forming a correct judgment of a cause, which, in the days of its triumph, as in those of its defeat, has engaged the anxious attention of statesmen, and the warmest sympathies of the civilised world.

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events united for a time the most heterogeneous elements in one single idea, and brought these different forces, some of which were powerful even in their individual actions, to combine for one common end. No sooner had the standard of Italian independence been reared on the walls of Milan, than Rome, Naples, Tuscany, Sardinia, Romagna, and the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces sent out thousands of combatants. Generous youths of noble birth, with minds tempered by manly studies,— men of mature age, distinguished in science and the arts,— laborious and brave mechanics, flew to arms, exultingly confident in their cause which had been blessed by a Pontiff, revered as the liberator of Italy; and at the same time they drew after them a portion of the worst classes of townspeople, who had been reared in idleness, ignorance, and vice, and who impelled by a vain spirit of imitation, by the desire of gain, or by a propensity for a vagrant and adventurous life, enlisted themselves among the real champions of national freedom. As long as this singular association was elevated and maintained by the enthusiasm which a noble and generous sentiment transfused through the whole mass,—as long as victory attended it, and the hardships, fatigues, and sacrifices inseparable from a serious and decisive war, had not

come to dissolve it, — as long as party spirit, provincial animosities, ambition, and mistrust, had not poisoned (as too soon, alas, they did) the sources of public feeling, so long did it appear to have raised the people of Italy to the level of their ancient virtues. The revolution of Milan, the brave defence of Vicenza *, Treviso, Brescia, Bologna, Venice, and Rome, were due to volunteers; nor could such a species of defence have been achieved by any but volunteers. We ought not to forget, in judging of the Italian war of independence, that the majority of the people had long been unused to military habits; if we except the States forming the two extremities of the Peninsula, all the remainder of Italy had either no regular troops, or they were in small numbers, ill disciplined, and unprepared for entering the field. The war, therefore, which the Italian volunteers made against Austria, was precisely that which alone was possible under existing circumstances. Buoyed up by the enthusiasm of the moment, they could do neither more nor less than they did, that is, carry on a war of barricades in cities, and of *guerillas*, outside the walls of these; for were they not without determined plan, without

* See Appendix, Vicenza, Note A.

discipline, as well as without competent leaders? thus giving rise to a warfare replete with heroic actions and individual sacrifices, but too truly without effect against a numerous well-trained army, strengthened by the advantages of superior natural positions and impregnable fortresses, and, above all, conducted by brave veteran persevering chiefs, whose orders were blindly and implicitly obeyed.

What we have said of the volunteers of 1848, as confronted with the Austrian troops, may, if we look to the definitive result, be said of the standing armies likewise, and of the political influence of the Italian Governments during the war.

The Sardinian army was patient, disciplined, loyal, brave, and well-trained in certain arms; but it did not possess a general whose genius might have insured victory, or who had resolution and promptitude enough to follow up a first success: it was essentially defective as to numbers; was often in want of provisions; it never had correct information as to the enemies' movements, and its own were neither planned nor executed with sufficient rapidity or precision; nor could it resist the discouragement produced by the first reverses, being in a great proportion composed of married men and fathers of families.*

* This observation refers to the *reserve*, called in the Pied-

Political interests were constantly associated with the plans of the campaign, perplexing the movements of the army, and weakening it in presence of the enemy, who, following the simplest method of war, remained concentrated in their fortifications and awaited reinforcements from Vienna and the whole of Germany, in order to fall successfully on inferior and detached forces, and put them to the rout one by one. The Neapolitan army, which, by occupying the Venetian province, could alone have prevented the arrival of Austrian reinforcements and thus have insured us the victory, was recalled at the most critical moment. The causes of this fatal recall are well known: the army of the king of Naples could not be expected to fight for the glory of another Sovereign, and Ferdinand, while apparently on the point of losing Sicily, and menaced in his own kingdom, naturally denied his troops to Charles Albert, for the conquest of Lombardy.

Pius IX., the successor of the universally detested Gregory, opened a reign, which Europe was accustomed to consider as the constant incarnation of an ignorant and superstitious despotism, with an

montese language "*Provinciali*," whom General Bava, in his "Military Operations of the Lombard Campaign," designates as armed peasants, "contadini armati."

act of clemency and promises of political reforms; and whether from the effect of this unlooked-for contrast, or the gratification of a desire which had preyed for years on this population, or still more, perhaps, from the hope universally entertained by believing minds of realising at length the union of faith and liberty — Pius IX. became the symbol of Italian regeneration. It was not long, however, before the war with Austria broke out, and the words which proceeded from the Vatican after the Austrian occupation of the town of Ferara, had no small share in arousing the animosity of the Italians, and calling them to arms. But the court of Rome, and the whole complex mechanism of that monstrous government, had not melted away at the first decree of Pius IX. The Pontiff soon found that he could not grant a constitution to his people, or maintain it when granted, and that he could not make war with Austria more than with any other state; and thus, at the first trial, another and most powerful moral support was withdrawn from the Italian movement of 1848.

The states of Central Italy which were weakly governed, without troops, with an inexperienced and excitable population, who had no idea of political authority except that derived from the action of a

demoralised and discredited police, entered eagerly into the new reforms; but, in the sequel, they served only to accelerate the Italian movement, without contributing efficaciously to its defence; they became a ready field for disordered passions, and a cradle for the political sects whose suspicions and animosities they helped to disseminate.

Elated by the successes of the "five days," the Milanese believed that they had conquered Austria. The prolongation of the Provisional Government, while it flattered the self-love of Milan, did not equally satisfy the other provinces; it was composed of men unused to state affairs, some of whom were remarkable for exaggerated opinions, whilst others were better known for the conflict which they had maintained in the "Municipal Councils" or "Provincial Congregations" against Austrian oppressions; and thus as the controlling power was wanting in compactness, it was necessarily weak and undecided in action. The Mazzinian sect, which had many partisans in the Lombard Universities, had therefore leisure to organise itself in Milan, and while proclaiming exclusive devotion to the cause of Italian unity and freedom, aspired nevertheless to arrive at power by means of a republic. Meanwhile the insidious arts of vile and corrupt Austrian agents,

never ceased to foment these elements of discord, produced perpetual tumults at Milan, and prevented the immediate union of Piedmont, which Charles Albert had unfortunately hesitated to insure on his first entry into Lombardy. A series of vacillations, mutual distrust, and scandals, rendered this union unpopular among the majority of the Lombards, so that when finally called to give their vote for the fusion, they were indifferent to it, or but little disposed to support a measure, which was presented to them under such unfavourable auspices. Hence it was also, that Lombardy, notwithstanding great and laudable sacrifices in men and money, never furnished really efficient aid to the Piedmontese army; and to these sources may be traced the atrocious calumnies which were directed against that army and its magnanimous king.

In the meanwhile the Genoese members of the Turin ministry, carried away by a wild ambition of territorial aggrandisement, and by fantastic schemes of Italian unity, were far from inspiring the other states and princes of Italy with confidence; they never indeed really desired to enter into a league with them, and to this they were still more averse, when the early successes of the war seemed to hold out a hope of their being able to realise their projects.

Thus the foreign policy of that ministry may be reckoned among the causes of our greatest calamities.

In 1847 Italy was advancing in the path of gradual reforms, and in the formation of a commercial and political league between the different states of the Peninsula; in the early months of 1848 she was precipitated into a great political revolution, and into a war with Austria; the enormous disproportion which exists between the events of these two periods, extends to the means which she possessed for bringing them to a favourable issue. Insufficient military forces, without a commander of genius; — governments not even allied to each other by a formal treaty, actuated, henceforward, by the ambitions, jealousies and interests of their individual states, more than by the desire of ensuring the triumph of a cause, in which they could not easily measure their own particular advantage; — popular passions run wild in the midst of newly acquired and but slightly guarded liberties, offering, therefore, a free field for the manœuvres of all classes of republicans, encouraged as these were, by the example and influence of France: such were the conditions in which Italy was placed in the middle of 1848, when the war with Austria was at its height, and which led to the fatal

result, inevitable as it now appears to us, who can calmly consider all the circumstances which led to it.

Were there, then, no true, no just reasons for the Italian movement of 1847? Were the forces which animated that movement utterly powerless? Was the whole of Europe labouring under some imaginative illusion when it hailed the glorious spectacle of a free, independent Italy, rising in renovated life, led on by her princes, blessed by the Pontiff, and consecrated by the generous blood of so many heroes? Nothing could be more ignorant, more false than such a supposition.

The whole of Europe is aware that the necessity of political reforms had been felt in all the States of Italy, previous to the year 1847. Already had all the princes of Italy, more or less gloriously, more or less spontaneously, set out in the way of progress, encouraged by the counsels of the English and French governments; and it would be neither the last nor least valid argument in confirmation of the necessity which impelled the Italian States to introduce these reforms, that the Conclave of Cardinals had unanimously and unexpectedly elected Mastai as Pope, solely because he was believed not to be averse to progress, and to the spirit of the times. In the municipal and provincial councils, in the universities,

in the scientific congresses, in the agricultural meetings, in the literature, in the periodical press, everywhere, one all-prevailing want was felt, was demanded by universal consent, — it was that of granting a larger and more suitable degree of freedom for the development of public opinion; and of admitting to a more or less direct action in the government, the representatives of those classes who, by their learning, wealth, virtues, and birth, seem naturally called upon to conduct the destinies of society, and without whose support it has become impossible to govern with wisdom and justice. The number and power of the leaders of public opinion, formed at the school of the representative governments of England and France, had among us, as elsewhere, been gradually increasing; here, as elsewhere, their influence weighed upon the governments, inducing them to follow the example of other free nations, and to establish in the different Italian States such fundamental political institutions as were best adapted to each, being modified with a due regard to their several characteristic distinctions founded on their traditions, ancient habits, and geographical conformation.

We will not here repeat the well-known story of the extraordinary and unforeseen events which succeeded each other in 1848, threatening the overthrow

of the greatest states in Europe. It is necessary, however, to recall to mind the manner in which at that time the Austrian government in Lombardy repelled all attempts at reform in the provinces subject to its rule, repressed by brute force every throb of national sentiment, offended by gratuitous and insolent provocations that Pontiff and prince who was then the polar star of Italy, and only seemed intent on deepening a hatred which Austria had constantly kept alive, and increased, and never by a single act had been either able or willing to diminish. The Italian leaders of reform in 1847 expected nothing from Austria except that she should leave a free independent action to the different governments in their internal relations with their respective populations; and that she should not oppose herself to the granting of certain concessions, which the times had rendered inevitable, and which were demanded by the increased influence of civilised Europe. For the sake of the general peace of Italy, these leaders were also desirous that Austria should undertake similar reforms in the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces, and that, entering with these provinces into the Italian family, she might, in as far only as her Italian possessions entitled her, have formed a part of that confederation, which appeared to them the easiest and

wisest mode of promoting the interests of a great people, and of satisfying that sentiment of nationality which, far from being extinguished among us, is indelibly impressed on this people by their language, by their history, by the hand of God himself. This sentiment was aroused to redoubled strength by the breath of renewed freedom, and by the unjust provocations of foreign oppression; none better than Austria herself can tell how dearly she has paid and still pays for the blind and obstinate resistance which was then opposed to the most moderate and reasonable desires.* In 1847, the liberal and moderate party of which we have defined the tendencies, both as regards the internal political constitution of their country, and its nationality, was not a *sect;* on the contrary, as in all other countries arrived at a certain degree of political maturity, it represented the most efficient, the most constant, the most vital force of society; and as such its influence prevailed in the councils of state, in the municipal assemblies, in the literature, and in the public opinion of Italy.

Enlightened Europe applauded this revival imbued with old Italian wisdom, which seemed to have gone astray since the disasters of 1789. Religion lent its

* See Appendix, Milan, Note B.

beneficent aid to harmonise this political movement. Love for the Sovereigns, and respect for authority, regained fresh life from the pure source of public gratitude, and thus, without a single drop of blood shed, without a tear being wrung from a single eye, among the embraces of brotherly kindness, and universal charity, a pacific revolution was being accomplished in Italy, which would assuredly have raised her once more to her rank among the nations. Let us only recall to our minds the state of Europe in 1847, before it was unhappily shaken to the very foundations by the revolution of February, — let us refer to the official documents of England and France since published, — and we shall be obliged to confess the reality of the Italian movement, its prospect of successful issue, and the profound good sense which guided the men who promoted it.

The republican sects, the *young Italy*, the Italy *one and independent*, existed then, only in the dreams of exiles, in the fever of ambition, in the hallucinations of an anti-Italian mysticism; and the natural good sense of our population, never suffered itself to be misled into this labyrinth of illusions. The leaders of Italian reforms, more sincerely devoted to the glory of their country, and more truly Italian than the exiles of London, understood then, as they

still do, that our national sentiment is not a thing which requires to be created afresh; that this sentiment had existed, and ever would continue to exist superior to any foreign domination which might seek to suffocate it. Far from believing that the political constitution of Italy should be grounded on the destruction of its provincial traditions, interests, and celebrities, by an unnatural and violent fusion, they considered, as they still do, that the constitution best adapted for Italy was that of a confederative organisation which would leave to the different allied States the liberty and power of developing separately, and of availing themselves of the common forces better to secure the independence of each. The leaders of Italian reform do not attempt to convert Italy into an imitation of France, either monarchical or republican; they do not urge their country out of its natural course, with the view of forming one of those unwieldy and pernicious political concentrations which Europe on all sides is seeking to dissolve; but on the contrary they desire its progress and consolidation in that way for which Providence has in a peculiar manner adapted it. They know that the sentiment of Italian nationality is not confined to the possession of imposing military forces, of a vast administrative centralisation, or of an uniform political individuality, but on

the contrary, that it is eternally founded on the proud consciousness of the civilisation which Italy has more than once created and diffused over the whole world, on her undisputed and indestructible supremacy of genius, and on her unrivalled standing in art, science, and letters.

What influence the republican movements, the appeals to the populace, and the *Constituent Assemblies*, have had in the conflict with Austria, has been already shown by events: and when partisans of particular political sects attempt to prove that the forces brought into action were rendered inefficient by the indifference of the moderate party, or by the bad faith of the Sovereigns who undertook the war, their assertions only show their entire ignorance of the people whose cause they pretend to espouse; they deceive themselves, and not a few of them deceive others. No one in their senses could attribute the catastrophe of February, the revolution of Vienna, or the commotions of the whole of Germany, to the Italian governments of 1847, and to the moderate party which public opinion had called to the direction of Italian affairs in the early months of 1848.*

* The constitution of Naples was granted the 29th of Jan., 1848; that of Sardinia 5th of Feb., 1848; of Tuscany, 17th of Feb., 1848; of Rome, 14th March, 1848.

When, in that almost universal disorder, which menaced the very existence of the Austrian Empire, the Lombards rose in arms, hailing the propitious moment for shaking off a yoke become doubly insupportable from the blind opposition of the government to those reforms which had been conceded to the other Italian provinces; when, in consequence of the revolution of Milan, the whole of Italy flocked to the succour of that province, and united in making war with Austria, the rest of Europe justly laid the responsibility of that struggle on Austria itself, which for thirty-two years had laboured to procure the hatred of Italians, — and not on the liberal party of Italy, which, preoccupied with the internal organisation of the country, and not fully prepared to enter the lists with so powerful an enemy, would willingly have avoided, or at least postponed, the rupture. Austria, then, having by a long series of insults and provocations flung down the gauntlet of defiance to all the friends of constitutional freedom throughout the world, surely no arguments are required to prove that, on our part, the reasons for undertaking the war were just; and, at any rate, events have shown that the moment for declaring it was favourable. The forces which on the first impulse the Italians brought into the field, were not insufficient; it was not the

greater bravery or skill of the Austrians, who were then flying in confusion from Milan, that prevented the strongest fortress of Lombardy * from falling into our hands, but a fatal concurrence of circumstances, which no forethought or experience could have averted: two or three times during the campaign of 1848, decisive victory was wanting to the Italian arms from accidental causes which prove neither science nor military superiority in the conquerors; and it was the consciousness of this which induced the cabinet of Vienna to offer the largest conditions of peace, and that more than once, during the early part of the campaign.

While reverting to the unequal warfare in which Italy was then engaged, it cannot be forgotten that republican France, which this time, also, had interrupted and misled our pacific renovation, could find no other opportunity for exerting its powerful influence in our behalf during the war, than, after the defeat of Charles Albert, that of re-establishing in Rome the ecclesiastical government, which was the worst and the most detested of all the governments that had existed previously to the year 1847. The French republic,—which stirred up at Milan the

* See Appendix, MILAN. Note B.

popular aversion to the king of Piedmont, and constantly opposed the formation of the kingdoms of Upper Italy, — which fomented disunion at Venice, — which refused in September 1848 to grant the succour requested by Pius IX., — which might have prevented the dissolution of Central Italy, and would possibly have changed the fortune of the second campaign, — that same republic (posterity will scarcely believe it!) came beneath the walls of Rome to extinguish the last breath of that Italian freedom, which its influence alone had perverted and corrupted.

The profound subversion of political principles generated by the blasting influence of the French revolution, the Pope's fatal desertion of the national cause, and the defeat of the royal army, were events unhappily connected with each other, which, by arresting the Italian movement of reform, laid bare the already bleeding bosom of Italy to the attacks of furious demagogues, and to the empoisoned darts of suspicion, of sectarian animosity, and of freshly awakened municipal jealousies. The liberal and moderate party, overcome by events for which they were in nowise responsible, weighed down by the disasters of the Italian arms, and not yet internally organised, neither having had the time or quiet ne-

cessary for founding the new political edifice, were here, as elsewhere, driven out of the field by ambitious and unprincipled agitators, by men who, but for the accumulated calamities of the country, would never, we may believe, have ventured to brave the opinion of the public.

The great masses of the population, taken as it were by surprise, remained inert spectators of these changes, and placed no confidence in these governments, as suddenly as unexpectedly called into being, and which were directed by unexperienced leaders, of loose morals and irreligious principles, and prepared for the management of public affairs in the clandestine haunts of conspiracy, or among the illusions of prolonged exile. In short, the democratical governments gave real satisfaction to none but the retrogrades, who hailed them as forerunners of Austrian restoration; their internal administration was defective and injurious; they completely exhausted the finances, did nothing for the national war, and converted the enthusiasm and sympathy of other great nations for Italy into pity or contempt. Until conquered by Austria at Novara, by France at Rome, and overturned by popular indignation at Florence, they proved, by the sad experience of those

who were their willing or unwilling victims, that they had done nothing during their short reign but increase the agitation of the public mind, add fuel to the jealousies, suspicions, and animosities of party spirit, rivet the chains of Italy with fresh foreign oppressions, and render the work of Italian regeneration slower and more laborious.

We trust that these few observations will have shown the reasonableness and justice with which the leaders of the liberal party acted in 1847, when they undertook the political reforms imperiously demanded by public opinion, conceded by the sovereigns of Italy, and sanctioned by the example of the Pontiff: we have also shown how, from causes independent of this party, superior to the forces at its disposal, and contrary to its desires, the Italian movement was thrown into the hands of demagogues, and lost the support of the princes, the approval of the Church, and the sympathies of civilised Europe.

Notwithstanding these accumulated misfortunes, we take it upon ourselves confidently to affirm that vainly will it be attempted finally to stop or to drive backwards that first Italian movement which has its origin in the universal opinion, in the true interests, and most powerful necessities of the age, since, independently of it, there can be no real or durable inter-

nal peace, nor can any regular government be maintained in this country.

If, then, on the one hand, we consider the great and immeasurable changes which may yet be effected by the inventions of human art, and by the progress and diffusion of knowledge and material well-being, and on the other, the relaxation of those moral principles which constitute the bonds of society, and the indifference, the contempt, or the terror inspired by the fallacies of certain social theories, by the egotistical and ambitious views of various popular reformers, and by the crimes committed in the name of liberty, it will surely be useless and rash to predict what political organization may hereafter predominate in the civilised Christian world. One thing, however, is certain, it will be such as to satisfy the supreme necessity of the age,—namely, that of identifying the action of the government with the interests, opinions, and sentiments of the wealthy and educated classes of society. Wherever the influence of these classes prevails, there is internal peace and progressive civilisation; the people respect the laws as their own work; they are attached to the head of the government as the supreme representative of the principle of order and of national honour. Wherever, on the contrary, an attempt is made to restore an

already overthrown despotism, the government isolates itself from the country, conspires against public opinion, which at one time it endeavours to corrupt, at another to suppress by violence, and at last hurries inevitably on towards state bankruptcy and sanguinary revolutions.

Directing our attention to the actual state of the various Italian Provinces, we see them, with the exception of Piedmont, continuing in the condition into which they were plunged by the sudden and fatal termination of past events; nor can we hope for a speedy amelioration of this condition, because not only is Italy still in want of internal and national organization, but its destinies are complicated with those of a great Empire hitherto unable either to recede or advance in the spirit of its institutions, and with the more universally important and intricate question of the temporal dominion of the Popes. We fear even for the fate of Piedmont, which, among all the Italian provinces, is the only one that has maintained a frankly liberal and national policy, and where, from the moderation of the people, the loyalty of the sovereign, and the prestige surrounding the memory of the royal Champion of National Independence, this line of conduct has been more due to a sense of duty than to the principle of self-

conservation: we fear, too, the effects of internal difficulties brought perhaps hastily to a crisis, and the consequent troubles which have left a deep impression, not only in the memories, but in the consciences of the population likewise; but, above all, we fear the malevolence more or less openly manifested by all the surrounding states, against which we doubt whether the uncertain friendship and vacillating politics of France, or even the powerful moral support of England, will offer a good and sufficient defence.

Had, however, the lessons of history which were of so little advantage to the people of 1848, been more useful to the Princes of 1850, and were the present rulers of public affairs exempt from the influence of revenge or fear, we should see the Italian Governments, guided by wise foresight, follow the only path of safety which remains for them, by carrying out those reforms which had barely time to be traced, far less pacifically completed, in 1847; whilst, at the same time, they would naturally avoid those quicksands which Providence, as we trust for our future benefit, suffered to be laid bare in their terrible magnitude during the political convulsions of 1848.

Still, whatever may be the principles and conduct

of the actual Governments of this country, the same public opinion expressed by the Municipal Councils, the Boards of Agriculture, the Scientific Congresses, and the entire literature of the country, which asked and obtained from the Sovereigns of Italy, in 1847, representative forms of Government adapted to the interests and wants of the various provinces of the Peninsula, and which by the Commercial league laid the foundation of a still larger federal compact for securing and developing the national existence,—this same opinion is still held by the great majority of the nation, and it may be therefore safely asserted that those Italian Governments which in the present day have set themselves in open opposition to it, are working against the true interests of the country, and in favour of the radical party which is actually in the minority.

Nor need the friend of enlightened and constitutional Liberty fear for the final result of all these conflicting interests and aspirations. If obstacles more or less serious, more or less apparent, prevent in certain of the Italian Provinces an immediate compliance with the requirements of public opinion, it ought to be constantly kept in view, that,—in order to be in readiness to second that opinion, without fear of foreign interference or danger to the public tran-

quillity,—adequate military forces, and a competent system of police, should be provided; the exhausted finances should be restored by a vigorous system of economy, and no opportunity ought to be lost of proving to the people that their Princes are faithful to the Institutions which they have sworn to uphold, and that they are sincerely desirous of securing the national glory, and of ameliorating the condition of their subjects by themselves setting before them an example of beneficence and virtue. Every other direction which may be given to affairs will inevitably lead, here as elsewhere, to military despotism, state bankruptcy, and to the triumph of the demagogical party, in whose cause are enlisted the prodigious and unwearying activity of the political sects of all countries, and, above all, the egotistical passions, the utopian theories, the irreligious doctrines, and the confusion of ideas, which prevail in the public mind, and against the combined influence of which it would be folly to suppose that the discipline or fidelity of armies could long resist.

We conclude, therefore, by expressing our earnest desire that the wise and good of every nation may unite in resisting the party of disorder and misrule, and in obtaining the universal triumph of those representative institutions, which, wherever they have

been for any time established on the firm basis of constitutional monarchy, secure, in the midst of public order and prosperity, the progressive development of the human race.

May the influence of English civilisation, which sheds its steady beacon light on the tempest-tost world, arrest, ere it be too late, the reactionary excesses of a party, which is as arrogant in its hostile resistance to-day, as it was cowardly in its base compliances two years ago, and which, foolishly closing its ears to the warning voices of History, of Philosophy, and of Religion, fondly imagines that whatever it has at this time found possible will prove to be durable likewise!!!

C. M.

Pisa, Oct. 1850

FIRST CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER I.

MILAN, 1848. — "THE FIVE DAYS."

We have read many high-sounding but incorrect descriptions of the insurrection of Milan; and, doubtless, the causes which led to that insurrection, the manner in which it was conducted, and the courage with which it was accomplished, were most exciting subjects for discussion and description to every one present on that occasion. As, however, some of the accounts given are both impudently and intentionally false, — and amongst the foremost of these I would mention that of Carlo Cattaneo, ascribing that memorable event to causes and individuals who had no share in it, — I venture to repeat an often-told tale, and to say a few words which may serve as an introduction to the reader, and enable him to take up the thread of the narrative which I have undertaken to give to the public.

Few persons are unacquainted with the short-sighted severities of the Austrian police in Septem-

ber, 1847, and on the 3rd of the following January; and every one can imagine how these severities stirred up the hatred and rage which had long slumbered in the fervid spirits of the Lombards. Among the young students, in particular, such sentiments were inflamed by the rashness natural to their age, and could be but ill restrained, either by the advice of friends or by the dictates of prudence. The lectures of the schools were neglected even by the most studious; wild discourses and extravagant hopes absorbed our excited imaginations. Collected in groups, we passed the day in practising military evolutions, and night found us congregated and busily occupied, in some remote chamber, in melting bullets and preparing cartridges. In each of our court-yards, in each of our gardens, were ill-concealed holes filled with arms and ammunition, the fruit of our hard-earned savings,—doubly hard at our thoughtless age. A hundred times a day we hazarded our lives by imprudent aggressions and useless perils. The wiser and more experienced looked upon us indeed as boys, and asked us, smiling, if we imagined in this way to drive the Austrians out of Milan; but we seemed to feel, as if by some prophetic instinct, that great events were preparing in which we were to have a share, and our blood boiled too tumultuously to allow us to lend an ear to more pacific suggestions.

Not satisfied with taking part in all the public demonstrations, we invented others for ourselves: thus, besides abstaining from cigars and theatres, frequenting on given days the Corso Pio IX. and the Masses at the cathedral, at one time we met simultaneously at a fixed spot, without ostensible motive; at another, as a signal of recognition, we wore our hats in some particular fashion, or we brushed the beaver in a peculiar way. While the Board of Police wore itself out in pursuing and giving importance to our boyish devices, we exulted in reading daily some absurd proclamation, which, after half a dozen *considerandos, forbade the hat-band to be buckled in front, or the beaver to be brushed feather fashion*, with many other similar puerilities; we obeyed, but instantly took to some other singularity, which the imbecile police persisted in honouring with the pompous description of invitations to *secret meetings, of conspiracies*, and I know not what besides.

The day of combat, so ardently longed for, dawned at length. The hour of noon of the 18th of March had been fixed for a great and general rising. Who among us could now describe the sublime emotions of the night which preceded that day of peril? A considerable number of students, and a crowd of other persons were assembled in the house of Don Angelo Fava, our truly fatherly instructor, under whose

auspices we had grown up in an ardent desire for national independence. While he, and several of his friends, were employed in preparing proclamations, and in organising, as best they might, the many parts of that inconceivable movement, we loaded our arms, and exchanged burning words which seemed to kindle in our breasts that enthusiasm which exalts even the most unpractised to the heights of heroic daring. Prepared, by a participation in the sacred rites of religion, to meet whatever dangers might await us, with Fava at our head, we hurried along the deserted streets leading to the Corso, already overflowing with the populace, and reverberating with that indescribable rush of sounds which is the unfailing accompaniment of great popular commotions. Milan presented at that time a scene better to be imagined than described. Those glowing countenances, those strange rusty arms, those furious shouts, begun at a distance and gathering strength from a thousand discordant tones, until they swelled into one tremendous roar, more like the bellowing of a tempest-tossed ocean, than the sound of human voices; that disordered and fluctuating movement of the living mass; the hurried strokes of the tocsin; the countless handkerchiefs fluttering from the balconies thronged with females flinging down cockades which, tossed about in the air, were caught

and struggled for by hundreds of upheld arms,—above all, the mighty spirit of a people bestirring itself after thirty years of servitude, and laying hold of its weapons to sweep before it its oppressors,—all contributed to light up a super-human enthusiasm in our minds. Oh Milan, in that memorable day, thou didst show thyself indeed worthy to be free! Oh! why didst thou not remain as thou then wert, strong, united, resolute? Why have the rivalries, the paltry ambitions, the mean jealousies of many of thy citizens, served to turn thy glory into shame, and once more to rivet those chains which thou then seemedst to be on the point of indignantly casting from thee for ever!!!

The crowd drew on to the *Palazzo del Governo.* In an instant the sentinels were despatched, and the mob rushed headlong in, breathing revenge. Every thing was in a moment upset; the most remote chambers were ransacked; official papers and documents scattered to the winds, the furniture and windows destroyed. In vain the Archbishop showed himself at a window wearing the tricoloured cockade, imparting blessings and salutations: in vain Casati, Fava, Borromeo, Guerrieri, and all who then possessed influence with the populace, endeavoured to calm the tumult by promises, and assurances of at-

tachment to the popular cause. The torrent had burst its bounds and rushed irresistibly onwards. If I would, I could not, follow up in regular order the events of those days, with their perils, their struggles, and victories, — without resting for a moment, constantly hurrying along the streets, over the roofs of the houses, through the windows, amidst the smoke of firearms, the shouts of the combatants, the ringing of the tocsin, and the increasing ardour of the battle, without having any voice left to shout with, begging a morsel of bread, now in one house, now in another, — those few who fought in earnest day after day, and watched sleeplessly by night in the disputed streets, lost all idea of time, or of the succession of events.

A small band, of which I formed a part, headed first of all by Anfossi, and, when he was no more, by Manara, could not snatch an instant's repose. The defence of the *Comitato d'Insurrezione* and the charge of the prisoners were confided to us the first night; after that, the taking and defence of the gates, namely, *Nuova del Genio, del Comando militare,* was the all-absorbing occupation of the moment. Again, the skirmishes in *Borgonuovo, Naviglio,* and in many other streets, from which the Austrians retired little by little, pursued, stunned by the uproar, and by the novelty of the danger, more than by the force of the

enemy; and, finally, the occupation of *Porta Tosa*, taken after twelve hours' desperate fighting, brought us into contact with such new, sublime, and terrible scenes, that those days seem to me like a dream, and even now, after two years of disenchantment and misfortunes, my mind wavers, and my hand trembles as I record them. During "the Five Days," Manara excited universal admiration by his courage, which was at once firm and successful. Ever engaged in the most daring and dangerous enterprises, he pressed boldly on wherever the battle raged most fiercely. It was a glorious sight when, on the last day at *Porta Tosa*, the grape shot swept the way, and the musket firing was kept up on both sides unremittingly, and the houses near the gate were in flames, to behold him dart forward singly, with the tricoloured banner in his hand, and, followed by a few others, hurry on amidst a shower of balls as far as the small house close to the gate, there beat down the doorway, rush in with his followers, kill and put to flight the astonished enemy, and then set fire to the gate, through which swarms of peasantry already up in arms came pouring in from the country. Manara was then twenty-four years of age, remarkable for his handsome person and refined manners, and more accustomed to the trifling occupations of a

town life than to military pursuits; yet was he all of a sudden transformed into a warrior. Was it because he afterwards consecrated his services to Piedmont that he was deemed unworthy of a word of praise by the writer of the *History of the Insurrection of Milan?* This author seems, indeed, to have written with the sole view of pouring out his venom on the heads of those men who were most worthy, and of proclaiming himself as the head of that memorable insurrection, which, in fact, owed its success to the unanimity of the combatants, much more than to any preconceived plan of action. But a writer who can find no words except for his own praises, and those of his few admirers, while describing the events of those days, when every stripling became a hero, and every man of sense combined the efforts of his head and arm to further the glorious cause of freedom, may well forget the bravest of the combatants, who thought not of petty ambitions and vile animosities, but devoted himself heart and soul to the welfare of our common country.

Thursday, 23rd of March. — At daybreak a report began to circulate of the Austrians having evacuated the city. This seemed at first like the dream of a disturbed imagination, or some stratagem of the enemy; but doubt was soon exchanged for

certainty. After having burnt their dead, and treated their prisoners with the most refined barbarity*, the Austrian army had silently abandoned the city during the night. This news threw the whole population into such a frenzy of joy, that Milan presented on that morning a scene scarcely to be imagined. The inhabitants ran through the different streets shedding tears of joy, persons unknown to each other were seen embracing like brothers, and men of grave demeanour leaping and singing in the public thoroughfares, — all abandoning their houses, went round and round the streets as if they were beside themselves, or were seeking to inhale under the

* Many strangers have been inclined to doubt the incredible ferocity of which the Austrians gave some horrible examples during the five days' fighting, and particularly immediately before abandoning the city. But the witnesses of these barbarities were far too numerous to leave doubt in any unbiassed mind. A Croat soldier was seen carrying an infant on the point of his bayonet. All know of those female hands and ears found in the prisoners' cells, of those twelve victims burnt alive at Porta Tosa, of the nineteen buried in a heap of quicklime near the castle, whose bodies we found reduced to ashes.

I myself, having been commissioned, a few hours after the enemy's departure, to go over the castle and its environs with a strong patrol, was horror-struck at the sight of bodies disgustingly mutilated, and of a boy nailed to a doorway. These were the last testimonies of affection bequeathed to us at their departure by our oppressors, — atrocious manifestations of their impotent hatred.

open sky that blessed air of liberty which seemed ready to suffocate them. The meetings of the combatants glowing with honest pride at their own victory, pointing out to their friends the barricades, the smouldering and ruined buildings, and all the glorious relics of that memorable conflict, the interchange of questions and exclamations, all the suddenly-roused yearnings and transports of a population who had purchased their independence with their own blood, seemed to stir up the very depths of the soul, inflaming it with the exalted desire of persevering to the end in an enterprise so nobly begun, and of bringing it at length to its final consummation. On that day all were included in the bond of brotherhood, and scarcely a being, however hardened in selfishness and hatred, could resist the influence of such universal joy and affection.

As if to sustain the ardour of public feeling, the news arrived of the speedy approach of the Piedmontese army, which was hurrying on to the assistance of their Lombard brethren. But ill-designed men, who had already begun their work of fratricide by sowing those seeds of disorder and jealousy which ere long bore such bitter fruits, did not hesitate to calumniate the motives of that friendly host. Eternal shame be on the heads of those wretches who

even then vociferated, as they passed through the streets, " We have driven out the Croats—*here are more of them!*" To these men, more perhaps than to the Austrian cannon, do we owe our subsequent and present misfortunes; and when once the violence of excited passions shall be calmed down, their actions will no longer be judged according to their own ostentatious boastings or their hypocritical affectation of tenderness for Italian unity, but according to the facts which remain for the instruction of those who once placed confidence in them. Truth has already torn off many a veil with which they sought to conceal their real intentions—intentions which are daily becoming more apparent to all those persons whose blindness is not the result of obstinacy and infatuation. God grant that the sad lesson may turn to the profit of those who may one day be called to renew the enterprise!

The revolution of Milan undoubtedly bore the impress of extraordinary courage, and for that very reason did not fail to produce those calamitous effects which hurried on the fatal destinies of Lombardy. The success of that barricade fight of citizens, who, urged on by a desperate impulse, had forced Radetzky to abandon Milan, and make a hasty and disordered retreat towards the fortresses, which were

the natural basis of his military operations, had so inflated the minds of the Lombards, that, despising the Austrian army for having fled before a handful of armed men, they imagined the undertaking already accomplished, and that in a few days the panic-struck *horde* of enemies would have disappeared on the other side of the Alps; they consequently considered the Piedmontese merely as those to whom they were bound in courtesy to leave the honour of bestowing the *coup de grace*, after the most difficult part of the enterprise had been already achieved.

None of us then understood that, had it not been for the insurrection of Milan, the Piedmontese army would not, in all probability, have been so speedily brought into the field; but that, on the other hand, it was next to certain that, had it not been for the near approach of a hostile army, the 10,000 men composing the garrison of Milan would not have taken to flight at a time when they were still masters of the fortress and of several gates of the city, and might have received powerful reinforcements from the provinces. Mazzini and his party drew from that memorable rising (which but for their intrigues might have had a better result) an argument for endless declamations about *the war of the people*, who, to use the expression of a far-

famed prophet of that sect, *needed only to lay hold of their brooms to sweep out the Austrians.* Thus were fomented a contempt for military discipline, and that presumption, which gave rise to the belief of the enemy being vanquished, because 2000 of their numbers had fallen at Milan; errors which were afterwards prolific of much discord and weakness. Indeed, the Piedmontese army was decried by not a few, as treacherous and wanting in valour, because it remained stationary for three months before the most formidable fortresses of Europe, and failed to make itself master of them while left unsupported by the rest of Italy; and, what was still more disgraceful, by the greater part of the Lombards; for we are compelled by our regard for truth to confess, that many of the latter, reposing on the laurels of the five days, shared in the efforts of their subalpine brethren only by parading their theatrical costumes in crowded towns, whilst they spent, in sneers and declamation, that time their duty called them to employ in a far different scene of action.

I cinq giornad! a device of which those who won it might well be proud, became the repulsive and wearisome watchword of municipal ostentation, the invariable reply to whoever ventured to reason on military affairs with some regard to the rules of

science, a motive for contempt and discord between two generous nations, called by a happy combination of events to unite their efforts for the restoration of their common country. This great and ridiculous abuse of municipal vanity was constantly cast in the teeth of men who fought and suffered, by those who, lounging in coffee-houses, there awaited victory and liberty, carrying on their war of *bon mots* and of vituperation, by means of the *Spirito Folletto*, of the *Operaio*, and other periodical trash. Nor had these men, for the most part, any personal right even to speak of the "five-days." Those who had really fought in them were not so easily satisfied with the laurels then won! Many of their numbers were afterwards to be met with in the Piedmontese camp, still more among the Volunteer Legions. *There* were to be found the soldiers of the *five days*, silently carrying on the undertaking then commenced. But as to the loud declaimers, the swaggering boasters, the demagogues and agitators, I would that I were at Milan to refresh their memories; I might bring back to their recollection that the greater number even did not venture out of their dwellings till the sixth day, when we saw many stage heroes, armed like Calabrian banditti, emerging from their cellars to parade triumphantly along those streets on which they had not previously

dared to cast a timid glance from behind their closed windows.

Without occupying these pages with further remarks on such unworthy sons of Italy, may we not with honest pride believe that, long after these contemptible actions of the weak and the bad shall have been forgotten, and when the madness of party spirit shall have yielded to the impartial judgment of history, the insurrection of Milan will still remain an imperishable proof of Italian valour, and will offer a rare and spirit-stirring example to our descendants, who, we would fain hope and trust, may be more fortunate than ourselves.

CHAP. II.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

WHILE the people of Lombardy were too much elated by their recent success to perceive the danger of allowing a powerful hostile army to effect its concentration within the walls of its fortresses, and trusted entirely to the Piedmontese to give the *coup de grace* to the fugitives, Manara, enamoured of the dangers and excitement of the combat, resolved to devote himself to the final liberation of his country. He undertook to assemble a corps of volunteers, who should immediately leave the city, and harass the enemy's retreat in the open country. The Provisional Government posted up a proclamation inviting the young men of Milan to enrol themselves under him, while the married men, and those less fitted for active service, were to form a national guard for the protection of the city. Owing, however, to the delusive idea which prevailed of all being already accomplished, but very few young men presented themselves during the first days, and the *Army of the Alps* (which was

the pompous name given to this moveable legion), was composed of 129 armed men, — a discouraging evidence of the careless security which had taken possession of the minds of those very men who had performed such wonders in the streets of Milan.

"On Friday, the 24th of March, this adventurous little band marched out of the gates of the city, accompanied by universal applause and admiration; they had not yet wiped the perspiration from their brows, or rested their limbs, after five day's hard fighting, nevertheless they offered a generous example to their fellow-citizens, by showing to those who were but too easily satisfied with their own exertions, what was the duty incumbent on every Lombard. To an anxious crowd of friends and relations they answered, smilingly, that their expedition would soon be achieved: that, in a fortnight at the most, they should return to their homes: such was their incredible confidence in their good fortune, that not one of their number would burthen himself with a change of linen or shoes; and light-hearted, without a shade of anxiety, without even knowing what the art of war was, they ventured forth to follow up and hasten the flight of Radetzky, who was supported by well-trained regiments, and powerful artillery!

Arrived at Treviglio, we received orders from General Lecchi, who had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Lombard forces, to halt and wait for further instructions and reinforcements. Nor were these long delayed; on the 26th we were joined by 1200 men from the Tessino and environs of Como, under the command of an officer who had served in Spain, a man of turbulent and adventurous character, whose injudicious conduct entailed many misfortunes on us in the sequel. His men were a fine daring set of fellows, well fitted for military service. Manara was appointed commander-in-chief of all the volunteer corps who might join the service; the jealousy of all the other leaders was instantly aroused, and hence the beginning of our divisions and troubles.

The Volunteers remained four days at Treviglio, in order to equip themselves as well as the resources of the place, and their own impatience to hurry on, would permit. We avail ourselves of this pause to take a hasty survey of a corps which furnished so much matter both for blame and praise during the past campaign.

The Volunteers, particularly at this early period, may be considered simply as an assemblage of persons brought together by the influence of a common sentiment, full of ardent enthusiasm, but very far

from offering even the remote semblance of organised troops.

The commanders of the *Columns* (the name then given to the free corps) were but too anxious to furnish a poor imitation of the Staff of a regular army; but besides the difference in the proportions, which reduced the whole affair to dwarf-like dimensions, the very elements of consistency were wanting, and all ended, as it began, in a mere pomp of words.

Thus, for instance, Manara was styled *General of Division*, which division was composed of the *Colonna Manara* (amounting by that time to 500 men), that of Arcioni (1200), and of Torres (800). Here, then, was a division which could muster about as many men as two ordinary regiments, with a lieutenant-general, two generals of brigade (Arcioni and Torres), and a numerous staff. There were, besides, battalions of 100 men, and companies of 20, each with a captain, lieutenant, and sergeant. Such was the organisation of the corps. While speaking, however, of this crowd of officers of every rank, it is only just to add, in extenuation of a little natural vanity, which might be excused in youths launched all at once into the military career and eager to buckle on the sword, that none of them received more than the pay of common soldiers (the

greater part renounced even this), and that, in fact, their only privilege was that of being foremost in facing every danger.

The files of the soldiers were composed of individuals of all descriptions, lads of noble and wealthy families escaped from the Lycæum on the 18th of March, and still palpitating with the excitement of the "five days," during which they had performed such feats of courage as had astonished the most experienced soldiers; deserters from the Austrian army, panting after public, and perhaps private, revenge; peasants, fresh from the fields, not knowing even how to handle a musket; men of all ages, from every province of Italy, brought together by one common impulse, — the pure and laudable desire of procuring the independence of their country. Such may be said to have been the original spirit of the Volunteer Corps: but when months, as they passed along, cooled the intense ardour which exists only in shortlived dangers; when unbounded hopes came to be replaced by the certainty of a long and toilsome war; then the Volunteer Corps lost much of those noble and primitive virtues which rendered them brilliant and successful at the outset. The immoderate desire of their leaders to increase the numbers of their men, induced them to admit into

their ranks, without adequate scrutiny, not only individuals of doubtful characters, but others who could only bring disgrace on the service. Crowds of turbulent spirits, seeking nothing but impunity to plunder, flocked to the standard, not to combat the enemy, but to live at their country's expense; whilst the hope of gain, a predilection for an agitated and vagrant life, the prospect of fishing in troubled waters, impelled almost as many more to take up arms and to call themselves patriots; thus, in a short time, side by side with the ardent and ingenuous youths who had exchanged the luxuries of their domestic circles for the hardships of the camp, animated by a noble aspiration after their country's independence, were to be seen countenances besotted by vice, men of depraved minds, ever ready to fly in the hour of danger, and to disgrace the cause for which the others were the foremost to fight. A certain G——, who was, I believe, a bankrupt tailor of Milan, having tacked a foreign name borrowed from some of Walter Scott's novels to his own, placed himself at the head of a band of robbers, which, being unhappily incorporated into the Manara column, committed the most deplorable and injurious excesses: men such as these not only drew down complaints from all quarters, and cast dishonour on

the whole volunteer service, but they indisposed the minds of the people against a cause proclaimed by such unworthy heralds; they fomented rebellion and disorder in the camp by their tumultuous insubordination; and, besides all this, created serious difficulties for the Government, by their constantly increasing pretensions and their extravagant waste of means necessary for the maintenance of the entire division.

The free corps were therefore composed of the flower and of the dregs of society. To regulate this incongruous mixture of persons, experienced leaders, firm and resolute officers, were essentially necessary: both one and the other were unhappily wanting. Most of the officers, though distinguished by ardour in the cause, by honourable feelings, by courage and self-denial, were complete novices in military matters; and surrounded by foreign adventurers, who flocked from all quarters, they were ill-able to direct and put together such ill-assorted elements, so as to employ them efficaciously in the service of their country. All this might have been well foreseen by those who were at the head of affairs, and versed in military matters; but they found it easier to exaggerate and increase the inexperience and disorders of these soldiers of yesterday, than to provide, as they ought to have done, for the emergencies of the times. The war had now assumed a regular strategic form;

the enemy, concentrated in his fortifications, opposed cannon to cannon, and bulwarks to bayonets: why then did not those into whose hands the reins of government had fallen, dismiss the absurd idea of creating in a few months an army complete in every respect; why did they not, by incorporating the Lombard youth in the Piedmontese regiments, *really* effect the fusion, instead of merely attempting to do so by ill-timed discourses and exaggerated commendations? But whether we lay the blame on the weakness of the Lombard government, or on the overpowering influence of the Mazzinian party, who were unwearied in stirring up the popular jealousy of the pretended usurpations of Piedmont, it is certain, that if Lombardy had boasted of a smaller number of volunteers, and Piedmont of more soldiers, matters would have been brought to a more favourable issue. In the month of July 30,000 armed men were inscribed in the army list of Lombardy; what influence did these troops exercise on the final result of the war? It is true, that at Stelvio, Tonnale, and Caffaro, the volunteer corps did their utmost to guard important passes, and shunned neither fatigue nor danger, — but a regular regiment would have amply served this purpose, and what is more, by the *prestige* of their profession, and

by the advantages of their superior discipline, would have assisted not a little in disseminating liberal principles among the hesitating and wavering inhabitants of the Italian Tyrol. Instead of forming battalions of recruits, who could boast of nothing regular except their names and numbers, who were ill able to offer any effectual resistance before Mantua, and still less to effect a difficult retreat under the enemy's fire, to which many of them were for the first time exposed, the Piedmontese regiments might have been reinforced by a levy of young and ardent men, who, in their contact with tried soldiers, and under the command of experienced officers, would have greatly contributed to the successful carrying on of the war. But of what avail is it now to recall one of the many grievous faults which combined to ruin us? May the terrible lesson be at least productive of experience for the future!

And here it affords me sincere gratification to be able to give my testimony to the disinterested and judicious conduct of General Lecchi, who, having visited the camp for the purpose of forming an opinion of its merits and capabilities, warmly urged the minister of war to adopt the measure I have alluded to; his counsels were unheeded, and the responsibility of such unpardonable negligence rests upon others.

I lived six months with the flower of the Lombard volunteers, sharing in their good and adverse fortunes, and striving to the utmost of my power to contribute to the well-being and honour of the corps; and I trust that none of my old comrades can reproach me with negligence or lukewarmness in the service. As Manara's adjutant, I bore my part in his fatigues, hopes, and anxieties; but, after having become thoroughly acquainted with the good qualities and the defences peculiar to the volunteers, I formed a resolute determination not again to entangle myself with a similar description of troops, from the conviction that they could rarely render efficacious service to their country, or bring honour to those who compose their ranks, and that they in no degree answer the purpose of a man seriously bent on attaining to some scientific knowledge of the military profession. Here I ought to observe, that very few of the volunteer corps could be at all compared with that of Manara, for, however great the inconveniences which are inseparable from irregular troops, the irreproachable conduct and unremitting solicitude of a commanding officer cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence upon those who are more immediately under his charge. Of some other regiments whose leaders were greedy only of money and of command, I do not

wish to speak, because my just reproaches might be ascribed to partiality or to puerile aversion, and because I shrink from dragging to light events and persons, when by so doing I should merely bring contempt on our cause, without repairing a single act of injustice, or attaining any other desirable object.

On the 27th of March, the Pinerol brigade commanded by General Bes arrived at Treviglio. These were the first Piedmontese soldiers whom we had seen, and it would be difficult to describe the joy which their presence produced. It was agreed that the volunteers should form the vanguard of the Piedmontese troops. On the 29th we proceeded towards Crema which on that same morning had been evacueted by the Austrians, who continued their retreat without intermission.

Deplorable disorders took place in this town, owing to the *soi-disant* General Torres, who was accustomed perhaps in his Spanish exploits to treat friendly towns as if they had been a lawful prey for his troops; he, being the first to make his entry, hurried off to the Town Hall, threatening death and pillage if his insolent demands were not instantly complied with.

These good citizens, not yet recovered from the terror with which they had been struck by the pas-

sage of the Austrians, were transfixed with astonishment and indignation at this fresh incursion. The altercation had come to such a pitch that the troops, who were rioting in the Piazza, were ordered by this same Signor Torres to come up into the council room, and had it not been for some resolute fellows of the Manara column, who defended the entrance at the peril of their lives, the most lamentable excesses would probably have stained the fair fame of the first days of our campaign.

The 30th was employed by Manara in attempting to give some form to the disorderly assemblage of men who were nominally under his command. But disunion began to show itself among the leaders; Arcioni refused to submit to Manara, and the little band of Genoese volunteers would only obey their own chief, and were, in all other respects, undisciplined and exacting. Manara lost patience, and, declaring that he would no more mix himself up with a race of greedy and ambitious men, left the town accompanied only by his own followers, and the next day we were the first to enter the magnanimous city of Brescia, where we were hailed with immense enthusiasm, which seemed to be increased a thousand-fold on the appearance of a Piedmontese cavalry regiment a few hours later. All the population, bare-

headed, mingled tears of joy with their shouts of welcome, the ladies from their balconies waved their handkerchiefs and flung down bouquets of flowers, the whole city was illuminated, and re-echoed with songs and *evvivas*. Unhappy Brescia! after furnishing the cities of Lombardy with a noble example, of confidence and courage, she is now still pre-eminent in glory and misfortune; and while the memory of present events continues, she will be remembered by the Piedmontese with glowing gratitude, by the Austrians with terror, and by strangers with unmingled admiration.

On the 2nd of April, in consequence of an alarm, we left Brescia and encamped during the night at Rezzato, within two miles distance from the enemy's camp. Five of our men, sent at intervals to explore, were either killed or made prisoners.

In the morning we pursued our march towards Salò, occupied by a body of 2,500 Austrians. Though our numbers did not exceed 300 men, we believed ourselves sufficient to put them to the rout. The rashness inspired by the success of the "five days" had been redoubled by our having hitherto met with no serious obstacle. When I read over again the letters which we then wrote to our families, I cannot refrain from a smile, followed by the deepest sense of

depression. How many hopes, how many illusions animated us then! "As soon as Peschiera is taken," wrote one of us, "we shall throw ourselves into the Tyrol so *as to cut off the retreat of the Austrians*, destroying as many as we can." In another place it is added, "it is very likely we too may start to-night, to give a helping hand at the assault of Peschiera, and look those *Croatacci* in the face once again. Ignorant of military matters, and of the stern realities of life, we clothed the future in the poetic garb of our own fervid imaginations, and our strange illusions were fostered by the precipitate retreat of the enemy, who appeared to be seized by an unaccountable panic. When we arrived at Gavardo, the 2,500 Austrians who were at Salò, a distance of four miles, were in the act of preparing their dinner in their large earthen *pentole*, but no sooner did they receive intimation of our approach, than they abandoned the village in such disorder as to leave their untasted meal for our vanguard, who enjoyed their forsaken repast, and ate out of their very dishes. Indeed, such was the consternation which reigned throughout the Austrian camp, that had the Lombard insurrection but waited to take better-concerted measures with Piedmont, so that the two armies might have entered at once into the field, there is no

doubt but that the greater part of the enemy's garrisons would have fallen into our hands, or, being disbanded, would have incurred the more terrible vengeance of the enraged peasantry.

We took possession of Salò on the 3rd of April. On the same day an unknown individual arrived, who announced himself as having been appointed by the Provisional Government of Milan, commander-in-chief of all the free corps of Lombardy. This was the General Allemandi, an officer in the Swiss service, Genoese by birth; a man of the best intentions, but unfortunately ignorant of the spirit of the troops he had to command, and of the service in which he was about to engage: he did more harm than good during the short time in which he held his difficult command. Without vigour, or forethought, he kept himself mysteriously aloof from the volunteers, who, more than any other troops, have need to see, and to acquire confidence in, their chief; nor did he ever give proof of that courage and *sang froid* which acquire such influence over the minds of soldiery in moments of peril. In short, he was a man unfitted for his charge, and only helped to increase the general confusion and disorder.

On the 6th of April, he assembled at Montechiaro the commanders of the different legions, which, when

united, formed four columns of volunteers, the first of which was commanded by Manara. The general announced that his instructions were to attempt an invasion of Southern Tyrol, with the view of inciting the population to insurrection, and of occupying the most important passes, so as to cut off all means of communication between the enemy and those parts of Germany which might furnish them with fresh supplies of men and provisions.

Desenzano was occupied on the 5th of April, and some daring reconnoissances were made as far as the walls of Peschiera; the enemy, however, inclosed within their fortifications, showed no inclination to come out of them. The arrival of the Piedmontese rendering our presence completely superfluous, on the 9th we moved back on Salò, in order to prepare ourselves for the projected expedition into the Tyrol.

These days, employed in marches and countermarches, in which we were obliged while on the road to endeavour to make some arrangements for the establishment of some degree of discipline, were fruitful in serious disorders among our volunteers. Whoever got tired of serving in one column, took refuge in another, where he was received with open arms by the leader, too happy to increase the numbers of his band at his rival's expense. The want of

decision in the officers, and the total inexperience and ignorance of the volunteers, who were without any of the attributes of a soldier, excepting arms and courage, were incurable sources of ruin. The battalion of B—— G—— which was incorporated in the Manara column committed the most deplorable excesses, instigated and protected by their chief; and on an attempt being made to remove him, the soldiers mutinied, rushed against Manara with their lowered bayonets, and threatened his life. Were one now to depict some scenes of excess which occurred at that time, it would be declared to be exaggeration, and would awaken either recrimination or vindication, both equally out of date. It is but just, however, to observe, that these gross disorders were crushed as soon as they transpired by the universal indignation which they called forth in the majority of the troops, who were gallant men and sincerely enthusiastic in the cause. Nor would I that these severe remarks, wrung from me by the force of truth, should be made use of in support of other exaggerated accusations to defame the rest of the free corps, and to injure the estimable men who abounded in their ranks. This would be flagrant injustice, it being a fact that the Manara and Thannberg columns, the Polish, Swiss, Cremona, Doganieri, and Trent legions,

and the battalion of deserters from Haugowitz, persevered steadily in the honourable path which they had chosen; and if they were unable at first to get rid of the vices inherent in their constitution, they served afterwards as a nucleus for the formation of the Lombard division, a body of men of which we may say, with honest pride, that, had it had the good fortune to fall into other hands, it would doubtless have rendered eminent service to the common cause, and renewed the glorious traditions of the times of Napoleon.

CHAP. III.

CASTELNUOVO.

As early as the 9th of April, General Allemandi had despatched three hundred men under the command of Major Noaro, to Bardolino, a village situated on the Lake of Garda, at a short distance from Peschiera.

On the 10th, Manara received a note from General Bes, pretty nearly to the following effect: — "I am waiting for some large pieces of artillery, to attack Peschiera. It is likely that the assault may begin to-morrow. I give you this intimation, that you may take measures in order to co-operate in the undertaking."

In consequence of this most important communication, the General on the same day ordered commandant Manara "to leave immediately with his soldiers for Bardolino, to land there, and to protect, if necessary, Noaro's retreat." He informed him, at the same time, that two steam boats were to be left at his disposal until the termination of the Peschiera expedition. This project was well devised, inasmuch

as a formidable demonstration made from Bardolino towards Peschiera would naturally serve as a diversion, drawing off the attention of the enemy from the danger with which they were menaced by the Piedmontese. On the same day, therefore, the steamers started, carrying on board the entire legion.

Noaro had already landed at Lazise, two miles from Bardolino. It being known that three miles from thence was the powder magazine which furnished Peschiera with munition, Captain Rossi, on whom his companions had conferred the soubriquet of *Lochis,* was sent on a reconnoitring expedition with forty men, and finding the place but feebly defended, by a bold *coup de main,* he made himself master of the magazine, taking prisoners the few Croats who had been left to mount guard.

We thus got possession of about 300 barrels of gunpowder, no small prize in those scarce times; and, well aware how little security our present position offered us, we immediately began in the night to remove the barrels which were to be put on board the vessels, and sent off by degrees to Salò. There was, however, much difficulty in finding carts at that hour for transporting the barrels, and when day dawned, the work was comparatively little advanced. Manara having come to the spot, despatched Noaro

with 200 men to protect the workmen. Noaro, persuaded that by so doing he was better fulfilling his duty, occupied the village of Castelnuovo, situated on a height commanding the road from Peschiera to Verona. Allemandi was immediately made acquainted with this arrangement, and congratulating himself on the good success of the expedition, replied that *Noaro with his company should remain where they were*, until the end of the attack on Peschiera. By this order, Manara was completely exonerated from any further responsibility with regard to this imprudent position: the General alone must answer for it.

The remainder of the troops were then divided into strong detachments, and despatched in different directions along the various roads in the neighbourhood of the fortress, so as to induce the enemy to believe that numerous forces were at hand, and thus to prevent any obstacle being intervened to the removal of the munition. In the meanwhile we were in momentary expectation of the promised attack on Peschiera by the Piedmontese, and hoped on our side to be able to do something towards the taking of the fort, which we believed, in our ignorance, might be accomplished in a few days. But the silence continued unbroken, and the clearness of the atmosphere enabled us to discern the enemy's sentinels quietly

pacing backwards and forwards on the bastions; no symptom of an approaching battle came to relieve the natural trepidation inspired by the unprotected and isolated position which we had taken, under the idea that we were soon to be called to unite our forces with those of Bes in the engagement which he had announced as imminent. In the morning some of our detachments fell in with the enemy, and gained a slight advantage, sixty Italian soldiers of the regiment Geppert being taken prisoners. The work at the powder magazine, too, went on with alacrity; a few barrels more, and all were safely stowed away. In the interim, the soldiers who mounted guard at Castelnuovo were either amusing themselves noisily in the taverns, or indolently seated beneath that most smiling sky, had sunk into sleep, dreaming of their families, their expected victories, their speedy return. . . . Meanwhile two regiments and a battery under the orders of General Prince Taxis, marched out of Verona, and having been made acquainted with the loss of the powder magazine, proceeded silently in that direction, and, taking advantage of the many winding by-ways of that hilly ground, managed so to conceal their approach, that the thoughtless volunteers had not the least suspicion of the danger which threatened them.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, a cry of terror was heard. The advanced sentinels had given the alarm. The sounding of the tocsin called the soldiers to arms, who, breaking off in an instant their bacchanalian songs, and starting from their smiling dreams, seized their guns, and, running breathlessly through the different quarters of the village, tried to collect themselves to meet the attack. Vain was the endeavour. The village was already surrounded; the cannon balls had begun to fall on the ruined houses; the fire of the musketry was close at hand, and well sustained. Nevertheless, the volunteers did not lose courage; from the houses, from the frail barricades, from among the vineyards, they commenced in disorder, a defence as obstinate as it was useless, and which lasted for upwards of two hours. The unequal struggle was fierce and bloody. The Pole Arthur Goluckowsky, distinguished himself by his admirable *sang froid;* wherever the danger was greatest he was to be seen with a tranquil, half-disdainful mien, coolly taking aim, and then watching through his eye-glass the effect of his shot, which seldom or never failed in reaching its object. The barricades being demolished, the enemy's soldiers rushed pellmell through the ruined streets. To their shame be it spoken, the greater part of them were Italians! Our

sixty prisoners, which, with the usual absence of forethought had been united to our legion, after having discharged their muskets upon us, rejoined their old comrades. Every house was sacked; the Austrians rushed upon us, broke in everywhere, drunk with wine and rage. In vain was the most desperate resistance made to arrest the course of the exterminating torrent; in vain did the agonizing peals of the tocsin call for help from a distance; in vain did the flames from the ruined edifices rise to heaven. Compelled to fly from the flames, many fell into the hands of the enemy, who spared none: soldiers, inhabitants, women, children, all were massacred; blood was spilt even upon the altar, where a crowd of women, who had fled for refuge to the sanctuary, were destroyed. It would be too horrible to relate the acts of ferocity and impiety, with which this horde of Croats and renegade Italians desecrated the temple of God: worse deeds could not have been committed in past times by Attila and his barbarians from the wilds of Tartary. By degrees the fire spread, the whole village was in a blaze, the enemy added fuel to the flames, and exultingly continued their work of destruction in the midst of this frightful spectacle. The volunteers who escaped the slaughter formed a small band, and fled towards

Lazise. The Milanese Bossi, followed by several of his companions, ran to the powder magazine. Although pursued closely, those brave fellows would not suffer the few remaining barrels to fall into the enemy's hands. With the most admirable *sang froid*, they entered the magazine, broke the barrels, laid a track of gunpowder on the ground, and before withdrawing, Bossi set fire to it. The deafening detonation, repeated by the hundred echoes of the hills, arrested for a time the thunderstruck enemy: they then continued their pursuit of the fugitives, who had managed to drag along with them some barrels of powder, and when they were in danger of being too closely hemmed in, they set fire to a barrel. The Austrians, unaware of the ruse, imagined themselves in the neighbourhood of some park of artillery, and desisted from their pursuit.

We all took refuge at Lazise, breathless, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, but not dispirited, because the defence, however ill directed, had been long and courageous. We reckoned as a last resource, on being able to escape in the steam boat, which had orders to await us at the port. It may be imagined, then, what was our indignation when we found that this, our only refuge, had disappeared; and when we ascertained that, while the greater part of the volunteers

had been waging a desperate warfare at Castelnuovo, those left behind yielding to the most despicable fear, had gone on board, and had made off, leaving their companions in extreme peril, there were no bounds to the anger and to the imprecations of the men. As usual, among these cowardly fugitives, there were many who had made the air re-echo with their martial bravados, and these had been now the foremost in urging the flight. But as imprecations would have been but poor means of safety had we been called to undergo the probable attack of the Austrians, we set about fortifying, as well as we could, the little village which still retained some vestiges of its old bulwarks. Some scanty provisions we fortunately found in the deserted houses.

By degrees that calmness and tranquillity which is so valuable a part of real courage regained possession of the minds of our soldiers. Sentinels were placed, and all arrangements having been made, each one sought, either in repose or in animated conversation, to recover from the effects of that day's conflict.

Manara, with a few of his friends, had retired to the house of the parish priest. After having discussed the events of the day, and lamented the fate of their fallen companions, the late combatants, whose

youthful countenances had for a few moments shown traces of care and anxiety, soon regained cheerfulness. The boyish G. D. C., seating himself before an old pianoforte, played the well known airs of Pio IX.; and all that band of young men, unmindful of past and future perils, answered in chorus the popular words which at that time inspired so many noble breasts with fresh fervour. I relate this circumstance so minutely, because in that unbounded spirit of calumny which then unhappily prevailed among certain persons, it was reported that Manara, while his followers were being massacred at Castelnuovo, was singing and playing in a place of security!

The Count Vitaliano Crivelli, remarkable for his cool courage, offered to go in a little boat to Salò to ask for instructions and reinforcements from General Allemandi: he went accordingly, and obtained a steam-boat full of Neapolitan volunteers. But the captain of the vessel, who was a Tyrolese, and brother of Baron Torresani, pretended to miss his way in the dark, and the morning light found the anxiously looked-for reinforcement still in the neighbourhood of Salò. With us the night wore quietly on, illuminated by the immense blaze of Castelnuovo. In the morning our patrols reported that the Austrians had not yet made their appearance in the neighbourhood,

being still stationed near the ruined village; a single detachment of dragoons had approached the walls, but, being saluted with a well sustained fire, had wheeled off again.

With the dawn of day our perplexity redoubled, and our hungry soldiers became still more gloomy and discontented. The undisciplined company of B—— G——, who, however, contrary to all expectation, had acquitted themselves well in the late engagement, began to disband and to forage in the houses. The well-disposed and resolute maintained that we ought to await the orders of the General, as it would be unpardonable cowardice to desert a post to which we had been sent, and that without being attacked. But these arguments, which might have carried weight, had they been addressed to regular troops accustomed to obey those who had the right to command, fell powerless in presence of a mixed band of cavilling lawyers and of worthless adventurers, of whom, unfortunately, too many had been admitted into our ranks. The difference rose to such a height between the two parties,—the one insisting on staying, the other on going, — that they were on the point of settling the dispute by arms; and had it not been for the strenuous efforts of the officers, the most lamentable disorders would have occurred.

Manara, however, after this scene, was resolved to take his leave of them, not being willing to compromise any longer his own honour by associating with such ill-conditioned troops. To confirm him in this resolution, the steam-vessels sent by Allemandi arrived, bringing orders to return. Therefore, at about nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th, we abandoned Lazise. It had been Manara's intention to disembark the most riotous of the troops at Desenzano, and then to return with his best men to defend Lazise, if he were still in time to do so. But at Desenzano we found another order from General Allemandi to proceed in the steam-boat as far as Salò, and, accordingly, we arrived there that same evening.

A council of war was called on the following day to judge those who had so meanly deserted their comrades in the day of peril. They all defended themselves to the best of their abilities: and though none of them were formally condemned, the public opinion did not change as to the reliance that might be placed on them; whilst subsequent events confirmed, in a great measure, the sentence then tacitly pronounced.

The conflict sustained by us in our late encounter was the theme of ridiculous exaggerations, and of still more unreasonable accusations. Manara was

blamed in a thousand ways for his pretended imprudence, and unpardonable foolhardiness. But what blame, except that of having obeyed his orders, could possibly devolve on him for a military movement, of which he himself was likely to have been the first victim? The circumstances had been simply these: Manara had gone to Lazise in obedience to the orders of General Allemandi, had seized upon the powder magazine by a *coup-de-main*, and had sent 400 barrels of powder to Salò, the removal of which he commissioned his lieutenant (Noaro) to protect. Noaro occupied Castelnuovo, and sent word that he had done so to Manara, who transmitted this information to Allemandi. That General replied, that the occupation of Castelnuovo was highly to be approved, and that we were to remain there as long as the circumstances which first suggested our movements in that direction might seem to render it necessary.

If volunteers mount guard but indifferently in positions of danger, and pass their time drinking and sleeping, this is in the natural order of things; and if any one was to blame for such conduct, it was Noaro, who, perhaps, might have kept a stricter watch over his men, as he was, or ought to have been, aware that they were likely to fail both from a want of discipline and experience.

The defence of Castelnuovo was, however, admirable, and surprised even the enemy. Manara, in the meanwhile, occupied himself in barricading Lazise, and in collecting and organizing the fugitives. The morning after, our orders brought us back to Salò.

The ill-fated village of Castelnuovo was, it is true, burnt and destroyed, the greater part of the inhabitants were put to the sword, and many of our soldiers were killed or wounded; but who was to blame for these useless cruelties? Manara, or the Austrians? On the other hand, the volunteers were supplied with abundant munitions, and that daring *coup-de-main* did not fail to make a great impression on the enemy.

But this was not the opinion of most of the Lombards, and, above all, of the parents of the volunteers. Terrified by the perils to which their cherished sons were exposed, they cried out against the defence of Castelnuovò as a thing to be reprobated, and declared that the flower of the Lombard youth should no longer be left to the guidance of such madly imprudent leaders. Some of the volunteers were recalled by order of military men in superior command, who lent themselves too weakly to the excusable panic of parents and relations, making it an affair of state. If, then, the volunteer corps lost the confidence of many

by the affair of Castelnuovo, it was most unjustly. For if the free corps had been indeed incapable of redeeming their many defects by frequent acts of daring temerity, the question naturally suggests itself, — of what use could they possibly be?

CHAP. IV.

TYROL.

THREE days after the battle of Castelnuovo, Manara received orders to march towards the Tyrol. The Arcioni and Longhena Regiments had already entered that country, had sustained several sharp encounters with small bodies of the enemy, and had taken possession of the Castle of Toblino, defended by 500 Austrians.

Determined to free himself from the endless perplexities attendant on ill-trained, or, still worse, demoralised troops, Manara took along with him only 150 chosen men, leaving the remainder at Salò.

We passed the night of the 15th of April at Vestone, a considerable village on the confines of the Brescia district, and on the 16th we halted at Tione, within the confines of the Tyrol, and there awaited further orders. The whole of the population received us with lively expressions of sympathy; they reared the tree of liberty amidst songs and rejoicings, and, moreover, appeared disposed to exert themselves in preserving it. But the want of dis-

cipline and the inexcusable disorders of the B. G. Battalion, though at that time under the command of a better leader, Major Beretta, were productive of serious consequences. The unbridled licence of a a few individuals so prejudiced the minds of the Tyrolese country people against our cause, that in many places a return to the accustomed pressure of a foreign yoke, which, for policy's sake, had been imposed with some regard to order and prudence, appeared to be a comparatively light evil.

In our long marches we were much harassed by a continuance of cold drizzling rain, which was the more unpleasant from our scanty clothing, and from our being so new to a life of fatigue and privation.

It must be allowed that the volunteer regiments, when on the march, furnished as grotesque a spectacle as can well be imagined. Dressed in coats of every cut and colour, they were far indeed from giving the idea of a body of men about to subdue a country. Here might be seen the velvet suits, become universal at Milan, with the view of encouraging our native manufactures; there, the fashionably made town coat, tattered and soiled by the neglect and toils of a campaign: many were partly equipped with Austrian uniforms and accoutrements; others marched proudly along in fantastic costumes; others,

again, in the short jacket peculiar to the peasantry, or in the student's *paletôt;* hats there were, too, of villagers, of Calabrian brigands, of travellers, and caps of every fashion, a profusion of cockades, ribbons, scarfs and banners; whilst guns, ill-assorted, and of every form, and daggers and pistols of every possible variety, completed the dress of the volunteers of those days. It is certain that this external confusion contributed to diminish the confidence and to cool the enthusiasm of the rough mountaineers. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, the expedition was attempted at such a propitious moment, and accompanied by such reasonable hopes of success, that it could not have failed in its object had the honourable feelings of the major part of the population been shared by all those volunteers who proclaimed themselves the liberators and defenders of the Italian Tyrol; and had these last really acted up to their promises and pretensions. But unfortunately, the injudicious disbanding* of the corps having rendered the inhabitants hostile, or, to say the least, indifferent to any appeals that were subsequently made with a view of inducing them to co-operate with us against the enemy; it could scarcely be expected that the

* The author here refers to events related in the next chapter. — *Note by Translator.*

Tyrolese would take part in the attempted insurrection; and, indeed, those few of them who were induced, for the first time, thus to compromise themselves with Austria, in the confidence of meeting with prompt and powerful succour, very soon afterwards found themselves all at once abandoned by those who, having announced themselves as their liberators, left them a prey to the vengeance of the enemy, withdrawing themselves in the very midst of their undertaking in order to be re-organised at Brescia?

This most important invasion, from being ill-planned, and worse executed, was a glaring injury to our cause: the responsibility of its failure falls on those who could never be induced to send some regular troops into the Tyrol, in order to prepare the way for, and to act with the volunteers. A single regiment would have been enough for this purpose, and the advantages gained would have more than compensated for so trifling a subtraction from the general forces.

But such thoughts as these were far from molesting us, as we advanced, light-hearted and gay, into the Tyrol, hoping soon to make our entry into the town of Trent, which, it was reported, was on the eve of a violent insurrection.

The Arcioni column had, for several days past, been

encamped in the neighbourhood of Stenico, a village eighteen miles beyond Tione on the road to Trent. It was impossible that this detached corps, without artillery and in an exposed position, should not attract the attention of the enemy's forces, who, though hitherto in full retreat, were unhappily, for us, only too powerful and well disciplined. On the 18th Arcioni sent to beg Manara to hasten to Stenico with a reinforcement, as an attack of the enemy appeared to be imminent. On the 19th these entreaties were still more urgently renewed, and, in consequence, the Manara column left Tione the same day, and arrived, by forced marches, at Stenico in the middle of the night.

The soldiers had not had time to take breath after this hurried march when news was brought of the approach of the enemy. Without taking into account the fatigued condition of the Manara volunteers, Arcioni ordered them to be the first to march to the encounter: in vain Manara objected, observing that the best plan would be to send first the Arcioni volunteers, who were fresh and had rested, so that ours might have time to take some food. Arcioni, equal in rank and independent of Manara, choosing, on this occasion, to take on himself the chief command, persisted in his determination, and, rather than lose time in mischievous disputes, we marched out of Stenico,

together with the column Tibaldi, and two companies of Ticinese carabineers, directing our course to the village of Selemo, which was threatened by the Austrians. In the meanwhile, a part of Arcioni's regiment remained in repose. We marched along, as we were wont, without taking the most ordinary precautions. Scarcely had we reached the summit of a little elevation flanking the village, when our column was instantaneously arrested and put into confusion, by a sudden and near discharge of musketry. The Styrian volunteers faced us, and behind them was a body of Tyrolese chasseurs. The former were arrayed in much the same manner as ourselves, — a circumstance which served greatly to increase the surprise and panic. But, encouraged by Manara and the other officers, our men got over their first involuntary perturbation, and, from among the vineyards where we were, began vigorously to return the enemy's fire. Our misfortune was, that the latter, crouching down in a deep sunk winding lane, were completely protected; whereas we, scattered without shelter on the brow of the hill, were exposed to the brunt of the battle, without being able, by a resolute onset with the bayonet, to extricate ourselves from our dangerous position.

The right wing was formed by the column of Manara,

the centre by that of Tibaldi, and the left by Arcioni's companies. Manara was the first to be attacked, and set an example to his followers by the cool intrepidity with which he sustained the onset. The Cremonese volunteers also kept their ground well, and, although in some disorder, maintained such a hot and well directed fire, as prevented the superior numbers of the enemy from advancing a step forwards. But this was not the case with the Arcioni carabineers, who, in communication with our battalion and the left wing, were left to protect the village of Selemo. Either from Arcioni's orders, or of their own accord, or from the confusion almost inevitable in this kind of fighting, where no one commands and every one follows his own devices, they abandoned entirely the post assigned to them. The only man who remained in the village was the standard bearer, a brave Ticinese youth of the name of Cossa: who, not choosing to join the disgraceful retreat, remained calmly at his post, though in momentary danger of being cut off. Owing to this conduct of the carabineers, the village was quietly surrounded and taken by the Austrians; while we, trusting to the company left to protect it, had not the remotest suspicion of the misfortune; about 20 wounded, who were there with a few of their

comrades to attend on them, were taken by the Imperial troops, and all of them, with the most ferocious cruelty, slaughtered in cold blood. Five only of these unhappy men, hid away by some peasants, escaped from this butchery, and when, after a thousand perils, they reached Salò in the end of May, they made us shudder by the details which they gave of the cruelty of the Austrians, and of their own hairbreadth escapes.

The fight lasted three hours, under pelting rain, and was well sustained on both sides, although our men, inferior in numbers and dexterity, had the additional disadvantage of an exposed position. The event might have perhaps ended in our favour had it not been for the unprotected state of the left wing.

It happened, fortunately, that Manara, having received no communications from the Arcioni carabineers, despatched a soldier for information, who returned with the appalling news of the post having been abandoned. The signal for retreat was instantly given; in a few moments more this even would have been too late, and nothing could have saved us from certain and total overthrow.

We had the good luck to make our retreat in tolerable order as far as Stenico, not, however, without losing many brave fellows who had forced their

way too far forward, or who, owing to their being too distant from the centre, had not heard the signal for retreat. Among these the first we missed was the volunteer C—— B—— who carried the colours of the regiment. This standard having been the first which had waved on the barricades of Milan, was our chief pride and treasure. Great, therefore, was our shame and indignation on finding that it had fallen into the enemy's hands, and we cursed our confused way of fighting, which had prevented our perceiving the danger which had menaced the cherished banner in time to defend it.

But, three days after, to our astonishment, B—— made his appearance once more among us. This brave youth, perceiving, when it was too late, that he had suffered himself to be carried, by his impetuosity, too far onwards, and that escape was almost impossible, determining not to abandon the sacred deposit confided to him, tore the tricoloured flag from the staff, and concealed it in his bosom. With this, after having traversed the enemy's outposts during the night, forced to go along the greatest part of the way with his face to the ground, he succeeded in reaching us safely, having accomplished his duty with intrepid firmness, and restored to us that standard which we henceforth learned to protect more carefully.

Without having borne the part which he might have done in the battle, and without even informing Manara of his movements, Arcioni abandoned Stenico in the night, although, from its position, the place might have been long and easily defended. Manara being thus left unsupported, was compelled to follow his example, and retreat to his former position, at Tione. While there, a despatch came from Allemandi, ordering all the volunteer corps to go back to Brescia in order to be re-organized. This arrangement was ill timed, for nothing could be more injudicious than, in this thoughtless manner, to abandon the whole tract of country already occupied, without leaving other troops to take our place; and it would have been better to have attempted to protect it, even with undisciplined volunteers, than to leave it without any defence whatever. We were compelled to obey, however much against our will.

It is impossible to describe the indignation and the terror which the news of our departure excited in the minds of the peasantry. Seeing themselves thus carelessly abandoned, they battered down the tree of liberty in our presence, cursing the day in which they had been induced to declare themselves in favour of the insurrection.

By short days' journeys, we marched back, leav-

ing with heavy hearts a country which we had entered with far different feelings. On our arrival at Brescia, we were informed that Allemandi had been recalled and discharged, and that serious measures were about to be taken for the formation of regular volunteer regiments.

Thus ended the ill-fated Tyrolese expedition, the only effect of which was to convince us of the impossibility of continuing the war with such slender means, and with such a total absence of all military skill and experience. We had hitherto had but little else than an interminable accumulation of orders and counter-orders on the part of General Allemandi, and consequently of irresolution and of disputes in those who were to carry out his commands,—errors, perhaps, excusable on the part of leaders left sometimes without instructions and sometimes without money, and which were almost redeemed by the undisciplined courage of those who chiefly suffered from them; still they were mistakes grievous in their consequences, for, whilst they were never wholly repaired, they had no small influence in reanimating the Austrians, and, encouraging them to concentrate their forces, so as to enable them to resist a second invasion, whilst at the same time they furnished a diplomatic protest against the occupation of the

Tyrol, which, greatly to the detriment of our cause, we were compelled afterwards to respect.

The other columns retired at the same time with ours to Brescia, and the greater part of them were disbanded, either on account of the bad conduct of their leaders, or because composed of men who neither would nor could continue a war, which began to wear a much more serious aspect, and threatened to last much longer, than they had at first imagined. And certainly there was no cause to regret the dissolution of most of these corps, although composed of many well intentioned individuals. Too many corruptions had penetrated into the whole mass, and their disorders were flagrant enough to convince even the most short-sighted of the fundamental evils which seemed inherent in that class of troops, and in the mode of warfare to which alone they are adapted.

CHAP. V.

ORGANISATION.

If it was unadvisable and rash to confide the highly important expedition into the Tyrol to an unsupported body of volunteers, leaving them far from the centre of operations, and destitute of all material or moral assistance, it was equally inconsiderate suddenly to withdraw these troops into the interior of the country, with a view to their organisation; for the war was at the time carried on so timidly and uncertainly by the enemy, who had not as yet recovered from the panic of the Milanese insurrection, that perhaps rapid and universal co-operation on our part was alone wanting to have turned the balance in our favour.

The most superficial knowledge of the routine of a regular army would suffice to convince any one, that an assemblage of youths, new to every kind of discipline, and for the most part panting after fresh dangers and victories, would ill submit to be compelled to devote themselves quietly to the minute and wearisome exercises of a soldier. The country, agitated by contending parties, and alarmed by the terrors of war,

required far other succour than that which could be expected from troops, who, after being drilled for a few weeks or so, were again to front the enemy. To whom, then, will it be supposed that the economical and administrative part of this most difficult affair was confided? To a member of the Provisional Government, a man of perfect loyalty and honour, but totally without experience in military matters, an old government *employé*, a good father of a family, but who scarcely knew the use of a musket. For conducting a business which required all the skill of the best and most experienced officers, a lawyer was appointed with the powers and title of *Organizzatore dei corpi volontarii* (Organizer-General of the Volunteers). And what places were chosen for the completion of this almost impossible undertaking? The most populous of our cities, amidst the thousand distractions and rumours of which they were become the theatre, — where many of the soldiers had their families and friends; where the different political factions used every art to gain the favour of the troops; where that most baneful passion for popular *demonstrations* had invaded the public mind, where municipal rivalries, and an endless and deplorable chaos of opinions and of suspicions agitated the firmest minds, overturning all order and discipline. The Milanese corps were organised at

Milan, the Brescians at Brescia, the Cremonese at Cremona; and so likewise with the rest. The minds of the soldiers were continually biassed and disturbed, either by maternal entreaties or by the insinuations of friends, or by the clamour of the republicans, or by the universal spirit of revolution which seemed about to carry all before it. The minister of war, surrounded by an innumerable crowd of importunate petitioners seeking for military employments, with the most wearisome pertinacity, although he was ignorant alike of the merits and of the previous conduct of these claimants, yet saw himself obliged at any cost to provide against a scarcity of officers. He distributed, therefore, the brevets with a sort of inconsiderate prodigality; and whoever insisted the most, whoever had the art of bringing forward his petition with the greatest volubility, arrived the soonest at the highest rank. More than one intriguing adventurer from other countries and several who had been discharged with disgrace from the Piedmontese army, were received with open arms; and it frequently happened that men whose names had been erased with infamy from the rolls of the inferior officers in Piedmont, appeared again in the presence of their old companions with the epaulettes and the brevet of commanding officers of the Lombard army.

General Ettore Perrone presided at the formation of the first Lombard division. Too jealous, perhaps, of the honour and independence of a body which he considered as his own creation, he opposed the incorporation of Lombard recruits into the Piedmontese regiments. The government yielded most unadvisedly to his representations, intimidated by the cry which from the first had been raised by the spreaders of discord, that it was essential to keep the Lombardy army separate, almost as if there were peril in sacrificing a little municipal vainglory to the common welfare. And the very men who were most obstinate in insisting on maintaining this distinction, were those who had proposed, as the main object of the revolution, *L' Italia una!* Brescia was the second centre of recruiting and military instruction. Those corps of Volunteers, who, after the unfortunate expedition into the Tyrol, persisted in their design of continuing the campaign, and had collected in the neighbourhood of Brescia and the Lake Garda, were enjoined to organise their forces with as little delay as possible. This command once issued, no one thought any more on the subject, as if to give the word was all that was required to bring a disciplined troop out of an incongruous crowd. Suffice it to say, that no military Commissioner ever appeared among

us, and that our reiterated request, to have some officers, or Piedmontese subalterns, sent to us, never received the slightest attention.

The various commanders were left to instruct their soldiers as each thought best, and to give to their several companies the name, the rules, the discipline, and the formation which each pleased. These chiefs were still, what they had ever been, — courageous, upright, zealous; but these qualities did not prevent their being utterly inexperienced in all military arrangements. Left destitute of any help, and free from all superintendence, they ran the risk either of attending indifferently to their duties, or of being unable to obtain any good result.

The want of money, and, above all, of persons accustomed to such matters of detail, produced dilatoriness in providing uniforms and military equipments. Shopkeepers and speculators took advantage of the general disorder to sell to government the worst-made articles at exorbitant prices; besides, it was difficult, without much delay and entreaty, to obtain even the poorest supplies to remedy the deplorable want of everything indispensable to soldiers. The National Guards of the towns had secured for themselves excellent muskets with percussion locks; but the Volunteers were obliged to content them-

selves with old flint guns, which were bad matches for the good carabines of the Austrian chasseurs.

A scanty supply of shoes, wretched-looking linen coats, no knapsacks, no great coats, no cartouche or cartridge boxes, no regularity in the general administration, in the recruiting service, or in the keeping the accounts!—such was the state of the Volunteers; and such, with but trifling differences, was the condition of the whole Lombard army. The troops of the line sunk, if any thing, lower, because, for the most part, devoid of that moral spring of action which was still powerful among the Volunteers. Collected together, just as it might happen, in the towns, with officers whom they either did not know or despised, and thrown into the midst of scenes of confusion and licence, those soldiers who called themselves regular troops furnished but too often melancholy examples of unbridled insubordination. While the privates in the barracks were indulging themselves in seditious cries and abuse of their officers, many of the latter, arrayed in helmet and epaulettes, were lounging night and day in the coffee-houses,—intrepid spectators—inexorable critics—of that war which, ere long, was to bring the enemy back within the walls of festive Milan; or, again, they might be seen in the streets of the city, seated in elegant tilburies, or

prancing along on their spirited steeds, as if they had already won the premium of victory.

The Manara column had withdrawn to Salò, where, after a few days' rest, began in carnest the complicated and difficult work of organisation: Manara was too impatient to return to the field of battle, to lose time in unreasonable or useless minutiæ.

The discontented, the vicious, and the infirm having been discharged, the remainder of the legion, which amounted to 600 men, was divided into six companies, according to the different arms they carried. All the young men who were in possession of rifles, (*a canna rigata*), of whatever form or calibre, were united into a company of sharpshooters (*Bersaglieri*), the command of which company was entrusted to the Genoese Rozat, a distinguished officer of the Swiss carabineers, who afterwards signalized himself by his courage and address: as, indeed, did his men likewise. Two companies were then formed of those who had percussion guns, and three of those with flint locks: a certain regard, also, was had, in composing these companies, to the education and to the various classes of persons of whom the legion was formed. The name given to the whole legion was — 1st Battalion of Lombard Volunteers.

To Manara was assigned the rank of Major, and

he was empowered to propose the names of the officers to be appointed. Much as he was to be commended for the judicious manner in which he accomplished this difficult and delicate business, the disinterested spirit and sense of equity shewn by many of the volunteers was even still more worthy of praise. To reduce a corps, which had hitherto, as to its form and number of officers, stood on the footing of a brigade, to the scale of a single and small battalion, was no easy matter, on account of the necessary suppression of so many officers; and this difficulty was the greater, because the stipends, which, according to the new regulations, were attached to the several grades of officers even among the volunteers, became a matter of importance to those, who, with a view to continue the war, which now promised to be indefinitely prolonged, had thrown up their usual employments, and with them all their future prospects in life. Nevertheless, not a single complaint was made against Manara's nominations (this is the highest eulogium that can be bestowed on him and those under his command); on the contrary, many youths to whom offers of rank were made, such as were coveted by all, refused, saying that it was time enough for them, and that those should first be thought of, who were older, had more experience, or stood most

in need of pay. The formation of the corps being thus completed, the next object was to train the soldiers, as well as circumstances allowed, to the discipline and evolutions of the line. Bu there we were all much at a loss, from the absolute want of instructors, or even of books. Fortunately for us, there happened to be in Salò a convalescent sergeant of the 14th Regiment, a certain Signor Cavigliotti, who willingly lent his services in instructing the officers and subalterns; and he was of the greatest use to us, being a pupil of the distinguished Racconigi school, and sufficiently expert in the school of platoons, battalions and other branches of ordinary service. Under his guidance we made rapid progress, and in a short time, if we had not attained that discipline and promptitude which are the effect of long and assiduous practice, we were at least no longer strangers to the first rudiments of an art of which we all began to comprehend the importance.

A circumstance which also tended to increase our diligence, and to lessen many inevitable causes of confusion, was the nomination of General Giacomo Durando* as commander-in-chief of the Volunteer

* Two brothers of the name of Durando served in the campaign of 1848. One of them was commander-in-chief of the Roman troops and volunteers in the Lombardo-Venetian pro-

corps in lieu of Allemandi. He immediately organised his own staff-officers, which under his predecessor had been nothing more than an assemblage of lively and daring youths. This done, he occupied himself unremittingly in organising the various assemblages of men who enlisted themselves under his command, and little by little he found means of rendering them serviceable in the war, and in some measure amenable to the laws of discipline. In this manner, then, were formed the Manara Battalion; that of Thannberg, called "*Guide del Tirolo;*" the Borra regiment of 1000 men; the Haugwitz deserters, under the command of the brave Major Beretta; the custom-house deserters, commanded by Major Lodovico Trotti; the 1st Brescian chasseurs of Brescia; the Polish legion, Col. Kamiensky; the Tridentina, the Cremonese and the regiment *della Morte* (of death) commanded by Col. Anfossi. This last regi-

vinces, and distinguished himself by his gallant defence of Vicenza. The other, Giacomo Durando, commanded the Lombard Division in the Tyrol. He had served ten years in the wars of Spain and Portugal. In 1846 he published a judicious and highly creditable work, entitled "Della Nazionalità Italiana." At the time of the reorganisation of the Lombard Division, the Milanese requested the Piedmontese Government to give them an officer of experience, fitted to take the difficult command of this hastily-formed division: Giacomo Durando was the officer wisely selected for this purpose.

ment was the worst of all, both as to the men who composed it and the conduct of its commander: notwithstanding the efforts made by several distinguished officers, it dishonoured itself completely, became the scorn of the other legions, and a terror to the peaceable inhabitants of the places where it was stationed. The other corps, it is true, did not gain much during the campaign in the way of order and discipline; but, at all events, they maintained the honour of their names by their moral conduct. Durando, for several months, kept his position with intrepid firmness in the midst of the disorders, the extravagancies, the exorbitant exigences of these volunteers, and, up to the last, nobly fulfilled the difficult duty which he had undertaken.

On the 15th of May the famous proclamation of the Lombard Provisional Government reached us, calling on the people to decide respecting the fusion of the Lombard provinces with those of Piedmont. To us, who were far removed from party intrigues, ignorant of political matters, attending diligently to the discharge of our new duties, and occupied exclusively in military affairs, this invitation appeared strange and ill-timed. Truth obliges me to confess that our battalion, like the greater part of the Volunteer corps, was composed for the most part of young men, whose imagi-

nations were excited by the late events, and who, finding themselves launched all of a sudden into political life, at an age when, in the ordinary course of things, they would have been studying logic and common law, believed themselves to have become so many *tribunes*, and prepared for the combat, not only of arms, but, unhappily for us, of words; ignorant and short-sighted in everything, though truly sincere, and glowing with patriotism. I, who, it must be confessed, belonged to this number, drew up (in order to prevent others still more inexperienced and excitable than myself from doing so) a protest against this decree, in which it was said that we were soldiers engaged in war, not an assembly of politicians; that we were ready to do our part in turning out the Austrians, but that we declined treating a subject of such importance in the midst of the cares of a campaign; that we would abide by the decision of the Lombard people. And we all signed our names to this document. Luckily, Lieutenant-Colonel Alessandro Monti, head of Durando's staff, arrived in time to convince us of the unreasonableness and folly of a similar protest. Manara, having assembled the battalion, was the first to cancel in their presence his own signature. The rest followed his example; and thus we had sense enough to abstain from that absurd

abuse of protests, addresses, declarations, and proclamations, which in after times will bring a smile of contempt on the lips of our descendants.

On the 22d of May the Imperialists forced the position held by the *della Morte* Regiment which, after a short resistance, fled. General Durando hastened to the spot, accompanied by his chief officers. With difficulty was the enemy prevented from passing the Brescian frontier, while the fugitives were compelled to occupy the summit of Monte Suelo and the banks of the Caffaro.

In this engagement, the battalion of Major Beretta conducted themselves with much bravery; but truth compels me to add, that the soldiers of the *della Morte* Regiment rendered themselves infamous by their cowardice, and, still more, by pillaging in their flight the villages of Caffaro and Landrone. In the latter place, the magnificent mansion of the Tyrolese Count, Landrone, was sacked and burnt, under pretext that it belonged to an enemy. The Austrians who followed completed the nefarious work; but, molested by our artillery stationed on Monte Suelo, they were compelled to retire in disorder, though not until they had made the country through which they had passed a complete scene of terror and desolation.

CHAP. VI.

MONTE SUELO.

WHILE the eyes of all Italy were anxiously fixed on the Piedmontese army, which stood singly, fighting for the common cause, and while the cities of Lombardy were distracted by rival parties, disputing about the forms of liberty before they had yet obtained the substance, but little attention was paid to those small armed companies stationed at intervals along the frontier to keep back the enemy who were becoming daily more daring and powerful. Yet those poor volunteers, new to military life, supporting with difficulty the fatigues of an inglorious and painful campaign, were not unworthy of some praise, and of some succour. Stationed on the summits of the mountains which form the bulwarks of Italy, exposed to the cold and hurricanes of those alpine regions, without ever being relieved, and, what was worst of all, utterly destitute of necessary clothing, and of all implements adapted to military service, they persevered, notwithstanding, in a kind of life

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for which their former habits and actual inexperience rendered them doubly unfit.

It was sad to see those youths on the bleak mountains which encircle, as in a well, the gloomy lake of Idro, bivouacking, for several weeks, under the open sky, exposed to continued and heavy rains, without cloaks, without knapsacks, or culinary implements, and obliged to provide for the exigencies of an arduous service, which required thirty sentinels from one small company; there they stood on the rocky precipices, battered about by the frozen blasts, and drenched with rain, clothed in a single scanty tunic, or in a fustian jacket; for such was the miserable uniform of which, after three months of service, the forgotten Lombard volunteers could boast.

Equal hardships had already, for some weeks past, been sustained by the Thannberg, Daganieri, and Beretta columns, when, in consequence of the disastrous engagement of the 22nd of May, in which most of our positions were lost, and the enemy with difficulty prevented from advancing beyond Caffaro, the Manara battalion was suddenly recalled to Salò, and stationed at Anfo, in order to resist a second and more violent attack which was hourly expected.

After having passed a week at Anfo, a wretched village where the necessaries of life were not to be

had at any price, and where, owing to the carelessness of the commissariat department, the soldiers suffered severely from hunger, all the detachments which occupied the summit of Mount Stino, on the lake of Idro, were recalled, and the entire battalion on the 6th of June exchanged positions with that of Major Beretta, who, for the previous fortnight, had occupied Mount Suelo and the borders of the Caffaro.

The name of Monte Suelo is given to the highest point which commands the Caffaro, and is one of those mountains forming the winding chain of the Val Sabbia and Val Trompia. The road from Vestone to Bergamasca, through Bagolino, winds in a zig-zag ascent up to the summit of Monte Suelo. This is a most important position, as it commands the access into the province of Brescia: it serves also as an outwork to Bocca d'Anfo, an almost impregnable fortress, but which, without Monte Suelo, might easily be evaded by making a circuit round it.

When we first arrived there, the variety of our occupations, the enchanting beauty of the scenery, the construction of sheds, the alarms, the reconnoitring expeditions, made this agitated life appear so poetical, so delightful, that we seemed to have nothing left to desire, except that our valour and resources might be soon put to the test. And truly,

imaginations less poetic than ours would have been struck by the marvellous panorama which stretched out beneath us, and by the stirring novelty of the life we then led.

Monte Suelo towers majestically above the smiling valley of Chiese, and at its feet once lay Caffaro and Landrone, now half-destroyed by fire, and completely deserted owing to the engagements which had taken place in their neighbourhood, and the constant inroads of troops to which they were exposed. The Caffaro, a branch of the Chiese, rolls impetuously along, dividing the two villages. The bridge which traversed it had, however, been completely destroyed. Carrying the eye further on, we discovered the Tyrolese villages of Darzo, Condino, and Storo, and the long valley leading to Tioni, divided by the white line of road winding through mazes of verdure. The majestic mountain of Val Ledro, and those of the upper Tyrol, bounded the distant horizon of this varied scene.

The Manara battalion, then numbering 500 men, occupied the slope of the mountain as far as Caffaro, and divided into numerous bands, furnished the videttes stationed on the banks of the torrent, and on the rocks which overhang the valley. Our line of outposts communicated on the left with the corps

of Brescian *Disertori*, and with the Volunteers of Val Sabbia; on the right with the legion della Morte, commanded by Colonel Anfossi. The hitherto desert and silent forests now rang with the shouts of the soldiers. In a few days many a majestic old tree was levelled to furnish wood, either for sheds or fuel. A ceaseless activity pervaded the whole camp, while every effort was made to mitigate the privations of the bivouac; the privates were sheltered in huts constructed of green boughs: a stable, with a small room adjoining it, situated on the summit of the mountain, was selected for the officers' saloon and general quarters. At night, the spectacle was something magical. A thousand fires were seen sparkling on the heights, and still more on the declivity, regularly disposed one for each squadron.

Those groups of armed men, in various attitudes, fantastically lighted up by the flickering flames; those clouds of smoke curling slowly up into the air, and the cry of the sentinels, who, every quarter of an hour, gave the *all érta!* repeated in cadence, until the last voice was lost in the distance; everything around us was fitted to foster the reveries and the enthusiasm of youthful imaginations. The scene became still grander, though anything but pleasant for us, when there burst forth one of those tremen-

dous tempests which often devastate these mountain regions. Then the whirlwind rushed ruinously on our poor cabins, and, tearing up more than one of the frail tenements, hurled them into the valley; the claps of thunder, repeated from a hundred precipices, deafened the air; the rattling torrents of rain extinguished our fires; the *all érta* died away on the lips of the petrified sentinels, who were forced to grapple on to some tree or rock to prevent being thrown to the ground by the fury of the blast. The obscurity then would become so dense, that all would remain motionless at their posts, not daring to stir a step amidst the darkness and confused uproar of the elements.

There, however, thank God, the fury of the tempest was short; the fires were soon rekindled; merry tales went round, till the returning day, beamed brightly on the careless brows of these light-hearted volunteers and true sons of Italy.

But it was not the elements alone which waged war with us on those heights. We were suddenly roused almost every night by cries of alarm, and thus we acquired those habits of promptitude and of order which are indispensable to the security of troops. At the first shout, at the discharge of a musket, we were all on our feet. The drum beat instantly

to muster; the companies, or the detached bands, formed themselves silently at their post. The gunners stood ready to apply the match at the first signal: every one waited motionless and silent. Strong bodies of armed men were despatched at short intervals towards the spot from which the alarm proceeded. When all expectation of an attack had ceased, we threw ourselves again down to rest, probably to start up again almost immediately, and to remain some hours under arms on account of some other circumstance of the same kind.

The enemy occupied the villages of Storo and Condino. Their main body encamped between the last-nâmed place and Tione. To strengthen their position they had planted two cannons on the bridge of Storo, and at Condino they had a battery. The troops were chiefly composed of Tyrolese chasseurs and Styrian volunteers, the former as well trained and intrepid as the latter were disorderly and cowardly.

The country stretching along from Storo to the Caffaro and the villages of Darzo and Landrone, being a sort of neutral ground, served as a tilting-field, for hazardous adventurers on bôth sides; and many were the daring and brilliant skirmishes which took place there. Several times we urged our way in small numbers as far as the other side of Storo

to attack some advanced vidette; and more than once brigades of the enemy advanced as far as the ruined palace of Lodrone, hoping to surprise the vigilance of our men. Every day it was reported that an attack on all our outposts was inevitable; but we felt secure in our positions, strong as they naturally were, and rendered more so by art and by our diligent watchfulness.

It was not easy for the enemy to make an attack on Monte Suelo. The torrent flows completely round it; every bridge had been cut through; the banks were guarded by numerous videttes; the steep mountain side hung almost perpendicularly over the road. By simply rolling down stones and trunks of trees we could have rendered every attempt of the enemy fatal: the cannon pointed menacingly over the straight road, which the Austrians must necessarily have traversed to approach us; while the brave reinforcements which were stationed at regular distances as far as Vestone secured to us prompt and vigorous assistance in case of need.

We led the most fatiguing and precarious life which can well be imagined, sleeping always on the bare ground. Our fustian uniforms had become so threadbare, that they could ill defend us from the chills of the night air, and still less from the fre-

quent and violent rains. The provisions were bad in quality and irregularly distributed. There was no water on the spot: we were obliged to fetch it from a distance of three miles; and not being able to bring it up from the Caffaro, we were often forced to drink that which had been soiled by the washer-women, and which was warm, and fermented from the dirty cisterns. We had no tobacco — very little wine, and that little was sour; but, on the other hand, we had plenty of positions to guard, and no lack of alarms, skirmishes and tempests, cold at night, and scorching sun by day.

The Volunteers put a pretty good face on this painful life; it seemed as if these hardships, and this continual expectation of imminent dangers, had subdued in a great measure the natural restlessness of their spirits, which began only to shew itself when days passed on without hopes of any change coming to relieve the weariness of the present. And then we tried to get rid of *ennui* by imagining rash enterprizes, which generally ended in nothing, owing to the enemy's vigilance and our own inexperience. Sometimes we swam across the torrent; then, half-clothed, few and ill armed, we hurried on to Darzo, where a miserable tavern rewarded us for our fatigues and the dangers we had run. Once one of our company

was obliged to throw himself under a table to conceal himself from a patrol of the enemy, who stayed so long, that the poor fellow was well nigh suffocated for want of breath.

On another occasion twenty-four of us pursued for three miles sixty of the enemy, and so thoughtlessly that we were almost entering Storo together, where we should have been quietly arrested. And the serious part of the business was, that the Austrians not considering us as enemies, but as rebels, refused to do us the honour of treating us as they would do prisoners taken in fair warfare, but handed us over at once to a Court Martial; so that being taken, for us was equivalent to being hanged, or, as a particular favour, shot.

On the 13th of June tidings were brought which were received with shouts of joy, as they led us to hope for a speedy termination of this wearisome life of *frontier-keepers*, which had now lost its novelty, offering neither glory nor dangers. On the previous night, the Austrians having kindled numerous fires, to make us believe that they were near us, had abandoned their positions and withdrawn to Tione. The rejoicing peasantry came the first to bring us the glad tidings. Durando sent orders that we should immediately repair the bridge as well as we could

across the torrent, so as to permit the passage of troops and artillery. All that night we inspected the work, full of mirth, and elated by the most radiant hopes.

We vainly endeavoured to conjecture the reason of this sudden retreat. It was said that a revolutionary movement had taken place at Trent; and that all the forces of the Tyrol had been despatched thither to quell the rising. These, however, were but tales of ignorant, and somewhat suspicious-looking, peasants, and appeared too improbable to encourage us to venture into a country almost hostile, far from all assistance, and destitute of every thing necessary for an invading army.

On the 14th, having received no orders which indicated a speedy departure, Capt. B—— and I, disguised as peasants, and carrying on our shoulders sacks, such as are used for gathering mulberry-leaves, went forward as far as Condino. We were in hopes of inducing the Italian chasseurs stationed there to desert. But the surprised faces and expressive glances of the peasants, who smiled as they observed the whiteness of our skins, and the peculiarity of our gait, put us somewhat more on the reserve. We entered the hostile village, bending forward under the weight of our sacks. The Austrians were encamped

a few paces outside the village, and numerous patrols paraded the streets. We had the good fortune to find our way to an inn which we knew to be secure, and there we concealed ourselves, while we wrote two addresses to the Italian chasseurs, the *Felds-Jäger* and *Kaisers-Jäger*, inviting them to come over to us: with a handsome reward, and promises of much more, we then consigned them to a peasant, who was to deliver them. We heard while there, from many quarters, that the feigned retreat of the Austrians had been made in hopes that we should heedlessly throw ourselves into the valley, where we should have been certainly surrounded.

On the 15th we occupied Lodrone, and kept the country clear as far as Storo by frequent reconnoitring expeditions. The unexpected evacuation of this tract of country lasted, however, but a short time, and we were soon forced to retreat once again to the other side of the Caffaro, fortifying the bridge, and leaving the unfortunate villages of Lodrone and Darzo to become the prey of whoever chose to take possession of them. Our position had become much more perilous, as it was comparatively easy for the enemy to make themselves masters of the bridge, which was our principal safeguard.

And, in fact, on the night of the 23rd of July,

when the darkness happened to be particularly dense, a daring and unexpected attack made on the 3rd company, who had charge of the bridge, threw the whole camp into alarm. A company of chasseurs at the same time assaulted our posts; but they were repulsed vigorously, and driven back beyond Lodrone by Lieutenant Mangiagalli, who, followed by twenty of his men, did the enemy much mischief, and proved to them that this post, though defended only by voluntaries, was not so easily to be taken as they seemed to have imagined.

The minds of our men began, however, to be dispirited and exasperated by this continued life of perils. The numbers of the sick increased daily. The suppressed ill humour which pervaded the whole corps, burst forth when an order came obliging the Volunteers to sign a promise of continuing in the military service till the end of the war, and subjecting them to the military code sanctioned by the Lombard government. These new orders and proposals were followed by an outburst of complaints and unreasonable anger. All those who, either as students, or as necessary to their families, or as workmen, would not bind themselves for the future to obligations which they might not be able to fulfil, refused *en masse:* more than a hundred *fogli di via* (passports) were signed.

But when the moment arrived in which those youths had to abandon their chief, their companions, their standard, they confessed that they had not courage to do so; and, some modifications having been conceded in the articles of the promissory deed, they all fortunately signed.

But the discontent did not on this account cease altogether. Few assemblages of men are more impressionable than volunteer corps: a circumstance easily accounted for, by the youth and active minds of those who for the most part compose them. When, therefore, among the well disposed there are two or three ambitious spirits, who, to some spark of natural talent, add an overweening desire of rule and much envy towards those who have attained a higher standing than themselves, it is impossible to prevent disorders. And thus it happened, unfortunately, among the best of our Volunteers, and particularly in that chosen company composed of the flower of our refined and educated youth.

This was a cause of much suffering to Manara; and nothing but a warm attachment to his own duty, and that self sacrifice which he had so nobly imposed on himself, prevented him, not once only, but a hundred times, from throwing up a command which cost him so many vexations. And I, too, who shared in all

the troubles of that difficult office, without the satisfaction of having my toils and griefs known and appreciated, passed many a wretched day on that mountain, when I saw myself frequently misunderstood and calumniated, and was too weak and inexperienced to be able to draw, from a consciousness of having fulfilled my duty, strength of mind to despise the hatred and envy of trifling or misguided companions. At the time of the organisation of the Volunteers, I had given in my resignation as adjutant, not being able conscientiously to discharge this office in a regular battalion, on account of my ignorance of the minutiæ of the service, and of book-keeping. A Piedmontese serjeant of the Pinecol Brigade was appointed adjutant by a ministerial letter. I was elected standard-bearer by the battalion; at the same time I continued to perform the duties of secretary, keeping up the correspondence, and drawing up the various protocols.

As day after day passed on, our fatigues became more and more insupportable, so that in one day fifty soldiers were taken ill. Nothing could be worse than the regulation of our camp hospitals, or, rather, I should say they were not regulated at all: so that our unfortunate sick suffered severely from the want of all necessary assistance. Two

medical men, sent by the government to inspect the various hospitals, were surprised and shocked at the sight of these miserable infirmaries; and it was in vain that Dr. A —— B ——, our distinguished and zealous surgeon, exerted himself to the very utmost to alleviate our sufferings.

The well-disposed tried every means to enliven the *ennui* and melancholy which oppressed us in those long and dismal days. Dinner-parties were given by the different companies to the officers of the battalion, and once to the staff officers.* Manara, as a means of enlivening our lengthened and dreary

* The 25th of July (St. James's day) was solemnized by the troops stationed in Val de Chiese by giving a military entertainment to their beloved commander-in-chief, James Durando. The young Volunteers of the Bocca d'Anfò and those of the Lake of Idro had expended all the ingenious devices of their fervid imaginations to get up a festa worthy of their chief, in whom they felt they honoured the national cause. The romantic situation of the encampments, the music, and the radiant enthusiasm of the gallant youths furnished such a festivity as those mountain scenes had never before witnessed, nor are likely to see again. But this was the last of these convivial meetings. Durando had received on the previous day the news of the first reverses of the Piedmontese army on the Adige; but prudential reasons induced him to be silent until that news should be further confirmed: he accepted, therefore, of these proofs of attachment shewn by his troops with a heavy heart, and a presentiment of the sad events too soon to be realized.— (Memorie ed Osservazioni sulla Guerra dell' Indipendenza d' Italia raccolte da un Ufficiale Piemontese.)—*Translator.*

inactivity, had procured the presence of a fine band of musicians of Antignata, who for some years had been in his pay; but such recreations were not adequate to circumstances such as ours.

It was a fine sight on Sunday to see the mass celebrated on the highest summit of the mountain, under the open sky, and almost within sight of the enemy. Two firs placed so as to form a gigantic cross, a table, a drum, two candlesticks, constituted our altar. The boundless sky above, the valley with its winding river beneath, the distant lake, the two half-burned villages at our feet, the soldiers scattered in groups on the declivity, the distant riflemen, arranged as sentries, the gunners round their pieces, the solemn silence, and, above all, the ideas which crowded on the mind, in seeing that handful of men (of whom many, perhaps, might never see to-morrow's light) at three miles distance from the enemy, joining reverently in the celebration of the sacrifice of peace, in the presence of Nature and of the Creator, all conspired to produce in each heart a gentle and profound emotion, warming it with the desire and the resolution of persevering in unknown dangers and fatigues, until all should be acccomplished. Oh, who could then have foreseen that a year afterwards we should be called to leave our last

hopes, our choicest blood, at Rome, only to see our country fall back into a condition so wretched, that, were it not for the experience gained, we might almost look back on the past with regret, and might even wish to return to our former state and condition which, although it had been so long to every true patriot the object of indignant imprecation, seems yet to be surpassed in misery and hopelessness by that which has succeeded it!

CHAP. VII.

AN EPISODE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

We remained nearly two months at Monte Suelo, without repose of any sort, and suffering daily from the inclemency of the weather. The minds of many became soured; discipline, though tolerably well maintained in the long run, was occasionally disturbed by the passionate outbursts and unreasonable suspicions of some violent characters, who, seeing a traitor in every leader, employed the leisure hours of their bivouac in discussions and insinuations, which found too easy an echo in the unstable minds of the other volunteers.

Among the many cases of insubordination which occurred during these months, I may as well relate one, as it will serve, better than any description, to give an idea of the most pernicious, though in some degree pardonable, errors into which the minds of these young men were liable to be led.

A rich manufacturer, who maintained numerous

industrial establishments in the Italian Tyrol, a man well-known for his liberal sentiments, had obtained from the Provisional Government a permission for the passage of some waggons of corn, necessary for the numerous families of his work-people, who, on account of the state of the country, were without means of subsistence. General Durando was, in consequence, requested to allow these waggons, with their drivers, to pass without interruption through our out-posts. The chasseurs,—styled *della Morte* (of Death), the soldiers of which corps but ill responded in action to the pretension of their title, and were regarded in general as the most undisciplined and immoral of the whole of the troops stationed in that district,—when they saw the suspicious provisions making their way through the out-posts, began to mutiny, crying out that this grain was destined by traitors to feed the enemy, and that it should not be suffered to proceed. In vain was the waggon accompanied by an escort, and the driver provided with a safe-conduct, signed at head-quarters. Some of the most riotous set off for the bridge of Caffaro, held by our 2d company, and contrived to arouse such suspicions in these youths, that it was decided among them that the waggon should not pass the bridge. The ill-fated convoy made its

appearance at the confines. The orders of the single lieutenant who commanded that post (all the other officers being ill) were disregarded; a deputation (a fatal practice peculiar to volunteer corps) repaired to the commanding officer's quarters, presented themselves before Manara, and, with an eloquence which would have done honour to a member of the opposition in a legislative assembly, sought to persuade him that it was impossible to be thus wanting to the very first duties which they owed to their country and to the public security.

These fine dissertations were, of course, idle in the face of an order from the general, and Manara dismissed the deputation, sternly commanding that an end should be put to all these foolish displays of rhetoric, and the order promptly obeyed.

Some hours passed on, and then came the intelligence that many soldiers of the legion *della Morte* were at the bridge, and that the company openly refused to permit the passage of the grain. Meanwhile artful emissaries went about among all the companies, and the ferment began to spread through the whole battalion: the strangest and most irrational discourses were held in secret; the countenances and minds of the men became inflamed, and the waggon remained motionless on the banks of the Caffaro,

the object of the derision and imprecations of the soldiers.

The presence of Manara himself proved unavailing; notwithstanding the energy which he displayed; notwithstanding the attachment of all the volunteers for their chief, even he could not make himself heard. They pitied him, as one who, from an excess of good faith, was so blinded as not to see the danger and the ill-effects of an unpardonable compliance. In their delusion, they did not perceive that it would have been better to furnish food to the enemy for a month, than to have been guilty of one such ruinous offence against the rules of discipline.

The General was speedily informed of the lamentable state of affairs, and the principal officer of the staff, who had signed the safe-conduct, hurried to the spot, accompanied by brave Captain Osio, an aide-de-camp.

The regiment was assembled, and these two officers, with Manara, addressed themselves to each company separately, laying before them the serious nature of the fault they were committing, and admonishing the most outrageous with judicious severity. Their addresses were received in profound silence. One after another the companies were consigned to their respective quarters, numerous sentinels were placed to

hinder all communications, and the two delegates passed on to the second battalion.

These men were under arms, and the waggon was still waiting at the entrance of the bridge. The frank address, the repeated command to submit to the orders of the General seemed to have some effect: the soldiers began to hesitate: they appeared to understand the importance of the decision which was expected from them. A moment more, and the indispensable exactions of discipline would have been acceded to, when a voice was heard from the ranks, "No, by God, the waggon shall not pass!" "Who has dared to answer?" exclaimed Manara. "Here I am," replied the voice; and the Volunteer R——, a young man of ardent character, and, till then, an excellent soldier, though somewhat too hot and headstrong, came forward. The others whispered in an undertone among themselves, and exchanged significant glances. Manara repeated the order to open the gate of the bridge. No one moved, and R—— smiled triumphantly, quietly leaning on his musket. Oh, why did not Manara consent, as I then suggested to him, that effrontery so unheard of and so ruinous should be instantly and terribly chastised?

Four men were ordered to arrest the rebel: they looked on each other and remained motionless. The

whole company witnessed, unmoved, this most extraordinary scene. Several officers rushed forwards to accomplish the arrest; a menacing shout then burst forth on every side; R—— was surrounded and carried off in the midst of applause.

Things were now arrived at such a pitch, that the battalion was on the very verge of offering the horrible spectacle of civil war. Two companies took arms in favour of the revolt; the others showed themselves still disposed to maintain the cause of right and discipline. But on this occasion the commanders evinced a blameable weakness. R—— was expelled: they did not, however, venture to arrest him in the presence of the companies. It was not till he arrived at Brescia that he was secretly imprisoned for a month. When he came out, at the time of the general retreat, he returned, entreating to be readmitted into the battalion: he was received, and ever after, as if nothing had happened, he showed himself an obedient soldier. The waggon was sent back amidst the hisses of the troops, and thus the spirit of insubordination triumphed in the most scandalous manner.

What advantage could be drawn from troops who had thus learned to lay down the law to their own leaders? And yet these youths were courageous,

ready for every sacrifice, full of enthusiasm and honour. They contributed 1000 francs to a collection made in behalf of the sufferers at Castelnuovo. Daily one or other of them perilled his life, swimming across the Caffaro, to pluck, for Manara, a bunch of flowers from a garden close to the enemy's quarters. The most refined delicacy of feeling, the most exalted generosity glowed in those ardent and ingenuous minds; but who, viewing things in a military point of view, could safely confide to such men the fate of a battle, or the keeping of an important position?

On the 27th of July we evacuated Monte Suelo, where we were succeeded by the Cremona legion commanded by Major Tibaldi, a distinguished officer. We were stationed for some days on the banks of the Idro.

Clouds began, at that time, to gather in our horizon; the places which had been the scenes of so many of our sufferings and delusive hopes were, one by one and in good order, obliged to be abandoned.

Monte Suelo became, however, before the conclusion of the war, the scene of a most daring feat of arms. On the 7th of August the Thaunberg legion, having heard that the enemy occupied the summit of the mountain, determined to take leave

of the country by a bold *coup de main*. Favoured by the darkness of the night, they fell so unexpectedly on the unprepared Austrians, that many were cut to pieces, and the remainder driven down the mountain in headlong rout. After this success, they quietly returned to their own cantonments.

In the latter end of July the Volunteer corps were all reunited between Anfo and Vestone; and we anxiously awaited the moment when we should be called to take a more active and vigorous part in the events of the war.

CHAP. VIII.

THE RETREAT.

THE month of July drew to a close amidst the ruin of the Italian cause. The existence of a small body of volunteers, stationed thirty miles from Brescia, on the confines of Tyrol, abandoned without instructions in a position where they were in momentary danger of being surrounded and cut off, appeared to have escaped the memory of the Piedmontese staff. Various couriers, despatched to head quarters, either failed to return, or brought no answer. Lieut.-Col. Alessandro Monti, chief officer of General Durandø's staff, repaired thither in person, but could ascertain nothing conclusive. Confusion and terror had begun to bewilder all minds, and the terrible *sauve qui peut* was ere long to circulate among our ranks.

In profound ignorance of passing events, we continued cheerfully our life of privation, placing all our hopes on an approaching combat, and feasting our imaginations on supposed victories, reported

to have been won by the Duke of Genoa, over a considerable body of the enemy. General Durando received notice to stand on the alert, as some Austrian regiment, cut off from the main body, and pursued on every side, might endeavour to force a passage through our lines. Then, again, we heard, on the contrary, that Brescia was menaced, and that Milan itself was in danger; contradictions succeeded each other, and, from the most extravagant hopes, we sank into exaggerated fears.

General Griffini arrived at Brescia with unlimited powers; and his singular mode of proceeding contributed not a little to increase the agitation of our minds.

General Durando, having probably received certain intelligence from the theatre of war, and determining to keep the Brescia roads free and open for our retreat, had, in the beginning of August, relinquished all the posts on the Tyrolese frontiers, and arranged the troops in *échelons,* from Vestone to Gavardo. The Manara battalion and the Polish legion were appointed for the defence of the latter town, which is situated a few miles distant from Rezzato, and commands the Roads to Salò, Val Sabbia, and Brescia.

Letters and newspapers now began to be inter-

cepted: the strangest news were current as to the fate of the war; but nothing was certainly known. The heated imaginations of the Volunteers could not resist the torture of this uncertainty. A danger near at hand, however great, would have found them firm; but an undefined peril, which required to be met with the coolness essential to good troops, deprived them of all self-possession. A hundred times a day, one or other of these youths, however distinguished for courage and intelligence, would hurry into the presence of Manara, with a countenance absurdly panic-struck. "Major! Do you not know what is said in the village? that we are surrounded!!" "Well then?" "Well then! But if we are surrounded we shall not be able to hold out!" "And what then?" "What then! We shall be cut to pieces!" "Wonderful! Pray, what were our ideas when we engaged in this war?" "I understand you, and we should not mind were it for any purpose; but here we are useless. We must go. Let us go to Milan!" "When I am ordered there: at present we do not stir from this place." The interlocutor would then retire, shaking his head, and five minutes after the same scene would be renewed.

As day after day passed on, the news became more dismal and mysterious. Some patrols of the enemy

began to hover round the neighbourhood. Four hussars penetrated one day as far as Rizzato, three miles from Brescia; a body of Austrians presented itself daily at Lonato, foraging for oxen and provisions; many other small villages were attacked and put under contribution: every moment furnished us with some fresh instance of the increasing daring of the enemy: and this was of ill omen for us.

In order to divert the attention of the soldiers, and to prevent their giving way to despondency and to the sinister conjectures to which they abandoned themselves when left in inactivity, an energetic reconnaissance was planned, which was to be pushed as far as Desenzano, in order thus to prevent the threatened occupation of Salò. Two of our brave youths went disguised to Desenzano to pick up information; in consequence of which, on the 6th of August (being the very day on which the Austrians entered Milan), about 2000 men (the Borra, Manara, and Polish legions) left Gavardo in the middle of the night, under the orders of the gallant Col. Kamiensky. Having arrived at Carzago, after three hours' march, we fell in with a small body of the enemy's chasseurs and cavalry, which, being briskly attacked, after a short resistance, took precipitately to flight, followed by near 2000 of our

men. We had to regret but a few wounded; while the enemy were all either killed or dispersed. Major Borra, who distinguished himself for his bravery, had his horse killed under him. Our ranks being again formed, we continued to advance, at a gallop, as far as Lonato, where we arrived at about ten o'clock: the village had been deserted by the foragers, who, having received intimation of our approach from the fugitives of Carzago, made off hastily for Desenzano, without having succeeded in levying the threatened contribution. A strong detachment was sent after them, and we remained at Lonato to refresh the soldiers exhausted from fasting and forced marches.

But we had hardly piled arms when our ears were saluted by a distant firing of musketry, and at the same time we learnt that a large body of the enemy from Desenzano had fallen upon our troops on the hills close to Lonato. The drums beat to arms, and, without having had time to take either food or rest, we marched on towards Desenzano, where the long wished-for encounter awaited us.

The road from Lonato rises by a winding ascent, and then divides into two branches, one of which leads to Salò, the other to Desenzano: it embraces in its numerous windings the circle of smiling hills

which slope down to the lake. Arrived at the cross roads, the column divided, one half taking the direction of Salò, the other of Desenzano; and a few minutes afterwards we perceived, encamped on the hill, round a low dwelling-house, a battalion of Tyrolese chasseurs, with a long line of infantry formed in their rear. Our skirmishers, under cover of the brushwood, had already commenced firing. We quitted the road and hurried across the fields, in order to reach the point of action more quickly; but from that disorder which is inevitable in volunteer troops, it happened, as usual, that the more timid, not keeping pace with the others, broke the order of the column, at the head of which remained only the most courageous of the different companies and corps, followed by a strong rear-guard of the more prudent, who, though also in disorder, possessed, at least, the advantage of moving with becoming gravity.

We mounted a little eminence, which rose at a distance of about 200 paces in front of the enemy, and, though too much scattered to rush forward resolutely to the assault, opened a brisk fire, which did not fail to do some execution among the compact files of the Austrians: our fire was vigorously returned, and it was not long before many of our men fell to the ground. A battery of rockets, which the

Austrians played off upon us, without causing us great loss, did not fail, from their novelty, to create a certain trepidation; but this sensation gave place to merriment when we perceived the harmless slowness of these ill-directed projectiles.

Foremost of all, animating the rest by his gestures, stood Manara, directing, as well as he could from the top of the hill, the irregular oscillations of that long line of our riflemen. I stood beside him with the standard, which, serving as a mark for the fire of the enemy, was in a short time torn in various places by their shot. Those who were near me cried out to me to lower it, in order not to add to the danger of our position; but thinking it a shame, that the tricolor of Italy should bow before the black and yellow banner of Austria, I held it erect, and as high as possible. Grouped around our standard were many officers who, owing to the confusion of our ranks, finding themselves without soldiers to command, had caught up their muskets and maintained the firing, together with half a company of rifles under the gallant Rozat. Suddenly, the right wing, led on by Colonel Kamiensky, rushed resolutely forward upon the enemy. Those intrepid Poles, grown grey in war, and in deep-rooted animosity against the Austrians, threw themselves upon them, hand to

hand, with such impetuosity, that many Tyrolese were actually killed with the knife.

Astounded by such a vigorous assault, they precipitately abandoned the height, and began to retire. A shout of joy arose from our lines, the drums beat the charge, and we all rushed, pell-mell, forward in pursuit. But at this moment, on the road to Salò, we caught sight of a strong column of infantry, preceded by about 300 dragoons: these were the 1,500 men who had set out to occupy Salò, and who had been recalled in haste to strengthen the Austrian ranks. The sight stopped us at once: the result of the battle could no longer be doubted. Our volunteers had already marched fifteen miles, were still fasting, and, after three hours' fighting, had scarcely strength left to load their firelocks.

After half an hour's firing, Manara commanded the retreat to be beaten, and it was high time: the enemy's rifles were penetrating through the brushwood, and rapidly surrounding us: a few minutes more, and all was over with us. In fact, scarcely had we begun slowly to draw backwards, than all the heights which we had occupied were swarming with Tyrolese. I was the last on the hill with the standard; and it depended but on the turn of a hair that my temerity had not cost the loss of the ensign,

which had been the first to emerge from the gates of Milan, and whose honour had been maintained unsullied in so many perils. Scarcely had I time to shoulder it, and to hurry at full speed down the declivity, followed by a last and close discharge, which seemed to put wings to my feet.

Arrived at Lonato, and our column in some measure reorganised, we pursued our march rapidly, and reached Gavardo the same evening, after eighteen hours of fatigue, exhausted with hunger, but proud of having proved to the Austrians, who had not ventured to molest our retreat, that we did not, even in these days of discouragement, shrink from an encounter; nay, from going in quest of one when not forced upon us.

This enterprise, however, cost us but too dear; since Colonel Kamiensky, while heading in person the attack made by the right wing, was wounded so severely by a ball in the thigh that he was obliged to be carried to Brescia, where he still was when the Austrians entered. Thus, our corps at this most critical moment was deprived of the benefit of his experience and admirable example, and the intrepid Polish legion lost a beloved father, and an able leader. In the midst of the disorders of volunteer troops, he had been able to maintain such discipline

among his own men, as rendered the legion a model of courage and subordination, while he himself acquired the respect and admiration even of the enemy. He will but too surely carry to his grave the honourable record of that day's heroic courage.

We had to lament the loss of many killed and wounded; but the losses of the enemy were infinitely greater. A major of the chasseurs lost his life on the field of battle, and a number of dead and wounded were conveyed to Desenzano.

The combat of Lonato produced a good effect: the Austrians were betrayed by our daring into the belief that numerous forces still remained to protect the Brescian district. A reconnoitring party, pushed fifteen miles beyond our camp, seemed evidently to imply an apprehension of a greater force in reserve; and this is probably the reason why they did not risk following up our retreat. Thus, the occupation of Salò, which would have been fatal to us, was fortunately avoided, and the entire retreating movement which was shortly to ensue, was accomplished in perfect security, as the enemy did not deem it advisable to molest a corps which had given such proofs of daring. This act of temerity saved us probably from many reverses, and furnished a fresh proof that, however small may be the value of volunteers in regular

way, their services may be highly useful when employed in this way as adjuncts to the movements of an army.

Our short-lived exultation was, however, soon exchanged for the most unlooked-for disappointment, and the deepest discouragement. The tidings of the war, though contradictory in details, were but too unanimous in declaring the whole of Lombardy to be menaced by an invasion. It was said even, that Milan was surrounded; then, that the Germans had been routed at Cassano; then, again, that the Piedmontese army had shut itself up in the city, and was resolved to defend it to the uttermost.

The uncertainty and variety of these harassing reports unnerved our minds: they came upon us without preparation; for as yet we were in entire ignorance of the battles fought at Rivoli, Villa Franca, Somma Campagna, and Custoza. At last, on the 7th, two students presented themselves, declaring that they had witnessed the entry of the Austrians into Milan. This assertion excited the utmost indignation among our soldiers, who, believing them to be spies sent to spread a panic, could scarcely be withheld from tearing them to pieces. They were thrown into prison: in a few hours seven other individuals were imprisoned for the same

reasons. Two of our company were despatched in all speed to Milan; but they could not make their way far, the roads being choked up by the enemy, and by enraged and menacing crowds of peasantry. The volunteers now began to cry out, that it was high time to put an end to this state of suspense, and that their duty called them to defend their families and the city of Milan. Durando hesitated, and sought to gain time. The ill-humour and anxiety knew no bounds, and General G—— contributed by his conduct to increase this disorder; for, from some motive of his own, he seemed to wish to take the command of the Manara battalion out of the hands of General Durando. He sent messengers to persuade us to abandon Gavado, and hasten to the defence of Brescia, insinuating that Durando would sacrifice us, and offering to take on himself all responsibility. He wrote two or three letters daily, urging, commanding, and beseeching us.

On the 8th, the anxiety and restlessness of the soldiers had arrived at such a height, that the battalion assembled of its own accord, and then sent to Manara, conjuring him to lead them onwards. Manara replied, that he was from hour to hour awaiting orders from the General. An hour passed, the ferment became terrible. . . . . Manara yielded. The

battalion was formed, and a rearguard of riflemen and Poles being left, in case of need, to protect the retreat, all the rest commenced marching, notwithstanding that it was already night-fall, towards the hill of S. Eusebio, where the road meets that which leads from Vestone to Brescia by the mountains. At this point, the battalion halted, and I was despatched to acquaint the General with the shameful transaction. After three hours' ride, I arrived at Preseglie, where our head-quarters were then established: it was a little before dawn, all were asleep, and I was forced to present myself in the General's bed-room. My face burning with shame, I related to the General the manner in which we had abandoned the post confided to us, in order to place ourselves in security. Durando turned towards me with a dignified and indignant gesture, "Tell Signor Manara," said he, "that one day or another, I shall write the history of these times, and that it is not upon my head the infamy of certain events will rest. Signor Manara may go; I shall do my duty even without him;" and I was dismissed without a word more.

I transmitted to Manara the severe reproof, which we had certainly deserved. He coloured deeply, while listening to me. "Take the standard," said

he. I took it, and followed him to the centre of the battalion; then, turning himself towards the soldiers, he said: "The General orders me to remain at my post. I return there. Whoever has a sense of honour, let him follow me to Gavardo." Making a signal to his officers, he then set forward with them. Before following him, I shouted to the astonished volunteers, "Who will have the courage to abandon our sacred colours in this hour of danger?" and then set off at full speed. One by one, two by two, hanging down their heads like beaten hounds, sad and silent, the soldiers followed us. Before re-entering the village, the battalion was formed: not a single man was wanting at the call. We marched into Gavardo in good order, the band playing. Thus, did Manara make a noble reparation for a most serious error, and a weakness, which might have had fatal consequences, remained unknown and harmless.

The day after, two individuals were arrested, suspected of being spies. The charges against them were of such a serious nature, that they were brought before a council of war. One was a youth who spoke the Venetian dialect, had a military bearing, was dressed in perfectly new peasant's clothes, with ammunition shoes. The other was an old man, who called himself a phlebotomist of De-

senzano. After a trial, which lasted two hours, being declared to be undoubtedly guilty, the former was condemned to be shot. The rascal, accustomed to hear so much of the over-generosity of the Italians, believed that we were only acting a farce; but when he saw the battalion drawn up, the confessor, the grave, and the soldiers chosen for his execution, he turned pale, and begged to purchase his life by making some important disclosures. His request being granted, he confessed that he was a corporal of Racketeers, induced, by promises of promotion, to ascertain our numbers, and to make a plan of the positions which we occupied; that a body of 8000 men were then encamped near Lonato, awaiting the return of himself and some other spies to march on Gavardo and cut us all to pieces, it having been already intimated in the order of the day that no quarter was to be given. The old man who accompanied him was really what he had described himself, and had offered himself as guide, on the promise of a sum of money. He was condemned and executed on the spot. In the meanwhile a messenger had been promptly despatched to carry the news to the General, and in a few hours after the order arrived for our march to S. Eusebio.

The joy of this longed-for departure was soon ex-

changed for despair on reading an official bulletin, announcing the capitulation of Milan. The news was received throughout all the ranks of our poor Volunteers, with one irrepressible burst of anguish: besides the grief of seeing their country so unexpectedly replunged into the depth of misfortune they witnessed the dissolution of those bright dreams which alone had enabled them to endure for five months the unaccustomed hardships of a most trying campaign. Grey-headed men were there seen weeping like children; and youths of the gentlest nature, in the delirium of their grief, uttered wild imprecations against God, Italy, and their own groundless hopes. Truly, the blow was a cruel one for us all: it fell on us like an unexpected thunderbolt, and in one fearful moment dispelled the delusion in which our distance from the centre of action had, till then, kept us.

We abandoned Gàvardo, and, with hearts overflowing with bitterness, directed our course towards Milan, uncertain as to our fate, and expecting every moment to be surrounded by the enemy, for as yet we knew nothing certainly as to the conditions of the ill-omened armistice.

At this critical conjuncture, General Giacomo

Durando* showed himself to be a man as sincerely devoted to his country and the cause for which he had endured, for so many months, the vexations of a soldiery levied on the spur of the moment, as he had previously proved himself to be a judicious and firm commander. Amidst the perils and uncertainties of our march; placed between discouraged and exasperated troops on the one hand, and an emboldened and triumphant enemy on the other; by his prudence and good sense, by respecting and causing to be respected a treaty which was then doubtful, he succeeded in conducting his men safely into Piedmont: the history of this retreat alone would be sufficient to prove to the world both his capability and integrity.

Abandoned by Griffini, after all his reiterated promises of assistance, we left Brescia on one side, and marched straight forward in the direction of Bergamo. The main body of the column was preceded half a day's march by a vanguard of the Polish, Borra, and Manara legions, commanded by Col. Monti.

Near Bergamo various alarming rumours were in circulation as to the intentions of the Austrians stationed near the town. In good order, and prepared

* See Appendix, DURANDO. Note C.

for every event, we presented ourselves at the gates. General Schwarzenberg was at the same time making his entry at the opposite side, and sent to intimate that we were to encamp in the suburb, leaving to him the upper part of the town. This order appeared so unsatisfactory to Monti, that, without losing a moment in hesitation, he made us ascend to the Archbishop's palace so rapidly that the Austrians were left below. The gates communicating with the lower part of the town were immediately closed; and as soon as quarters had been assigned to the troops and numerous posts occupied, a deputation was sent to treat with the Austrian General. However willing he might have been, he was not in circumstances to resent our proceedings: he had but few troops with him, was without artillery, and occupied an inferior position; nor could he be blind as to the disposition of the inhabitants, who, with renewed courage, and supported by the Lombard troops, made no effort to conceal their real sympathies. It was, therefore, immediately agreed, that the terms of the treaty of Milan should be observed with respect to us: the Volunteer corps were to march by the most direct road into Piedmont; on condition of their not molesting, they were not to be molested; their route was to be fixed, and their different halting

places arranged, with the consent of the respective Austrian authorities. At about sunset, Durando arrived with the various corps under his command. They were the following:—the Thannberg, Cremonese, and Tridentine legions, the battalion of Brescian chasseurs, the Tuscan battalion, and the Doganieri.

It would be difficult to describe the enthusiasm which the sight of these new troops called forth in Bergamo.

In the presence of the Austrians, who paid us military honours, an immense crowd pressed forward to embrace the soldiers, to show the General how heartily he was welcomed. Cries of *Morte ai Tedeschi* (death to the Austrians) were thrown in their very teeth; while they, pale and motionless, were silent spectators of this extraordinary scene.

Durando was blamed by that faction who never ceased to calumniate those whom it ought to have honoured, because he had either not known how, or had not chosen, to avail himself of the public enthusiasm, so as to fall on the Austrian garrison, and to throw the city into open revolt. To these reproaches it may be replied, that *retrogrades* of General Durando's character have not that elasticity of conscience which enables a man to break through agreements already signed; nor have they penetra-

tion enough to understand those subtle reasonings by which an inexperienced and but too notorious Milanese endeavoured to induce us to violate a treaty, after having reaped the advantages of it, alleging, forsooth, *that with the enemies of Italy no bond could hold good.* Such men as Durando had not heroism enough to throw a harmless city into the perils and horrors of a revolution, with the reflection that the *blood so shed bears fruit to the advancement of the cause:* they know well how to shed their own blood, but are somewhat sparing of that of others, when they perceive that it would be shed without avail. Let us suppose, for an instant, that with vile perfidy we had cut off the Schwarzenberg detachment, and had shut ourselves up in Bergamo: we might have held out fifteen or twenty days, or even a month. But what then? Would Italy have been saved by this last resistance? Oh! would that these babblers had reflected a moment on the consequences before they involved themselves and others in acts of useless and destructive temerity. How much bloodshed would already have been spared! how much greater and more universal would have been the sympathy in the Italian cause!

On the morning of the 13th we left Bergamo; on the 15th we were at Monza. We were constantly

preceded by an Austrian Major, who had quarters prepared for us, and who furnished us with shoes, which were necessary for the continuance of our march.

Garibaldi's courageous defence on the mountains of Lago Maggiore awakened our most ardent sympathy; numerous emissaries were sent to win over the soldiers, and but little was wanting to induce us all to join him. But after having seriously considered what had now become the duty of every reasonable Italian; after having myself been sent to Logano to converse with Mazzini, in order to know what we had to hope from a party which then declared itself to be the only one capable of saving the country; we were but the more firmly convinced of the necessity of remaining united to that nation * which had already given us such proofs of kindness, and to that government which, however it was then abused as traitorous, and sold to Radetzky, certainly never contributed willingly to our ruin, and shewed itself, even in the midst of the calamities by which it was assailed, the loyal champion of constitutional liberty. In the present day these are truths which are palpable to all; but then it required both firmness and a sacrifice of self to the welfare of one's country

* Piedmont.

not to be led away by the accusations which were madly vociferated against the king of Sardinia and his army.

On the 19th of August, twelve days after the return of the army, we first set foot on the Piedmontese territory, but not before we had seen some of our hottest republicans turn back, saying, "We love the Croats better than the Piedmontese." Their subsequent conduct shewed that they had not let fall these words at random.

We, too, were accused of treachery and cowardice for having dared to pass the Ticino, and the name of Manara was declared to be infamous; but those who made such an outcry about the infamy and cowardice of Manara still vegetate fat and sleek, untouched by the disasters of Italy, while the *cowardly* Manara, and his traitor companions, *have fallen fighting for her.* The blood of these brave men gives the lie to the multiplied accusations hurled against those who choose to place their confidence in Piedmont; accusations which history will one day throw back on those calumniators who find no tribute to offer to their country but that of absurd and invidious declamations.

CHAP. IX.

THE ARMISTICE.

ENTHUSIASM is the main spring of Volunteer service; without it, no assemblage of armed men can be governed except by severe and systematic discipline.

All hope of speedily reconquering the independence of Lombardy being lost by the defeat of the Piedmontese army, those various legions, composed of men new to military life and actuated by a thousand different motives, could not reasonably be expected to hold together; nor was it desirable that they should do so, as they would only have served to increase the general agitation at a period of feverish excitement, and of thwarted and conflicting opinions. No sooner, therefore, had the Lombards entered Piedmont, and the perils of the retreat, and the fear of the common enemy, which had hitherto served as a last motive for maintaining order and union, ceased, than the most lamentable discouragement overwhelmed them: many regretted afresh their lost

country, their families, and their domestic comforts; others were filled with uncertainty as to the future, and dissatisfaction with themselves and their fate; while all who were sincerely interested in their countries' welfare were convinced that it was utterly impossible to renew the war, unless the Volunteer corps were dissolved and formed into regular and disciplined regiments, which might, when necessary, cooperate efficiently with the Sardinian army.

The time of illusions was drawing to a close. In the midst of the absurd suspicions, the ungrounded reports, and fierce recriminations which arose from the exasperated state of the public mind, whoever had sufficient self-possession to observe events with some degree of calmness might discern enough of the real state of things to enable him to turn his experience to profit for the stormy and uncertain future which awaited him. Many of us, who had learnt something from our misfortunes during the war, were fully convinced that Volunteers might, indeed, give the first impulse to a revolution, and sustain its first shock, but that bands such as ours, composed of wrangling disputants, of lawyers, of popular tribunes with innumerable shades of political opinions, with inconsiderate hopes, instability of ideas, and proneness to suspicion, could never make head

against regiments of Croats, who were, indeed, worse thinkers and talkers than we were, but who obeyed far better than we did, as we knew to our cost.

After halting for some days at Novara, most of our Volunteers were ordered to quarters at Trino, a large village between Vercelli and Cassale. As we traversed the country, we met every where with the most touching proofs of hospitality, which induced us often to draw a melancholy comparison between this reception and that which had awaited us in many of the villages of Lombardy. Nevertheless, the diminution of our pay, the discouraging and alarming reports which were in circulation, and the cold and somewhat stern conduct of some of the military authorities with whom we had to do, were calculated to increase the discontent already prevalent among our troops. Many talked of joining, at all risks, Garibaldi, whose successes were absurdly exaggerated; others of repairing to the defence of Venice; our coming into Piedmont, and our resolution to remain faithful to our unfortunate but not inglorious standard, was decried by some as meanspirited and treacherous; everything tended to dishearten and perplex the well-disposed; and to embolden the mischievous and designing; whilst weak and foolish minds found a wide field for the most senseless and

strange vagaries. Suffice it to say that, on the pay being reduced to the general rate of the army, which was announced on the 4th of September, a hundred volunteers of Manara's column mutinied; and, having nominated their own officers, they marched in regular order, their drums beating and banner unfurled, up to the gates of Turin, where they intended to demand justice, and where, with good reason, they were surrounded and arrested by the carabineers, who shut them up in the citadel.

Such disorderly conduct at last wore out even the patience of Manara himself, who, on the 7th of September, set the example of self-denial by dissolving his legion, part of which repaired to Venice, and enrolled themselves in the Lombard battalion, and distinguished themselves afterwards in the defence of that city, whilst the remainder were incorporated in those columns which still held together, although reduced to a deplorable state of discouragement and indiscipline. This disbanding had become indispensably necessary: nevertheless, it was a melancholy day for us when that band of youths, whom common dangers and hopes had united in a bond of brotherhood, embraced their standard, weeping, and, having bid each other farewell, went in search of less unhappy destinies. Many of their number fell at Venice,

others at Novara, others at Rome. All of them discharged their debt to their country to the uttermost, and, however much they differed in opinions and manners, were unanimous in proving their patriotism by their actions.

Now that I have brought my narrative to the end of a campaign which opening so hopefully, yet came to such an unexpected termination, being aware that truth has sometimes compelled me to censure certain individuals and their actions, I cannot refrain from saying a word expressive of affection and sympathy for those poor volunteers, who, although they showed themselves unfitted for disciplined warfare, were even still more strikingly remarkable for the most amiable and the purest mental qualities, and for their constancy in the endurance of sacrifices and sufferings; indeed, they seemed as if they sought, by redoubling their own energy and self-denial, to make up for the paucity of their imitators, and for the implacability of fortune. If all those who, because *they* preferred the service of the national guard, calumniated the volunteers in public and in private, waiting, amidst the ease and comforts of a town life, until a troop of the line could, at some indefinite period, be organised, — if those persons had cut short their warlike tirades, and,

discarding the epaulets, which only served as useless ornaments, had shouldered a firelock in company with the despised volunteers, perhaps we should have had fewer errors and misfortunes to deplore.

On the 1st of October, 1848, Manara was intrusted with the formation of a battalion of Lombard rifles, of which he was appointed Major Commandant. This corps, which consisted of 800 men, was composed of the disbanded Doganieri, the Thannberg rifles, and the Bergamese national guard; besides deserters from the Austrian army, men accustomed to the hardships of war and to severe discipline, — *Soldiers* in every sense of the word. All the officers had served in the Austrian army, with the exception of a few young men, in whom the anxiety to learn, and the knowledge acquired during the late war, made amends in some degree for the inexperience of their age.

Manara was not backward in setting the example of diligence and application: under his unremitting and constant co-operation, and thanks to the efforts of the distinguished officers who surrounded him, the corps, which in the course of not many hours had assumed a military aspect, was placed under a system both of discipline and accurate instruction. The six months of armistice were spent in training this

corps to habits of military proficiency and discipline: two hours daily were devoted to manœuvres, and two more to instruction. This plan; united with frequent reviews and rigidly imposed punishments, was crowned with the happiest results. The battalion became distinguished by an excellent *esprit de corps*, and an admirable union and attachment to duty, and was, in fact, a model of order and bravery. Their uniform, evolutions, signals, and internal administration, were exactly similar to those of the Marmora rifle corps.

We were stationed in the villages of Solero, Quargnento, and at Borgo Felizzano. The most delightful harmony reigned between our soldiers and the population. When we looked at the daily-renewed *Viva i Lombardi* inscribed on the walls, we felt consoled for our past misfortunes, and encouraged to hope in the future. During those six months not a single theft or quarrel disturbed the public peace, or threw a shade over the reputation of our brigade: the men's minds being kept under restraint, and prepared for the duties of war by the strictest discipline; whilst the officers emulated each other in zeal and assiduity. We felt and were able to appreciate the difference which exists between commanding the mere volunteer and the veteran soldier. We were

encouraged by the most flattering eulogiums, which reached us from every quarter. His Majesty Charles Albert, his Highness the Duke of Savoy, the General-in-chief, the Lieutenant-Generals La Marmora and Ramorino, the Major General Fanti, on the occasion of the reviews and manœuvres which the battalion went through, expressed their highest satisfaction with the corps, both on account of its morality and of its proficiency in military exercises. Far from the agitations of parties and from the intrigues of amateur politicians, we neither thought of, nor attended to, anything else but our duties, and endeavoured exclusively to prepare ourselves in the best way we could for the approaching war.

Our cares were lightened by the most soothing hopes; we were less oppressed by our absence from our country, and the memory of our past misfortunes. After so many errors and such long uncertainties, we felt ourselves at last worthy to fight for our independence, and to win for ourselves a brighter future.

At the beginning of March we were ready to take the field. The time had been well employed, and our soldiers, who had already known many years of service, had done wonders, under the direction, for the most part, of experienced and veteran officers; and for this, great credit was due to Manara, who

was unwearied in the study and fulfilment of his duties; as also to the Captains of companies, who showed themselves on all occasions to be highly honourable men and able officers.

Amongst these last, the Captains Ferrari, Bonvicini, and Soldo were, however, chiefly remarkable for their activity and military knowledge. The latter, in particular, appointed to the command of the 4th Company, composed almost entirely of volunteers, by dint of energy and good judgment, succeeded in rendering it a model of regularity and subordination.

Nor can I permit the reserve imposed by relationship and friendship to prevent my rendering a just tribute to the exemplary conduct and zeal of my brother Henry Dandolo, and of Emilio Morosini. Their rare virtues, their engaging manners, their unwearying activity, the religious sentiments which in those noble hearts seemed to give elevation to their patriotism, exercised the most salutary influence on the minds of the soldiers, and kept before the eyes of the other young officers a perpetual example of morality and honourable feeling. Thus passed rapidly away six months of full and happy occupation, whilst the future to our eyes appeared bright and smiling.

Indeed, the new campaign seemed to open under the

best auspices. We knew nothing of the wounds which festered in the army, or of the imprudence of the existing government; we believed ourselves on the eve of a glorious war, and that we were soon to come to the end of those misfortunes, which, though in a great measure brought on by ourselves, had, nevertheless, become almost insupportable.

SECOND CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER I.

LA CAVA.

At last, after six months spent in assiduous preparation for the war which we so ardently desired to see renewed, on the 13th of March, orders arrived at Solero to hold ourselves in readiness to march. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm with which this order was obeyed. Our quarters re-echoed with the songs of the soldiers, who set about furbishing their arms and preparing their baggage with as much alacrity as if they had been summoned to some grand festival. While making the various preparations for departure, we met each other with the involuntary smile of men agitated by an irrepressible feeling of delight. Already we seemed to catch a glimpse of our beautiful Lombardy, freed by our means from the Austrians, and welcoming us back to her bosom, whilst she rewarded us for the

pains of absence and the hardships of war by those joys which home alone can offer.

On the 14th, at noon, the battalion was drawn up on the square. It was composed of 750 soldiers, glowing with enthusiasm and hope, and prepared for the fulfilment of their duty, not only by the strict discipline to which they had been subjected during their prolonged service under Austria, but also by six months passed in military studies and exercises, under a *régime* which was as severe as it was uncompromising.

The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had hurried to the spot to bid adieu to the soldiers whose good conduct had won the esteem of all. Young Manara, whose heart beat proudly at the sight of this gallant band, trained under his own eye, inspected the lines on horseback. A respectful silence was maintained; and after prayers, and the last military salute to the people, the battalion began to march slowly off the parade, leaving for ever a place where we had been so hospitably received. There was not a soldier or a bystander who was not deeply moved at that moment.

We passed that night at Alexandria. The next morning General Ramorino carefully inspected the battalion, and at six o'clock we left the city. Gene-

ral Alexander La Marmora was in the Piazza to see us pass.

The mother of one of our comrades had gone before us to Marengo, where she waited to say adieu to us once more. While our soldiers were saluting the statue of Napoleon with *evviva*s, that exemplary woman shook hands for the last time with her son, my poor brother, and Manara, — none of whom was she to see again. With her own hand she distributed among us tricolored ribbons; and as we fastened them on our breasts we smilingly promised to bring them to Milan. Four of those ribbons now mingle with the ashes of their wearers; while the others, faded though they be, are cherished as relics of a uniform still dear to our recollections. We could with difficulty shake off the painful emotions of leave-taking, and tried to smother our feelings by thinking of a golden future, and of the perils and glories which immediately awaited us. The cannons of Alexandria announced the king's departure, and at every shock which reverberated from the distance, our soldiers raised a stunning shout, and quickened their pace.

On the 15th we were at Tortona; on the 16th at Voghera; on the 17th at Cava. The whole Lombard division was disposed in *échelons* between Voghera and the Po; the head-quarters, with the main

body of the army, stationed between Casteggio and Casatisma. Our battalion, with a battalion of the 21st, and the regiment Cavalleggiere, stationed at Zinasco, occupied the ground between the Po and the Ticino. On the morning of the 18th, we held the outposts on the confines of Lombardy. Our battalion alone had to cover a space of seven miles, from Carbonara to the junction of the Ticino with the Po. Behind us for nearly eight miles we were unsustained by any body of reserve. At great distances there were small pickets (merely to protect the sentinels), little bands of half-companies. Such was the rampart which Ramorino opposed to the invading torrent, precisely at the point which was the most menaced. On the evening of the 18th, General d'Aspre, commander of the 2d division of the Austrian army, and Brigadier Prince Lichtenstein, governor of Pavia, accompanied by many officers of the staff, made their appearance at the bridge of Gravellone, where they remained for upwards of an hour, during which time they seemed occupied in attentively examining the position. Captain Ferrari, commandant of the post, thinking this circumstance of no slight import, sent immediately to give notice of it to the head quarters of the battalion.

At noon on the 20th the armistice expired, and

hostilities might therefore be expected to be renewed. On the morning of that day I was sent by my captain, with eighteen men, to visit the most distant and dangerous of the outposts, the defence of which had been entrusted to the 4th company of our battalion. Here was the *Cascina Brunoria*, two miles distant from Sabione, a position which should have been defended at some hazard, as it is precisely where the Gravellone branches from the Ticino. Here, however, a wooden palisade only divided our sentinel from that of the enemy. My instructions were these: "Should I hear a near and heavy firing of musketry or of artillery, to retire instantly to Sabione Torre dei Torti and la Cava (4 miles back), though, if not thus threatened with an immediate attack, to remain still at my post."

When I arrived at the *cascina*, it was on the point of striking twelve o'clock. I found that the enemy had withdrawn their sentinel out of sight. I did the same. The soldiers were concealed in a ditch, and there stretched on the ground; and, not without a certain feeling of trepidation, we awaited the event.

Amidst the silence of the deserted country, there reached us from a distance the sound of German music. The sounds seemed to draw nearer; and scarcely had the last chime of the church bells announced the

hour of noon, when a discharge of firearms was heard along the whole line of outposts, particularly in the direction of Gravellone: nevertheless, as the discharge was irregular, I deemed it right to remain where we were.

After the lapse of half an hour, we heard in the distance the measured foot-fall of troops marching warily onwards; and then we caught sight of the fluttering plumes of the Tyrolese chasseurs moving forwards among the brush-wood. One or two of my soldiers began to evince some uneasiness, reflecting on our lonely position and remoteness from all possible assistance. I said to them, in an under tone, "We are eighteen; if they are less than thirty, we rush out upon them; if they are more, we retreat in silence."

The palisade prevented our being able to distinguish the numbers of the enemy. When, however, they had come up to it, they broke down a part, and began with the utmost caution to file off upon Piedmontese ground. We were much struck by seeing that each couple of soldiers was accompanied by a large dog. This is not uncommon among troops; nevertheless at that moment it made a singular impression on our minds.

As the soldiers passed one by one through the gap,

I counted them at my leisure. I reckoned as many as twenty-two. Perceiving behind the palisade the regular oscillations of a long line of plumes, I gave the order to retire; then, silently creeping along on our hands and knees, we set about making the best of our way from our perilous position.

When once we were beyond musket-shot, we stood upright, and, setting off at full speed, made our way across the fields. Giving a glance back, I saw the Tyrolese, who might then have numbered about 200 taking aim at us; but they did not fire, as we were already out of their reach. On hearing a trumpet, I asked one of my men who had been in the Austrian service, What signal is that? "To form line," he answered. We hurried our pace. And what is that other signal? "To incline to the right," was the reply. "Turn to the left," said I; and we pressed onwards.

The enemy pursued us rapidly, and, as they extended their skirmishers, threatened to inclose us on both sides. I, however, was far from sorry at their persisting in the pursuit, because we were getting close to Sabbione, where I was certain of finding our entire battalion: we could then boldly await the enemy's approach, so that matters would soon have assumed a different aspect.

At last we entered the village. We found a perfect desert, — soldiers, inhabitants, all had abandoned it. I asked an old woman looking out of a doorway, the only living being that I could see, "Where are the riflemen?" "Oh! the brigade — they have left the village more than two hours ago." "And where are they gone?" "Why, the Austrians are already at Carbonara, at Torre dei Torti, at Cava; and those poor fellows will have been, I fear, already taken and slain."

This prognostic was certainly far from reassuring. However faithful to my instructions, I took a path leading through fields to Torre dei Torti, and, breathing hard, partly from the quickness of our pace and partly from anxiety as to our fate, we continued to press rapidly on.

On every side the peasants, abandoning their dwellings, driving before them cows and oxen, and dragging their terrified children by the hand, were flying towards the Po. We could gather no information from them, their only reply was sobbing out *i Tedeschi! i Tedeschi!* as they hurried forward. On my threatening one of them to shoot him if he refused to serve us as guide, he threw himself with his face to the ground, writhing in the contortions of an epileptic fit brought on by excess of terror.

This spectacle did not fail to make a bad impression on some who were younger and more timid than myself. They began to urge me violently not to go towards Torre dei Torti and La Cava, but straight to the Po, on the other side of which we should find some refuge. I was compelled to draw a loaded pistol from my belt, and hold it to the breast of the most obstreperous, threatening to shoot the first man dead who dared to make another observation. All were then silent, and I was enabled to direct our movements with greater order and calmness.

A distant discharge of musketry had convinced me that an engagement was taking place beyond La Cava. As it would have been disgraceful for me to have passed the Po in a boat while our comrades were fighting on this side of the river, nothing remained for me but to seek, at all hazards, to rejoin my company, and to share in its fate, and in order to do this, to effect our retreat to La Cava, the place appointed for general rendezvous.

We passed close to Torre dei Torti; but it was already occupied by the enemy. I approached within 200 paces of La Cava. A soldier made his way into the village, and brought me back word that our troops had been driven out, and that the Austrians had begun their work of pillage.

Directing our course towards the sound of the firing, after marching three more hours without a guide, — pitied as madmen by all the fugitives whom we met, we entered Mezzana-Corti, at the very moment when our company was passing the bridge, in order to retreat to the opposite side of the Po. Five minutes later and we should have found the bridge destroyed. For six hours had I been marching at full speed in search of my battalion. Two other pickets, less fortunate than mine, were never heard of more.

And how had all this happened? The explanation is simply this. Ramorino had left us — had abandoned us — without instructions, at a distance of eight miles from any assistance. The only order we had received was this: "If attacked, retreat, and that without returning the enemy's fire."

Precisely at noon a column of 8000 Austrians, under the orders of Prince Lichtenstein, had presented themselves at the bridge of Gravellone, which was guarded by 25 riflemen, commanded by Lieutenant Mangiagalli. Although the numbers were so immensely out of proportion, they succeeded in offering some resistance, because the Austrians could not believe it possible that a mere handful of men were left alone to protect so important a pass. An

Austrian officer was made prisoner, and some soldiers were killed. The reserve, formed by the 3rd Company, hastened to the succour; being extended in line, it was led on and animated by Manara, who rode to every point where his presence was required, at the risk of his life: keeping up a regular fire, our men thus retreated in good order on La Cava. The 4th Company stationed at Sabbione received orders to march to La Cava, and after having waited in vain for the arrival of the distant pickets, the danger becoming imminent, they were obliged to abandon the place.

La Cava is a small village situated on a rocky elevation, which commands the whole country between the Ticino and the Po. It is a position which, defended by good artillery and 8000 men as resolute as were the Lombard battalion, would have secured from any surprise that whole right wing of the Piedmontese army, which, with Durando's division, extended to Mortara: and, even had we been forced, after a certain time, to fall back towards Mortara, our cannon would have announced the entry of the Austrians to the whole of Piedmont, and the Durando division at Mortara might either have moved forward to our support, or we might have fallen back on it. And this, too, would have been in conformity

with the plan communicated to General Ramorino, by Chrzanowsky, which was no other than — to pass the Po, burn the bridge of Mezzana-Corti, defend La Cava to the very last, and, if then obliged to yield, to fall back on Montara.*

Ramorino, on the contrary, instead of 8000 men at La Cava, stationed 200 only; 800 more were scattered along the banks of the Gravellone and of the Ticino, and the remainder were left in comparative security on the other side of the Po. Our battalion attacked by a powerful column, had been obliged to retreat towards the bridge. An order arrived from Ramorino to *pass the bridge and then destroy it.* We were compelled to obey, and at night, from the banks of the river where we were encamped, we witnessed, almost as harmless spectators, the passage of Radetzky's army, which, in the dark, silently passed the bridge of Gravellone, and fell suddenly on Durando's division at Mortara. Discouraged by what they considered to have been the cowardly abandonment of their posts by the Lombard division, these troops beheld their General-in-chief thus forced to come to

* For a correct detail of all these events the reader is referred to a valuable little book entitled *Considerazione sopra gli Avvenimenti Militari del Marzo* 1849, *scritte da un Uffiziale Piemontese.*

an engagement at Novara. Every one knows what fearful consequences were entailed on Italy by General Ramorino's inexcusable disobedience.

The day after these events he left us, having been summoned to head-quarters to give an account of his conduct; some among us thought he had been recalled by the General-in-chief, — some that he was gone to receive further orders, — others that he had fled. General Fanti, of the 1st Brigade, took, in the interim, the command of our division. The strangest reports circulated among us. The cannon of Novara re-echoed in our hearing, and we indignantly asked ourselves what we were doing in keeping a broken bridge, while the enemy had advanced thirty miles into Piedmont.

A small body of Austrians were stationed opposite to us at Mezzana-Corti. They passed their time burning a few houses and a fragment of the bridge, and sent us over rockets and small shells, but without doing us any injury. Manara used to indulge in the amusement of collecting all the officers exactly opposite to their battery. The glitter of epaulettes and swords seemed to irritate the Austrian nerves, and was followed up by an unusual quantity of their harmless missiles, which either fell into the river, or were quietly extinguished before they had time to

explode; when, however, they in their turn, made their appearance, our grapeshot put them speedily to flight, and this furnished me with an opportunity of appreciating the masterly dexterity of our young artillerymen. Our cannon, pointed along the river, harassed the enemy so much that they removed elsewhere. As soon as they had disappeared, Lieutenant Morisini, with a few soldiers, was despatched to the other side, to reconnoitre, if possible, the enemy's movements; and, some hours afterwards, four Austrian *fourgons*, which, having missed their way, entered Mezzana-Corti, fell into our hands.

We passed four whole days on the banks of the Po in complete inactivity, encamped among the meadows, soaked through with a drenching rain, having no food except bread and a little brandy; tormented, too, by the most agonising uncertainty. At last, on the morning of the 25th, not one of the couriers which we had sent to head-quarters having returned, Fanti took on himself the responsibility of leading us in search of the army which was stationed we knew not where.

From Mezzana-Corti we made a forced march of fifteen miles to Voghera, but our soldiers had lost their enthusiasm, and that vision of Lombardy so ardently longed for, which we seemed almost to have

held within our grasp, appeared now receding further than ever.

At Voghera we encamped in a meadow, and remained there six hours. We threw ourselves down to rest on the grass, and the snow fell so fast that it covered us entirely. In the mean while no wood was to be had, and the cold was intense. At midnight, we moved on towards Tortona, where we arrived with stiffened limbs, wet and worn with fatigue, to remain there the whole of that day (the 26th).

On the following day we entered Alexandria, agitated by the most terrible anxiety. The assembled population saw us pass on in gloomy silence; only a few cries of *Viva i Lombardi* (Long live the Lombards), answered by others of *Morte ai Lombardi* (Death to the Lombards), were to be heard. Another day was passed amidst racking doubts and uncertainties, but nothing was yet positively known of the fate of the army.

On the morning of the 28th came the news of the defeat of Novara, of the abdication of Charles-Albert, and of the proclamation of the new king, who had signed an armistice, one of the clauses of which was the disbanding of the Lombard division. How shall I pretend to describe our despair: we were ruined in our dearest hopes, ruined irretriev-

ably, and already we seemed to see those poor soldiers, hitherto our comrades in peril and misfortune, wandering about without food or shelter. Orders arrived that same day to administer to our men the oaths of allegiance to King Victor Emanuel II. The Lombards had not hitherto been bound by any oath, they had been tacitly understood to be engaged for three years, or till the end of the war. Now the great fear was that the men whose minds were highly exasperated, would refuse to take the oath, and thus afford a pretext to dissolve the whole division immediately. Fortunately, however, the soldiers yielded to the persuasions of their officers, who promised never to abandon them.

It was a mournful spectacle to see the poor fellows with despair depicted on their countenances, drawn up on the parade ground in the *Piazza d'Arme*, and, amidst the gay flourish of trumpets, bind themselves by an oath which was as fruitless as it was unnecessary. After this ceremony, which had been accomplished under such melancholy auspices, the division proceeded to its destination between Tortona and Voghera.

CHAP. II.

THE DEPARTURE.

GENOA had already risen in arms, and numerous emissaries from the insurgents found their way to our quarters. Every artifice was made use of by these persons to induce our officers to lend their aid to that ill-fated and reprehensible enterprise. Nor was such a proposal altogether repugnant to men who were yet smarting under recent reverses, and whose ignorance of the real state of things made them still more susceptible to sinister influences. But either from shame, or from prudence, or perhaps from disunion among the leaders, the hopes of the Genoese demagogues were doomed to be disappointed. General Ramorino was then undergoing his trial; Fanti had not won general confidence; the different commanders of our corps held completely opposite opinions; and low ambition and personal interests began to have their effect in those who held the fate of so many individuals in their hands. There was no end to the promises and entreaties of the Genoese delegates, who had great hopes of seeing the Lombards

thus basely repay their debt to Piedmont; the superior officers, however, held back,—some influenced by wise and honourable feelings, and others though desirous of preserving the sympathies of the ultra liberals, yet anxious, also, to retain their rank of Piedmontese officers; in short, all hesitated what part to take, whilst the soldiers roamed anxiously through the streets, seeking to read their fate in the countenances of their officers.

We then enjoyed the full reward of having merited the confidence of those under our command, and firm in the belief that we were incapable of violating the faith we had pledged, and that we should never abandon them, our men answered all enquiries as to their future conduct, by replying: "Our officers will think for us. We shall do what they order."

It was agreed at last, that two superior officers should present themselves to the minister of war, and ask for some information as to the future intentions of the government, after which we might decide on what course was to be pursued. Colonel Spini, who was on the staff, and Major Manara, were chosen for this mission, and I accompanied them as orderly officer. We set out, provided with letters of recommendation from General Fanti and other influential persons.

At Alexandria, General Sonnaz objected to our proceeding any further; but, after many difficulties, acceded to our going on. On the 29th we were at Turin, and Spini and Manara addressed themselves at once to the Government.

The Minister of War was but too happy to give an easy consent to the plan proposed by our two deputies, viz., to leave Piedmont, and to try their fortune in Tuscany, or in the Roman States. It was therefore agreed that the Lombard division should take no part in the hostilities about to commence between Piedmont and Genoa; they were to proceed to Bobbio, a small town in the Apennines, between Voghera and Chiavari, thirty miles from the sea; when there, orders would be sent for disbanding; but the various corps, as if in open opposition to this order, were to repair to Chiavari, having provisions given them for three days, and pay for a fortnight; when at this place, they were to consider themselves as having full liberty to repair either to Tuscany or to the Roman States, as they thought proper. His Majesty's Government would shut their eyes to everything; satisfied at any rate to get rid of troops which were at that time looked on with suspicion, and which it was feared might increase the general embarassments, by lending their aid to the

disorderly and discontented movements with which the country was threatened. The Lombards, on the other hand, were by this means extricated from their awkward position, which seemed to involve, either their suffering themselves quietly to be disarmed, or their debasing themselves to the unworthy task of stirring up once more a civil war in the country.

The chief difficulty that remained was the badness of the road, which was objected to, as unfit for the transport of waggons and artillery; but the Minister of War removed all doubts as to this, declaring that he knew well every foot of the country, and that between Voghera and Chiavari there was a road which he should not fear to traverse, at any season, with his own carriage and horses.

General Alexander la Marmora was present at this discussion, and inclined, from the excessive benevolence of his nature, to be as favourable to their wishes as the Lombards themselves could desire, wrote with his own hand a letter to the Piedmontese General, Gianotti, who commanded the 2d division, begging him not to offer any opposition to the terms which had been agreed on, but to accompany his troops as far as Bobbio, and to return from thence if he judged fit; assuring him that he should not incur any blame by this concession. He added,

that he authorised him to show this letter to the different Piedmontese officers who were under his command, in order that they might quietly fulfil the duty which now devolved on them. Colonel Sanfront, the distinguished commander of the light cavalry regiment, who, it was apprehended, would be seriously opposed to any attempt at evasion, was suddenly recalled to Turin.

Provided with these documents, and accompanied by numberless promises from the ministry, the two delegates returned on the morning of the 30th to Voghera. That same evening the battalion passed the night at Godiasco, and on the 1st of April was at Bobbio. The regiment of the line, with the cavalry, followed immediately in the rear; but a regiment of dragoons, and a field-battery of sixteen guns, stationed between Carignano and Moncalieri, which were too far off to join the division, together with a battery of reserve at Arona, on the Lago Maggiore, were left behind.

The two other batteries, when they had reached half-way between Godiasco and Varzi, could proceed no further, because the mountains were only traversed by rocky and precipitous paths; the heavy rains had also swelled the Stafora and other torrents, so as to render every attempt to proceed dangerous.

Not only were these declivities impassable for carriages, but those who were on foot proceeded with difficulty, while many of the cavalry unhappily fell over the precipices with their horses, and perished.

The artillery was therefore compelled to return to Voghera. The men who served the guns abruptly took their leave, and the cannon were conveyed to Alexandria, where they still remain.

This journey among the snows and frozen sleet of the Apennines lasted five days. In one day almost all the commissaries of war deserted their respective corps, leaving them unprovided with the promised pay. There was an evident falling off in discipline among the soldiers, particularly in the Cavallegieri regiment; and it must be confessed with shame that many disgraceful disorders were committed at Bobbio, and that our division, so irreprehensible till then, was now scarcely to be recognised. Some of the cavalry soldiers sold their horses for ten or fifteen livres. Many Piedmontese officers abandoned their men and returned back: many soldiers imitating their example deserted. Others exasperated by seeing themselves forsaken by their officers, lost, little by little, those habits of respect and obedience, without which troops degenerate into mere banditti, and many

scandalous scenes took place. One officer, while in the act of making off, was killed by a sentinel, who fired on him from behind. Others were wounded and arrested on the same account, and dragged to head quarters, among the insults of the soldiers, who kept watch over their officers, regarding them as hostages for their own safety.

The Manara battalion was the only one which still presented the appearance of an organised corps; it arrived at Chiavari with its fame unblemished by a single disorder or desertion. The officers continued to show themselves faithful to their word, and solicitous for the welfare of their men, who were obedient and well disciplined. But it is a fearful thing when the simple soldier perceives himself to be placed beyond the pale of the law; when he no longer sees his leader surrounded by that *prestige* with which the civil power invests the man appointed to command his rough uneducated comrades in arms. All our exertions were required to hold fast the last support remaining to us, which was that of a good name. Two officers alone deserted our ranks, and suffered their companions to set out on a dangerous enterprise, refusing to take their part in a work which devolved equally on all. Their example was not, however, followed by any other desertions of the kind.

We entered Chiavari on the 4th of April. The inhabitants greeted us with the loudest applause, thinking we were marching to Genoa; but no sooner did they know that we were not about to turn our arms against the Piedmontese, than their enthusiasm ceased, and we were treated with the utmost coolness. These are strange aberrations of mind, and one would willingly ascribe them to ignorance and credulity, rather than to bad intentions.

We passed sixteen days at Chiavari, distracted and bewildered among various contending parties, and constantly depressed by the most harassing uncertainty.

Genoa fell after a short resistance. The Governor-General Alfonso la Marmora sent to signify that we should be provided regularly with pay and provisions until new arrangements should be made by the Government. Nor were these long in forthcoming; it was indicated that a total disbanding was soon to take place. "This, however," added the Ministerial despatch, "could not occur until the free and entire amnesty promised in the armistice should have arrived from Vienna." For our soldiers, who were almost all of them deserters from the Austrian army, this favour did not appear very likely to be obtained.

General Fanti sent some officers into Tuscany to see what might be done there.

Major S——, of the 20th, at the very time that he was speaking to Guerrazzi of the means of transporting the division into Tuscany, was compelled to witness, from a window, the fall of that despicable government and the restoration of the Grand Ducal arms and insignia. The Austrians occupied Massa and Carrara without a blow. Our unfortunate soldiers, shut in between the Apennines and the sea, became daily more restless. Ten times we endeavoured to make our way quietly into Tuscany; and each time, when the battalion began to march, a counter-order compelled us to return.

Sinister reports of our being consigned to Radetzky, of imprisonment, &c., were purposely circulated, by the enemies of the Government, among the soldiers, and served to increase the difficulties of our situation.

Manara called a council of the officers to decide whether we were to remain with the division and passively await our fate, or whether we were to provide, by some special arrangement, for the safety of our soldiers, who, as deserters from the Austrians, stood peculiarly in need of protection. All were of the latter opinion, and it was agreed that we should lose no time in making our way to the Roman States, where we had been promised a good reception by a

letter from Giuseppe Maestri, the Envoy Extraordinary of the Roman Republic at Florence. Two officers were despatched to Genoa, to hire a vessel, but were unsuccessful. Manara then went thither in person, prepared to take on himself the expenses of conveying the battalion, had it not been that General Alexander la Marmora, who had always shown a strong regard for Manara, and interest in his corps, offered, with his well-known kindness, to undertake everything for us. He hired two steam-boats, the New Colombo and the Giulio, becoming personally surety for the payment of the price, which amounted to 12,000 francs. He furnished us with a safe conduct, in which it was said, "The undersigned privately and in confidence requests the commanders of ships of war, to allow free transit to the battalion of the *Manara* riflemen, going towards Romagna in the steamers New Colombo and Giulio, ia being the intention of the Sardinian government that they should not be molested in their passage."

The tenor of this safe conduct is such as entirely to exempt us from the imputation, which has been wantonly cast upon us, of being deserters.

After having been advised, and even urged to this step by the Minister of War, — when, too, we were destitute of any guarantee for our future

security, and had been implored to go, with tears in their eyes, by our soldiers, who were constantly dreaming of being consigned to Radetzky, and of floggings and executions, — generously provided by a Piedmontese General, not only with permission to depart, but with money for the voyage,—not retained by any engagements, but, on the contrary, plainly perceiving that we were viewed by all as dangerous and suspicious guests, and that the utmost anxiety was felt to get rid of us, — what could Manara now do, or what could his officers advise when called upon by their chief to deliberate on this important affair? Rome was pointed out as the only haven of safety, and as offering the most liberal promises for our men; thither, accordingly, we directed our course, impelled rather by the tide of events than by our own inclination.

And here I would beg to be allowed, as I am pleading the cause of my fellow-soldiers, to deprecate in some degree the great severity which entered into the deliberations of the Piedmontese Government, with respect to the poor Lombard Rifle corps. To exclude them entirely from readmission into the service, after the catastrophe of Rome, was surely a punishment they did not merit. It is to be hoped, therefore, that, in more settled times, that Govern-

ment will make amends for the slight and injury thus inflicted on so many ill-fated young men; for, when they take into consideration the circumstances of the battalion at that critical moment, as well as the culpable weakness of those who, having the power to do so, not only did not prevent, but urged their leaving the Sardinian territory; above all, when they bear in mind the estimable conduct of its officers, who constantly sustained the honour of the Piedmontese uniform, and the respect due to the Italian colours, — we cannot doubt but that a sense of justice will lead the Government to mitigate the consequences of an imprudence which may surely find some excuse in the generous intentions which accompanied it.

It is needless that I should here seek to repel the absurd accusation which has been thrown out against Manara by some individuals, who pretend that he had promised the government to go to Cività Vecchia in order to assist the French in restoring the Papal government, and that therefore he had broken this promise. Though Manara himself be no more, and cannot refute this calumny, there are, thank God, witnesses enough to do so, whose testimony admits of no doubt. Lieutenant-Generals Chrzanowsky and Alexander la Marmora, and Count Spini, who were

present at the arrangements agreed on, have never hinted at the possibility of this strange imputation having any real foundation. Besides, at that time it was uncertain whether we should go into Tuscany or to Rome, and therefore equally uncertain as to what fate or what duties awaited us.

"On the 22d of April, General Fanti sent orders for our going into cantonments at Porto Fino, where the steam-boats had arrived before us. Here I think it right to confess, that a few hours before our departure, there arrived a despatch from Signor Magenta, the intendant of La Spezia, which was thus worded: "I have the honour to inform you, by the direction of General la Marmora, that you are to delay for two days the departure of a part of the Lombard troops, and to wait in the interim for further orders. The general informs me that this delay may prove advantageous to the above-mentioned troops and to the Sardinian government." At the same time, the Marquis V——, of Mantua, arrived at our quarters, announcing that he had been sent by General la Marmora: he urged our staying, asserting that *some distant hopes* still remained for us. These hopes consisted in a renewal of hostilities, which he said might shortly take place.

The officers met in council, and agreed unanimously

that a change of plan which might prove fatal to us, could not be acceded to on the ground of merely distant hopes. Besides, the soldiers were now in such a restless state, that it was impossible to take on ourselves the responsibility of delaying their departure.

In consequence of this resolution, preparations for embarkation were immediately commenced, and on the evening of the 23d of April we left Piedmont.

Although we then believed that our departure from Piedmont was indispensable for our safety, and although we had formed erroneous judgments with regard to many recent events, as well as persons, nevertheless, the greater part of us retained a deep and ineffaceable sentiment of esteem and gratitude towards that generous and loyal people who had treated us with such kindness for six months, and in the midst of whom we had found a second country. Providence had ordained that our destinies should be divided once more; impelled by circumstances, for which no one was to be blamed, we poor exiles had to seek, elsewhere, that refuge which Piedmont could no longer offer us; but we left that country and its inhabitants with heavy and sorrowful hearts, assured that nowhere else should we meet with so much sympathy, or such cordial hospitality.

CHAP. III.

ROME.

WHAT might be our fate on entering the Roman States, not one of us could imagine. We had not yet obtained any certain information as to the French Expedition, and most assuredly none of us then could foresee that deplorable conflict which was to baffle the conjectures of even the most sagacious. We had been led to abandon Piedmont by motives which were any thing but political, and few among us felt any sympathy for the Government which had Mazzini at its head: convinced that the men under our command could not remain in the Sardinian territories, and desirous of securing for them, were it only for a time, an honourable existence, we were prepared to place them in the service of the Republic, leaving at the same time liberty to such of the soldiers as should be desirous of trying their fortune elsewhere, to demand their discharge previously to embarking, and to the officers, the permission to give in their resignation, should they desire to do so, on their arrival in Rome.

If we should find that civil war had broken out, it was our irrevocable determination to remain strictly neutral, at whatever cost. We were disposed in all other respects to abide by whatever decision the majority of the Roman people might have come to; indeed, troops who, being but simple soldiers, did not claim to be politicians, were not bound to hold such convictions as to prevent their lending their services either to a republic, or to the restoration of any system of Italian government with liberal tendencies: as to the greater part of the officers, I again say, that they would not in any ordinary circumstances have served either the one, or the other, and in fact most of us had our act of resignation already written when we went on board. It is superfluous to add that subsequent events precluded the possibility of carrying out our intentions.

The departure of the Manara battalion had therefore a much less serious character than men of a certain party chose to attribute to it. Reducing the question to its simple terms, the state of the case was this: 600 soldiers, who had not the power of choosing for themselves, were conducted by their officers, who would not abandon them to seek for an honourable existence in a friendly country, to which their services might not be unacceptable.

Called to the defence of a republic which in the sequel merited some praise by its military resistance, but whose political principles differed from ours, we never stooped to the meanness of denying or even of disguising our own opinions. Manara, and others of us, in despite of a thousand disputes and absurd philippics, persisted in retaining on our sword-belts the revered cross of Savoy, in order to convince every one, that if we were foremost in peril under the walls of Rome, we were so, from the ardent desire of defending an Italian city from a foreign invasion, and not as the janissaries of a faction. The Mazzinians complimented us with the title of the *aristocratic corps*, but such an epithet, pronounced by mere frequenters of clubs, and by coffee-house heroes, was rather an eulogium on our character than otherwise. Our passage, which was a bad one, lasted several days. One of the steam-boats which was of 80-horse power, had 400 men on board, the other, of 30-horse power, conveyed the remaining 200; consequently, we proceeded with the utmost slowness, and the heavy sea compelled us to put in both at Porto Venere in the Gulf of Spezia, and at Porto Longone, in the Island of Elba. The soldiers suffered much from being cooped up in a narrow space without room to stir; at last, on the 26th of

April, we found ourselves opposite the port of Cività Vecchia.

Fourteen French frigates were drawn up in a line before the entrance of the harbour, and while we were entering at one of the *embouchures* of the port they made their ingress at the other. Cività Vecchia, intimidated at the display of such a formidable force, and ignorant besides of the object of the expedition, could not offer any resistance. The French soon began disembarking their troops; a work which occupied some little time. A Roman commissary came on board our vessels, and announced our being taken into the service of his Government. My brother was sent several times on shore to demand of General Oudinot the permission to land. He was received with the utmost *hauteur*, and it was intimated to him that he should tell those who had sent him, that we were immediately to return. Manara himself could obtain no better answer. "You are Lombards," said the General harshly; "what then, have you to do with the affairs of Rome?" "And you," General Manara replied with much *sang froid*, "do you not come from Paris, from Lyons, or Bordeaux?" Our soldiers, on finding themselves repulsed in this manner, were excited into an indescribable state of exasperation; furiously brandishing

their weapons, they threatened to swim on shore, whatever might be the result, vowing they would remain no longer in vessels where they had had so much to suffer. Manara returned on shore, and, after much perseverance, obtained at last a consent to land his men at Porto d'Anzo. Oudinot at first insisted that Manara should promise to keep at a distance from Rome, and maintain a strict neutrality till the 4th of May. "General," replied the latter, "I am only a Major in the service of the Roman republic, under the orders of my General and the ministry; to them, and not to me, belongs the task of entering into engagements for their dependents. As a military man under the orders of others, I cannot say what may be my movements or destination." M. Manucci, the Governor of Cività Vecchia, thought proper, in the name of the Minister of War, to accede to the conditions imposed by Oudinot; towards the evening, therefore, we were enabled to proceed to Porto d'Anzo, where we landed, on the morning of the 27th. On the 28th we halted at Albano for the night, after having marched a distance of twenty-five miles under a scorching sun. Our soldiers, who still felt the effects of their long and harassing sea voyage, suffered much from fatigue. An order reached us, however, that very night, from

the Minister of War, who, ignorant of the conditions agreed to by the Governor of Cività Vecchia, or not choosing to subject himself to them, enjoined us to repair instantly to Rome.

On the morning of the 29th of April, we made our entry into the city. The streets were thronged with a countless crowd, who awaited our approach and greeted us with the warmest acclamations.

Our battalion brought with it a reputation for bravery and morality,—a reputation which had been confirmed by persons preceding us from Porto d'Anzo and Albano, and who were enthusiastic in their praises of the military bearing and unswerving maintenance of order in our officers, and of the discipline and honesty of our soldiers.

To the varied and somewhat affectedly loud *evvivas* which saluted us on every side, our men, accustomed to maintain the reserve and self-command befitting soldiers, made no answer,—a circumstance which somewhat cooled the ardour of a population who had hitherto seen that volunteers under arms embraced every opportunity of making a profession of their political creed. Previously to our being lodged in the quarters assigned to us, General Avezzana reviewed our battalion. He thought proper to dismiss us with an oration ending with

Viva la Republica! The soldiers remained silent and motionless at the word.

"Present arms! Viva l'Italia!" shouted Manara, perceiving the General's embarrassment. "Viva!" was the unanimous reply; and the soldiers broke up their lines, and retired to quarters.

The first impression which most of us experienced on entering Rome was that of undefinable melancholy. Our own sad experience had rendered us but too much alive to the first symptoms of dissolution in a government or in a city, and in Rome we recognised with grief, the very same aspect which Milan had presented during the latter few months of its liberty. We seemed to observe the very same overweening regard to trivial matters, whilst those of vital importance were neglected. There was the same superabundance of standards, of cockades, of badges of party, the same clanking of swords along the public streets; and those various and varied uniforms of officers, not one matching with the other, but all seeming fitter for the embellishment of the stage than for military service; those epaulets thrown, as it were, by chance on the shoulders of individuals, whose very faces seemed to declare their unfitness to wear them; whilst in addition to these things, the applauses of an unwarlike population, echoing from the windows and

from the coffee-houses, seemed to us to indicate but too clearly, that we had arrived only in time to be present at the last scene of some absurd comedy. Accustomed for some time past, to judge of these matters with the eye of regular troops, all this array of warriors in glittering helmets, with double barrelled guns and with belts armed with daggers, reconciled us but little to the scanty numbers of real well-drilled soldiers.

In the evening, when fatigued by our long march, we gladly answered to our names, in hopes of taking some repose, the drums beat all of a sudden to arms, and the whole city was in movement to resist the approach of the French. Whoever could have had a glimpse of Rome that night, would not have recognised the city which he had seen in the morning; and we rejoiced in having reason to change the opinion which had so depressed us on our first arrival.

In all the streets in the neighbourhood of Porta Angolica and Cavalleggieri, were bivouacked small but admirable regiments of the line, two magnificent battalions of carabineers, with four or five parks of field artillery: two regiments of cavalry were stationed in Piazza Navona; numerous bodies of volunteers kept watch on the walls; and the whole of the National Guard were all in perfect order at their

respective quarters. Then, as might be expected, the fantastic costumes were lost sight of, and every one who wore the national colours grasped in his hand the weapon which was to defend them. We passed the night in the great square of St. Peter's, enchanted with the spectacle, and with finding ourselves in the midst of soldiers, and of a confiding and resolute population. We then saw that Rome was capable of offering a noble resistance, and we thanked Heaven that, in the midst of the shame and calamities of Italy, a field had been opened to us, in which we might show that our hard fate had been unmerited.

On the morning of the 30th, at eleven o'clock, the great bells of the Capitol and of Monte Citorio gave the signal of alarm: a few minutes afterwards began the roar of cannon from the walls, and the discharge of musketry in the plain.

Every one knows with what programme the Mediterranean expedition presented itself in the Roman States, and the obscure manner in which its mandate was announced. Protection for the Roman people against strangers and anarchists, the establishment of a government in unison with justice, and the views of the nation, such were the vague promises with which the French army approached the ancient capital of the civilised world. The proclamation

issued by Oudinot, at Cività Vecchia, admits of no explanation. 'France was utterly ignorant of the real state of Rome, and the ambiguous words of her General were ill-fitted to sustain a line of politics, which would have been less dishonourable had it been at once openly confessed.

General Oudinot was, perhaps, credulous enough to believe that the bare sight of a few French troops at the gates, would have sufficed to produce such a terrible reaction in Rome, as would compel the *few factious partisans* who oppressed the *real people*, to throw up their daring designs. In whatever way these events be accounted for, it is lamentable to think that General Oudinot, the French nation in general; and especially the French army, should have been led into such irreparable errors with regard to the real state of affairs in Rome.

It is true that that city did not present that enthusiasm which the *Monitor Romano* pretended, but it is equally true that there was no real principle of reaction, nor any strong party of serious opposition to the existing government. The citizens were so wearied out by the abuses of the old system, and by a succession of political changes, that they had quietly submitted to the Republican government, although the real republican party was extremely small, repre-

sented, in fact, only by a few young men of ardent character and upright principles, to whom were to be added a crowd of speculators, such as are universally found to swell the tide, wherever something may be looked for from the inevitable disorders consequent on an exceptional state of things.

The population had, in fact, no political colour whatever. Hatred for the priestly government, and a perfect indifference as to most other things, appear to me to have been the predominant feelings in the minds of most men.

I, who am but young in arms, and any thing but a politician, do not pretend to erect myself into a champion of the Roman government. I am aware, like every one else, of the disorders which took place in Rome and in the provinces after the Pope's departure; nevertheless, I feel a satisfaction in asserting, that when the imminent danger of our common country did away with all differences of opinion, and the dread of the foreign enemy hushed for a time internal enmities and discords, Rome presented the appearance of a well-ordered city, united in spirit, with one single and generous object in view.

While the exaggerated ideas of the Mazzini party were tolerated, rather than heartily embraced, the soldiers who exposed their lives for the defence of the

city, were both loved and assisted. Every wounded man who was carried along the streets, found himself surrounded by a deeply sympathising crowd, who welcomed him with heartfelt applause, and loaded him with proofs of inexhaustible kindness. Many a time when linen was wanting in the hospitals, and the monotonous call of the *infermieri* was heard in the streets — "a little linen for the poor wounded," I have seen with my own eyes, bandages, and pieces of the finest linen, and sometimes whole sheets of the best quality and material, showering down from every window. The shops were kept open even in the days of greatest alarm, free circulation through the whole city was never interrupted, and even the paper money was received with a readiness that is truly surprising.

Every sincere and earnest-minded person, who, like us, had entered Rome a prey to fatal presentiments, would, on the morning of the 30th, have been fully convinced that Rome was absolutely opposed to any foreign intervention.

At the first sound of the cannon, the people repaired in armed crowds to the Porta Cavalleggieri: the women at the windows seemed to animate them by their gestures; on every side, nothing was to be heard but cordial salutations and acclamations, nor

could anything surpass the cheerful resolution expressed on every countenance. The troops of reserve were drawn up in the Square of St. Peter's, and appeared eager to take a more active part in the expected contest; and to this corps we belonged, being desirous of adhering as far as we could, to the conditions imposed on us at landing.

The French had approached the walls in small numbers, and without calculating the consequences. Garibaldi's legion, supported by the brave Carabineers, attacked them impetuously, and although they resisted at first with their accustomed courage, they were compelled to turn back in disorder, leaving in the hands of the Romans 520 prisoners, besides many dead and wounded.

The enthusiasm which this event awakened in Rome baffles all description: preparations were immediately made to resist a second assault, and I am persuaded that had Oudinot, instead of changing his plan of operations and gradually approaching the walls with works of circumvallation, made at once a second and more vigorous attack on Rome, he would have been met with a still more obstinate and honorable resistance.

In the days which succeeded the 30th every exertion was made to bring together and utilise the

means of defence. The barricades were completed, the troops were portioned out and posted at the several gates, and awaited another attack with confident and calm courage. For three successive nights we were bivouacked in the Piazza del Popolo, after which time, Porta Portese being that which appeared the most exposed to the enemy, we were invited there to form the outposts. In this position we remained for two days, before any fresh event occurred to disturb that cheerful tranquillity in which, to outward appearance at least, all within the city walls seemed quietly to indulge.

CHAP. IV.

THE NEAPOLITANS.

WHILE these events were taking place in Rome, a Neapolitan army, numbering about 20,000 men, with the king at their head, had passed the Roman frontiers, and advanced as far as Albano and Frescati, where they remained inactive spectators of the serious conflict which seemed to be imminent between Rome and the French troops. But as the latter appeared to be awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, and of besieging apparatus, and consequently not to be inclined to make an immediate assault on the city, Garibaldi was commissioned to make a concealed sortie, and to harass the Neapolitans with a small body of light troops, which were composed of the Garibaldi legion, the Rifle battalion, the *Finanzieri*, the Academic legion, two moveable companies of the National Guard, and some corps of Volunteers.

On the evening of the 24th we secretly took our departure from the Villa Borghese, and marched towards Tivoli, where we arrived at five o'clock the

next morning. We encamped on the magnificent site of the villa of Adrian, and the numerous fires which glistened among the ruins, and lighted up their subterraneous caverns, produced a strange and picturesque effect. The singular aspect of the camp seemed in unison with the wildness of the scene. Garibaldi and his staff were dressed in scarlet blouses, with hats of every possible form, without distinctions of any kind, or any pretension to military ornament. They rode on American saddles, and seemed to pride themselves on their contempt for all the observances most strictly enjoined on regular troops. Followed by their orderlies (almost all of whom had come from America) they might be seen hurrying to and fro, now dispersing, then again collecting, active, rapid and indefatigable in their movements. When the troop halted to encamp, or to take some repose, while the soldiers piled their arms, we used to be surprised to see officers, the general himself included, leap down from their horses, and attend to the wants of their own steeds. When these operations were concluded, they opened their saddles, which were made so as to be unrolled, and to form a small kind of tent, and their personal arrangements were then completed. If they failed in procuring provisions from the neighbouring villages, three or four colonels and

majors threw themselves on the bare backs of their horses, and, armed with long *lazzos*, set off at full speed through the *Campagna* in search of sheep or oxen: when they had collected a sufficient quantity they returned, driving their ill-gotten flocks before them; a certain portion was divided among each company, and then all indiscriminately, officers and men, fell to, killing, cutting up, and roasting at enormous fires quarters of oxen, besides kids and young pigs, to say nothing of booty of a smaller sort, such as poultry, geese, &c., &c.

Garibaldi in the meanwhile, if the encampment was far from the scene of danger, lay stretched out under his tent. If, on the contrary, the enemy were near at hand, he remained constantly on horseback giving orders and visiting the outposts; often disguised as a peasant, he risked his own safety in daring reconnaisances, but most frequently, seated on some commanding elevation, he passed whole hours examining the environs with the aid of a telescope. When the General's trumpet gave the signal to prepare for departure, the *lazzos* served to catch the horses which had been left to graze at liberty in the meadows. The order of march was always arranged on the preceding day, and the corps set out without any one ever knowing where they might arrive the

day after. Owing to this patriarchal simplicity, pushed perhaps somewhat too far, Garibaldi appeared more like the chief of a tribe of Indians, than a general; but at the approach of danger, and in the heat of combat, his presence of mind and courage were admirable; and then by the astonishing rapidity of his movements, he made up, in a great measure, for his deficiency in those qualities which are generally supposed to be absolutely essential in a good general.

The Garibaldi legion, which numbered about 1000 men, was composed of a most incongruous mixture of individuals of all descriptions. Boys of twelve or fourteen years old, stimulated by noble enthusiasm, or by the restlessness of their age; veteran soldiers, attracted by the fame of the celebrated chief of Monte-Video; and, mingled with these, a number of individuals anxious to find impunity and license in the confusion of war: such were the elements of this truly original corps.

The officers were chosen from among the most courageous, and raised at once from the inferior to the highest ranks, that is, without any regard to precedence or regular order: to-day one might see an individual with a sword at his side, captain of his troop or company; to-morrow, for the sake of variety, he would shoulder his musket and enter the ranks,

having again become a private soldier. Their pay—and a considerable one, too,—was never in arrear, as the Triumvirate furnished them with paper which cost nothing but the trouble of having it printed.

The number of officers was much greater in proportion than that of the privates. The quarter-master was a captain; the purveyor or private cook of the general was a lieutenant; his orderly was also a lieutenant. The staff was composed entirely of colonels and majors. The prodigality in granting brevets, for which the opposition so justly blamed the Provisional Government of Milan, was carried even to a greater excess in the Roman states. The greater part, however, of those officers, and, indeed, the whole of Garibaldi's legion, seemed to justify their high-sounding titles by the bravery of their conduct.

The example of the indiscipline of these volunteers began from the very first day of this expedition to make a fatal impression on our soldiers. From volunteers, however undisciplined, much may be obtained by working on their moral feelings and arousing their enthusiasm; but if insubordination once gets a footing among regular troops the case is still more hopeless; all modes and systems of control seem then impracticable.

At Tivoli these difficulties had increased to such an extent that all our officers assembled, of their own accord, and declared to Major Manara that, if the battalion was not removed from contact with the free corps, and attached to regular troops, they should give in their resignation *en masse*, as they were fitted to command soldiers and not to lead undisciplined mobs. In consequence of this determination, to which Manara instantly gave his consent and support, Lieutenant Dandolo was dispatched to Rome in order to have an interview on this subject with Avezzana, Minister of War, who, acquiescing in the reasonableness of our demand, replied that, if we would have patience for a few days longer, our request should be granted. No sooner, however, did our soldiers perceive our design, than the fear of losing their officers under whom they had served for so many months, rendered them more docile and obedient, and we had no subsequent reason to make serious complaints of their conduct.

On the 7th of May, at midnight, we arrived at Palestrina, in the midst of a drenching rain. An Augustine Convent had been destined as quarters for our battalion. The monks refused to admit us, and left us for more than an hour knocking at the door, tired and soaked with rain, in a violent gale of

wind: at last the pioneers were obliged to beat down the doors, and we entered.

Although the soldiers were justly indignant at this inhospitable reception, and although Garibaldi had given it clearly to be understood that he made war with monks who were hostile to the Republican government quite as much as with the Neapolitans, thanks to the severe admonitions and vigilance of Manara and the officers, our men abstained from all those disorders which are so apt to occur in such circumstances. We lay quietly down on the pavement of the cloisters, anxious to snatch a short repose which might prepare us for meeting fresh fatigues. The monks, trembling with fear, and at the same time surprised to find so much honesty among *rebels*, treated us in the best way they could; and everything, for the time at least, passed off satisfactorily. We halted at Palestrina on the 8th: numerous exploring parties were despatched in all directions to ascertain the enemy's positions. The daring bravery of these patrols was highly successful. Sixty men, commanded by the gallant Lieutenant Bronzetti, made their way into the villages occupied by the Neapolitans, put their detached companies to flight, made several prisoners, and acquitted themselves like men well practised in this mode of warfare; whilst

two of our men who had refused to lay down their arms, and were killed on the spot by the Neapolitans, were horribly mutilated.

On the 9th we received notice that a strong body was approaching Palestrina; and, in fact, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, from Monte di San Pietro, which commands the city, and which was occupied by our second company, the enemy's column was seen advancing, in good order, by the two roads which meet at the *Del Sole* gate: it consisted of two regiments of the *Guardia Reale* infantry, and a division of cavalry. Two companies of the Garibaldi legion, one of the moveable National Guard, and the 4th company of Rifles, were sent forward; our battalion formed the left wing which extended far down into the valley to meet the enemy who were without any skirmishers or advanced guard Manara, mounted on horseback, took his stand on the level spot of ground at the gate, from which he commanded a view of this exciting scene, and, by means of a trumpeter, gave the signals for the different movements which were to be followed. We seemed to be at a review, so quietly did everything go on, and so exactly did the evolutions answer to the word of command.

When we were a little in advance of our main body

we opened a sharp fire; and at the same moment the other corps formed through the gate in close column. The enemy then attempted to extend their foremost platoons as *sharp-shooters;* but we could see the terrified soldiers refusing to separate in an orderly manner, and either collecting together here and there in little groups, or scattering themselves about pell-mell. In the mean time we were advancing, keeping up a continued fire; whilst our band, at the extreme left, commanded by Lieutenant Rozat, doubled a deep ravine, thus preventing the enemy from proceeding further, and then resolutely pressed forward to molest their flanks. After a short hesitation, they took to their heels without scarcely firing a shot. Some of the boldest of my men, following them up at full speed, took four or five soldiers out of the very midst of their ranks, and brought them back prisoners.

On the side of the right wing affairs took the same turn, although somewhat more slowly. The 1st company of Rifles, sent forward to strengthen the column, suffered the Neapolitans to approach, and then opened on them a sudden and smart fire, followed up by a charge with the bayonet; immediately afterwards they had to sustain an attack of cavalry. In this affair, which cost the lives of not a few

Neapolitan horsemen, the character of our men for courage and determination was well maintained.

The battle lasted three hours, and ended in our favour; not that we could pride ourselves much on this, for the enemy offered so poor a resistance as even to surprise their opponents. If we had had a good body of cavalry to follow up the fugitives, their loss would have been much greater: but Garibaldi, when he saw the enemy betake themselves to precipitate flight, and our men following them somewhat in disorder and with broken ranks, fearing some ambush, sounded the recall. We numbered twelve dead and twenty wounded; among the latter the courageous Captain Ferrari, wounded by a bayonet in the foot: the loss of the Neapolitans might be reckoned at nearly a hundred.

About twenty of the poor prisoners who had been torn from their families (for they were almost all of the reserve), and had been compelled to fight for a cause which was not their own, were brought into the presence of Garibaldi; trembling, with clasped hands, they implored that their lives might be spared. They were fine-looking men, well dressed, but very badly armed, with heavy muskets and flintlocks; their knapsacks were filled with pictures of saints and Madonnas, relics, and amulets, which were also hung

in abundance round their necks, and stuffed into their pockets. They confessed that the King was at Albano, with two Swiss, and three cavalry regiments, and four batteries; that other reinforcements were expected from Naples; that this expedition, headed by General Zucchi, had been sent to take possession of Palestrina, and of the person of Garibaldi, for whom they had the greatest horror. To prove the enthusiasm they had for the cause they had been called to defend, it is enough to say that their watchword was *Managgia Pio IX.**

We encamped that night outside of Palestrina, and on the following day we occupied the outposts within two miles of the town. Our brave patrols made a *réconnaissance* within the enemy's line, whose furthest pickets were stationed at four miles distance.

In order not to remain in idleness, our soldiers went through their manœuvres, which they had not done since we left Solero; and it was a fine sight to see them performing their evolutions, to the sound of military music, almost within sight of the enemy. In the evening we returned to the city. The convent gates were once more closed, and we were again obliged to employ our pioneers to procure an

* A Neapolitan expression, equivalent to "A plague take Pius IX!" — *Note by Translator.*

entrance. The monks had fled, carrying off with them the keys of all the rooms. In order to have necessary coverings and places to lie down in, we were forced to break down several doors. The soldiers then dispersed through the rooms, and began to turn over their contents. Bad example is contagious; the maxims professed by some of the leaders of the Garibaldi legion were but too well adapted to corrupt the minds of the rest of the corps. In half an hour the convent was sacked. We had barely time to station sentries before the church, the cellar, and the library; every other part and place was turned upside down. The soldiers could not appropriate any of the booty, as nothing had been left but furniture and other objects too large to be put into their knapsacks; but many of the inhabitants of the town, who had excited the soldiers to begin the disgraceful work, profited by the disorder, and robbed the convent at their leisure. Our men rushed backwards and forwards, rejoicing in the confusion and uproar, and in having been able for once to make the monks pay for it. They might be seen emerging from the different cells; one fellow wearing a large Dominican hat; another with a long white tunic over his uniform; while a third stalked along draped in a cope. All of them made their appearance,

at the calling over of the roll, with thick, lighted wax tapers in their hands; and the monastery that night, at least, was splendidly illuminated. Even the epistolary correspondence of the poor *frati* was not respected; and the triumphant soldiers brought us not a few letters and some memorials which would have brought many a blush to the cheeks of the chaste founders of the convent.

We remained at Palestrina on the 10th, encamped in the meadows. The Neapolitans appeared to have given up the idea of attacking us; and, taking up their quarters on the hills of Albano and Frescati, seemed gradually to be drawing nearer to Rome. Garibaldi deemed it advisable that we should return to the city, fearing that a combined attack of French and Neapolitans might be made; that same evening, therefore, we commenced our march. We passed within two miles of the enemy, winding our way through almost impracticable byways in silence and perfect order; and, without any untoward accident having occurred to disturb the admirable quiet of our march, we arrived at Rome the morning of the 12th, having performed a distance of twenty-eight miles in the night without halting even for a moment. We were in absolute need of rest; the more so because, believing that we were merely

setting out on an expedition which would last a few hours only, we had started without cooking implements, linen, or knapsacks, in order to go the lighter. Some days in barracks were also indispensable to re-establish the discipline of our corps, which had been much deteriorated by the example of the volunteers, and by a continued series of perils and harassing fatigues: but in the night an alarm was given, and we were sent off instantly out of Porta Angelica, to occupy the outposts of Monte Mario. Our patrols exchanged a few shot with the French, but no serious encounter took place: we remained, however, in constant expectation of being attacked, and had to perform very hard service.

At this period another battalion of riflemen was placed under Manara's command: it was composed of the *Trentina* regiment, and of a company of the 22nd, who, having succeeded in embarking secretly from La Spezia, rejoined us at Rome. Manara was now raised to the rank of colonel. Bonvicini, captain of the 2nd company, was appointed major commandant of the first battalion, and his former place was supplied by Lieutenant Enrico Dandolo. Signor Baroni, of Bergamo, hitherto captain of the 22nd regiment, was made major of the 2nd battalion. Many other promotions took place at the same time, since it was

only then that it had been possible to supply the vacancies left in our list by some few officers who had abandoned us, and by the absence of Captain Soldo and Lieutenant Salvadori, who had been obliged to absent themselves on account of illness, and who unfortunately were never able to rejoin the corps.

We remained four days at Monte Mario without any thing to justify the alarm, or to compensate us for the loss of a day's rest, which would have been the first that we should have enjoyed since our arrival in the Roman States. The French appeared to be awaiting orders and reinforcements; they frequently changed their positions, and carried on their works of circumvallation, but without seeming to be in any great haste to complete them. On the 15th, Monsieur Lesseps, the French envoy extraordinary, entered Rome: he was sent to treat with the Roman Republic respecting the differences which daily threatened still more to produce a prolongation of hostilities. A truce was immediately proclaimed in order to leave a free field for discussion. General Roselli, who had just been appointed commander-in-chief of the Republican army, now lost no time in directing his attention to the Neapolitan troops.

On the evening of the 16th of May he ordered

10,000 soldiers of the line, 1000 cavalry, and three batteries, to proceed out of the gate of San Giovanni Laterano; when the enemy, either from a want of confidence in their own troops; or, more probably, from being compelled to retreat by the attitude taken by the French, retired at full speed from Albano to Velletri. We encamped on the evening of the 18th outside of Valmontone, six miles from Velletri; and on the following morning Garibaldi, with 2000 men, was sent to explore the environs. At two miles from the town he encountered a strong Neapolitan column, which, after a short conflict, took to flight, and shut themselves up in Velletri. Having got notice of the engagement we hurried to the spot: the firing continued from the walls, under which Garibaldi's volunteers and some Roman infantry had forced their way with great bravery. The main assault which was to be given to the place was, however, postponed till the morning; and in the meanwhile the columns of attack were being formed within reach of the enemy's cannons. Garibaldi on that day had a hundred of his men disabled: the loss which the Neapolitans sustained during their retreat had been still more considerable; but, once got into Velletri, they kept up an obstinate and well-sustained fire from

behind the walls, greatly to our detriment; and Garibaldi's lancers paid severely for their intrepidity on that occasion. At two o'clock after midnight I was appointed with forty resolute men to make a *réconnaissance*, with orders to exchange a few shots with the enemy's *videttes*, and to endeavour to make some prisoners.

I advanced with due precaution, astonished at not meeting a living soul. I learnt, from two countrymen whom we laid hold of, that Velletri had been suddenly abandoned during the night. I went up to the barricaded gate. We scaled it, and found ourselves in the city, which was a perfect desert. We made a few prisoners of some stragglers, and from them and the townspeople, who soon came joyfully out of their houses, we ascertained the particulars of this affair. Night had scarcely begun to close in when the Neapolitans commenced their retreat, but with such precipitation and disorder, that they forgot many of their wounded, and left behind them several prisoners, whom we found still locked up in the houses.

We could not be said to have gained a victory at Velletri, as the Neapolitan army would probably have retreated at any rate; but certain it is that the panic

which had got possession of the troops was the cause of their retreating in this hasty manner, and with such little regard to their own honour. With an army of 20,000 men, masters of Velletri, and of the surrounding heights, the enemy might assuredly have stayed there as long as they thought proper, have occasioned us considerable damage, and then have effected an honourable retreat at their leisure. From a person whose word could not be doubted, who had been dragged, contrary to all right, as a prisoner from Albano to Velletri, and from several postilions who had accompanied the troops I learnt many curious particulars, which, however, I think it right to refrain from relating, lest the bad conduct of a few individuals might bring contempt on their noble and unhappy country. A few companies only of cavalry preserved sufficient courage and discipline to protect the retreat, and two days after the whole army had repassed the confines.

Garibaldi followed in their rear; but not having been able to overtake them, he was forced to rejoin the column, one half of which returned to Rome, and the other half was sent to liberate the province of Frosinone from the volunteers of Zucchi, by whom it was infested. We arrived there by forced marches on the evening of the 24th. The Rifle battalion

formed the vanguard. Zucchi with his 400 men evacuated the town at the bare announcement of our approach. It would be difficult to describe the enthusiasm with which we were hailed at Frosinone: our ranks were broken by the people who rushed into our lines, embracing and blessing the soldiers. The shouts of applause were deafening; and we had another opportunity of being convinced that whatever form of government might liberate the Romans from their old yoke it would be met with a hearty welcome. From Frosinone we moved on to Ripi, where we arrived on the evening of the 25th. Ripi is eight miles from Ceprano, a village on the Neapolitan frontier. On the same night the fourth company was despatched to the latter place, to surprise 150 carabineers stationed there. Although our march had been rapid, and performed with secrecy, when we arrived we found the enemy had decamped four hours previously, and had retreated to Rocca d'Arce, six miles distant, a naturally strong position, where there was already a considerable garrison under the orders of General Viale.

Captain Rozat, commander of the 4th Company, sent to demand a reinforcement. Captain Dandolo was immediately despatched with the 2nd battalion, and in the evening the whole of the first battalion

was at Ceprano. During some *réconnaissances* made during the day, we had exchanged a few shots with Zucchi's volunteers, who were ill accoutred and still more ill disposed; fit, indeed, only for acts of brigandage, and devoid of all sentiment of military honour.

Daybreak of the 26th was fixed for the attack of Arce. Our battalion, strengthened by some of Garibaldi's lancers, marched in that direction. At four miles from Ceprano our vanguard, commanded by Lieutenant Morisini, met the Neapolitan outposts, who, after half an hour's resistance, on being menaced by a charge of bayonets, turned their backs and fled. We followed them eagerly. Arrived at the foot of the steep mountain, at the top of which is Rocca d'Arce, we waited a few minutes to put our line in order, and, being formed into a column, we mounted resolutely. But even that village had been deserted by its garrison, who, in order the better to make their way down the opposite declivity, had thrown down their knapsacks, great coats, and even some firelocks. They took refuge in S. Germano, a fortified town six miles to the left, where two Swiss regiments were stationed with General Nunziante.

All the inhabitants had fled and hid themselves among the hills: we found the houses shut up and deserted, and not a human being in the whole village.

The soldiers were indignant at this want of confidence; but, thanks to the warm admonitions of Garibaldi, who came up at the moment with his legion, and to the advice of Padre Ugo Bassi (whose fervent charity and patriotism I then learnt to appreciate), no pillaging took place, and in that deserted village not a single door was forced. We sat down on the ground in the square: and when the terrified inhabitants observed, from the surrounding heights, this admirable spirit of order and self-restraint, they hurried down to welcome us, threw open their houses and shops, and in a few minutes the whole village had regained its accustomed activity. They then related to us how many superstitious fables the Neapolitans had spread among them; according to which, we were so many ogres let loose by the devil, to devour children and burn down houses; and the fantastic costume of Garibaldi and his followers had contributed not a little to increase the ignorant fears of the natives.

We awaited the night to continue with greater security our expedition against S. Germano; but a courier from Rome came, much to our regret, bringing orders for our immediate return to the city. We returned by forced marches through Frosinone, Anagni, and Valmontone. In this last village a private of the name of Ferrazzi, of the second com-

pany, caught in the act of robbing an old woman of twenty-eight baiocchi, was tried by court-martial, condemned, and two hours afterwards underwent the extreme penalty of the law: this was the third theft which had occurred among our troops since our coming into Romagna, and the third time that sentence of death had been carried into effect. These terrible examples of severity served to preserve that rigorous discipline, without which, in such a wild sort of warfare, we could not have succeeded in maintaining the honour of our corps.

On the evening of the 1st of June we re-entered Rome amidst the ardent acclamations of the population, and scarcely able to stand on our feet from the fatigue we had undergone. We felt greatly cheered by the reports then in circulation of a definitive arrangement of differences with the French army, as we hoped thus to be enabled to get some respite from fatigue, previously to going to the assistance of Ancona, which was then menaced by the Austrians. These reports were exchanged for certainty by the agreement signed on the same day by the Triumvirate and the French plenipotentiary, Ferdinand Lesseps. The latter, after fifteen days of conferences, had come to an agreement with the Roman Government on highly favourable terms, which permitted a definitive

suspension of hostilities, leaving to the French government the option of resuming the war, after fifteen days previous notice, or of concluding peace.

This intelligence was hailed in Rome with the utmost joy. It seemed to us a cruel disappointment to be called to fight against the French, upon whose sympathy and good will we had always placed great dependence; and although so often deceived in our dearest hopes, as we had suffered so much already, we were perhaps the more ready to believe this glad news at its first announcement. But God had ordained otherwise. His hand had not yet ceased to afflict us. We had been driven from our native country, and struck down by the most cruel misfortunes! — and now — our last refuge, this small part of God's earth, which seemed for a moment hospitably and willingly to receive us, did but open its bosom as a grave for the bones of the most generous and noble of our comrades; and then cast us forth upon the world to wander anew, with hearts still more desolate, and memories more sorrowful than before!

CHAP V.

THE THIRD OF JUNE.

GENERAL OUDINOT refused to ratify the Articles which had been already signed and guaranteed by Lesseps.

In his letter to the Triumvirate, which was published in the evening of Saturday, the 2nd of June, the General asserted that Lesseps had exceeded the powers granted to him—that his instructions from France altogether opposed themselves to such an armistice; that consequently the momentary suspension of hostilities, conceded during the negociation, was to be considered at an end, and the troops were therefore at liberty to recommence hostilities. "Only," continued the letter, "with the view of giving our fellow-countrymen, who are desirous of quitting Rome, the means of doing so with ease, and at the request of the Secretary of the French embassy, I shall postpone the attack on the fortress until Monday morning."

To this, Lesseps replied, that he was the sole judge

of the extent of his powers; that he answered for the agreement he had concluded, however General Oudinot might venture to oppose himself to it; and that he should hasten to Paris to obtain its ratification.

We were thunderstruck on reading these strange documents. All our plans were at an end. One day more, and the French would return to the attack. We prepared ourselves in mournful silence for this fresh struggle; still, however, retaining some confidence in Lesseps and in the French Government and nation.

At three o'clock in the morning of Sunday, our outposts at Villa Panfili and Villa Corsini, outside the Porta S. Pancrazio, who were new to the ambushes of war, and trusted too implicitly to the word of the French General, were sleeping, without having taken the precautions employed in time of active war; when at dawn they saw themselves suddenly surrounded by two French battalions, and, after a long and desperate resistance, were obliged to lay down their arms. Thus, taking advantage of a mean equivocation, the enemy obtained, comparatively without bloodshed, the possession of an important position, from which they could securely fire upon the walls and the gate. Oudinot had promised not to attack the *piazza* (or the place itself); but in

the meanwhile he seized the outposts which defended it. So much for the chivalrous loyalty of the French General!

At six o'clock in the morning, the cannon, which had been silent for a month, began to thunder from the walls. The Garibaldi legion, and those companies of the Bologna rifle battalion which had not been taken prisoners, sallied forth, and made a vigorous attack on the French, who were strengthening themselves in the positions they had so unfairly gained, and who were so fully aware of their importance, that they constantly supplied these posts with reinforcements, and fresh relays of troops, defending their flanks by artillery, and barricading all the adjacent roads.

At the discharge of the first cannon, the call to arms was given throughout the city, and our regiment hastened to obey the summons, though at first somewhat surprised and discontented at not being allowed the single day's rest which had been promised them, and which would have been the third they would have enjoyed since our arrival in Romagna. But the re-echoing roar of the cannon, the din of the city, and the intoxicating atmosphere which one seems to breathe in days of peril, soon restored to every face that thoughtful serenity with which the brave are wont to meet the crisis of their fate.

In a few minutes, not a soldier was missing from the ranks; the officers walked cheerfully up and down in front of the line; here and there, piquant *repartées* and soldier-like jokes might be heard; whilst Manara seemed to be everywhere at once, encouraging this man, animating that, and inspiring us with fresh ardour by his every look and gesture.

We waited two hours at our post for further orders: the firing resounded louder and quicker; our impatience increased in proportion. At last, the cry of "*guard a voi!*" was heard; in a moment we were at "attention;" and, in the midst of an imposing silence, the two battalions marched in double quick time towards the distant gate of S. Pancrazio. We had to traverse a great part of the city without slackening our pace. The people, on seeing us, hastening with such alacrity to the scene of danger, saluted us with frantic shouts of applause.

We arrived at nine o'clock at the gate; the band was playing at the head of our solid, well-ordered column, and there, too, not one rifleman had been wanting at the call.

I shall here repeat the bulletin of General Garibaldi, in order to give a clear idea of the singular engagement of that day.

" . . . . . Outside of the San Pancrazio gate, a road leads directly to *Vascello* (at 250 paces), and then divides. The principal branch descends to the right, along the garden of Villa Corsini, enclosed by high walls on each side, and joins at last the high road to Cività Vecchia. Another branch, bordered by hedges, leads straight to the Villa Corsini, which is 300 paces distant from Villa Vascello. Another road winds to the left, and goes, like the first branch, under the high walls of the Corsini garden.

"The Villa Vascello is a large massive building, three stories high, surrounded by a garden and a wall. Opposite to the Villa (distant fifty paces), there is a small house, from which it is easy to fire on the windows of Villa Corsini.

"On the road to the left (100 paces), beyond the point where the roads separate, are two small houses; one immediately at the back of the Corsini garden; the other twenty paces further on, on the left hand side of the road.

"The Villa Corsini, situated on a projecting eminence, commands the whole of the adjacent ground. It is surrounded by a garden enclosed by a high wall. The position of the Villa is sufficiently strong; besides which, to attack it without first throwing up some advanced work, or parapet, would oblige men

to pass through the gate at the bottom of the garden, and thus to face the concentrated fire which the enemy, defended and concealed by the hedges, the statues, and the walls of the Villa itself, would be able, almost with impunity, to pour down on that point at which the garden walls unite in an acute angle.

"The ground is everywhere very irregular, and, independently of the advantageous position of the Villa Corsini, is highly favourable to the enemy; because the inequalities of the soil, covered with brushwood, and intersected by deep hidden roads, would enable him to concentrate his reserve, and even to place them where they would be safe from our fire, supposing that the cannon should compel him to abandon the house.

"The first attack undertaken by the Italian legion was directed against the position of Villa Corsini, and the house of the Quattro Venti*, already abandoned by our men, owing to their being surprised, betrayed, and overpowered by great numbers of the enemy. The assault was made with the bayonet,

* The bulletin has here mistaken the names: Villa Corsini is also called Casa *dei quattro venti* (or four winds), from its position. To the right is the Villa Valentini, which the bulletin calls Quattro Venti, and farther back Villa Panfili.

without firing a single shot. The legion sustained for three quarters of an hour the whole force of the enemy: Colonels Doverio and Masina, and the Commandant Peralta, were killed, and the greater part of the officers wounded.

"At that moment the Manara rifle brigade came up, and, instantly forcing their way into the garden, there charged the enemy a second time vigorously, even under the walls of the Villa itself. Captain Dandolo fell there, and many private soldiers likewise, and there were besides numbers of officers and soldiers wounded. But from that moment we became masters of the houses to the left. The progressive march of the enemy was stopped, and the Vascello, being strongly occupied by our troops, poured out a murderous fire upon them.

"Our brave gunners soon spread confusion among the enemy in Villa Corsini. The Manara rifles from the houses on the left, the Italian legion from the Vascello, obliged the light companies of the French regiments to retire from the garden and hedge-rows. A smart fire was kept up on both sides. The enemy, although strengthened by reinforcements, and supported by two pieces of artillery, could never drive our troops from the position they defended with so much intrepidity.

"In the mean time, the artillery thundered down upon Villa Corsini, so that the enemy were soon forced to fly at full speed, after having set fire to the house; and the guns of the bastion to the right, having been brought to bear on the front of the Villa Vascello, our riflemen, with this aid, dislodged the enemy stationed in Villa Valentini; for from thence, and from many of the surrounding houses, they had for some time kept up a fierce, though not very effective, fire upon us.

"Two companies of the Manara rifles were despatched to the left, in the direction of the French camp, and, proceeding a considerable distance in advance, harassed the enemy, who was concealed amongst the vineyards, by their fire.

"The battle raged obstinately during the whole day, the advantage being always on our side, for the Manara riflemen and Italian legion charged the enemy, and drove them a second time outside the Villa Corsini. Towards evening, some companies of the third regiment of the line arrived to reinforce our troops in the Vascello, and the Medici legion relieved the Manara riflemen in the small houses to the left.

"The artillery, by its astonishingly well directed fire (for which praise is due to the brave Lieutenant-

Colonel Lodovico Calandrelli) had nearly reduced to ashes the Corsini and Valentini villas. The enemy was beaten at all points; our troops, and particularly the Manara riflemen and the Italian legion, fought the enemy several times breast to breast and hand to hand; the first company of the Manara riflemen forcing their way into Villa Valentini, made there many French prisoners.

The Italian legion went more than once under the walls of Villa Valentini. In the evening the Medici legion charged the enemy from the vineyards to the left with much intrepidity, and when the night came on, the enemy, who acknowledged our courage, left the field of battle to us. Our troops were desirous to resume (as they did on the following day) a battle which had been so bravely fought by all who were engaged in it.

"The officers, and especially those of the general's staff, of the Italian legion, and of the Manara rifles, distinguished themselves by extraordinary courage, and rendered themselves worthy of the highest eulogiums: the superior officers and subalterns, whom I distinguish here by name, are thus recorded, because they were martyrs to the cause, having died the death of heroes.

"Colonel Doverio, Colonel Masina, Colonel Pol-

lini, Major Ramorino, Adjutant-Major Peralta, Lieutenant Bonnet, Lieutenant Cavalleri Emanuele, second Lieutenant Grassi, Captain Dandolo of the Manara rifles, T. Scarani, Capt. David, T. Sarete of the third regiment, T. Cazzaniza, idem.

"Signed, Commander of the Division,

"G. GARIBALDI."

Garibaldi, in the engagement of the 3d of June, showed himself to be as incapable of being general of a division as he had proved himself to be an able and efficient leader in the skirmishes and marches against the Neapolitans. Without any well considered and matured plan he sent first one and then another company against the enemy, as was suggested to him by the danger of the moment, without either measuring the forces, or calculating the resistance we were to meet with; in short, he was utterly incapable of directing the manœuvres of masses of men, by which alone the scale can be turned in a field of battle.

At nine o'clock in the morning the French were in possession of all the villas which surround and command the San Pancrazio gate: for the Italian legion which was opposed to them had been at last

compelled to retire within the Villa Vascello; and, after having made incredible though ill-ordered efforts; after having left on the field the greater part of its officers, who, carried away by the impetus of their courage, and no longer attending to their duties as commanders, had fought heroically with the soldiers; it had yielded to the overpowering and well-ordered force of the enemy, who kept advancing upon us down the avenue.

Six hundred Lombard rifles then arrived: men equally well trained to act as skirmishers, or as a compact body, in columns or line. If Garibaldi, forming these troops into a column with half a company of rifles in advance, had sent them forward to the attack on Villa Corsini, the position would have been taken after a short contest. Once masters of that, we might, with strong detachments, have taken possession of the adjacent villas, fortified ourselves in them, and the night would have left us not only with the honour, but also with the full advantage, of that day's hard fighting. But Garibaldi, on the contrary, still pertinaciously adhering to the only mode of warfare to which he was accustomed, kept, at first, three companies of reserve within the walls, and sent but one of these at a time against an enemy, powerful both in numbers and position. In the meanwhile he

despatched the second battalion to the left to skirmish uselessly among the vineyards, where they could in no way influence the fortunes of the day.

The first company, although unsupported, while the Italian legion was obliged to give way on all sides, rushed resolutely against the enemy, who had already advanced as far as the Vascello, and, preceded by Manara (who, during the whole day, was at the head of all the troops who went to the attack, and had proved himself worthy of the reputation he had acquired), compelled them to take to flight and to shut themselves up within the Villa Corsini. He got up as far as the terrace; and had those brave fellows been followed closely by the other companies *en masse*, Villa Corsini would have been ours. But if one considers that the first company, like the rest, had been reduced by marches and hardships to little more than sixty men, and that twenty-five of these were already laid prostrate, it will be easy to understand how the few that were left, abandoned to their own efforts and without any support, were compelled to halt and turn back after a useless display of desperate courage. And such was the history of the whole of that day's battle. After the first company was disbanded and decimated, Garibaldi sent on the second alone, afterwards the fourth; nor even then a whole

company at once, but twenty and thirty men at a time, with orders to charge the enemy with the bayonet within the Villa. Each company acquitted itself nobly; but all, from being employed separately and successively, lost whatever they had gained. Lieutenant Alexander Mangiagalli, who on that day seemed even to surpass himself, having performed the most extraordinary and successful feats of courage, had occupied with a few resolute men collected from all the companies, the Corsini and Valentini Villas; and having slain on the spot upwards of thirty Frenchmen, and made an equal number of prisoners, when he went in the evening to ask for reinforcements of Garibaldi, received as an answer, "I have not one more soldier; see if you can find any." What, in the name of heaven, had he done with all his soldiers? Scattered about, here, there, everywhere they were engaged in heroic but partial combats, which, even when successful, could in no way decide the final success of the battle. In the evening, when the enemy attacked the Villa Valentini, twelve men only of our battalion occupied it: a perfect storm of bullets rattled against the walls, the doors, the casements, &c. Our brave fellows were forced to retire, deeply indignant at having made such a useless expenditure of life and courage in taking a

position where no orders reached them, and where no body of reserve had been destined to their defence; whereas, properly speaking, their office should have been to open the attack, and to protect other combatants. The positions were in this manner taken and lost three times; so that the evening left the French convinced indeed of the courage of the enemy whom they had to encounter, but still masters of almost all that had been occupied by them in the morning.

But I have yet to relate events and misfortunes of a more personal nature. In order to take up the thread of my sad narrative, I must refer to what has already been in part described. A short time after our arrival at the gate, my brother and I were seated near each other sharing a piece of bread, when he received an order to go out with his company. He started up with a bound, squeezed my hand, and, drawing his sword, was in an instant at the head of his men. After passing through the barrier, they turned to the left by a narrow path across some vineyards, and, without losing time, even to fire a shot, marched in good order up to the flat terrace surrounding the Villa Corsini. The shower of balls fell thicker every moment. At each step the company was lessened in number by those who were struck

down; while the remainder, silently closing their ranks, continued the unequal combat, encouraged by my brother, who, foremost of all, by his impassioned words and magnanimous example, showed at what value life should be held when exposed to danger in a noble cause. All of a sudden a French company emerged from one side of the palace, headed by an officer, who made friendly signals with his sword, and, when he had advanced a little nearer, called out in Italian "*siamo amici*," "we are friends!"

My brother ordered his men, who had opened a vigorous fire at sight of the enemy, to cease firing. All of us had then such faith in the honour and kindly feeling of the French army, that it was at once believed that this officer preferred coming over to us, to turning his arms against us. When, however, he had got within thirty paces, he halted for a moment, and a tremendous discharge laid a third of our company on the ground. My brother was shot through the chest; young Lieutenant Mancini was wounded in the thigh; and two soldiers, who hastened to sustain him, fell in their turn; while another ball passed through Mancini's arm: Lieutenant Silva was struck in the hand; Lieutenant Colombo had a ball which went in at his mouth and passed out through his cheek. The survivors drew back terror struck.

Morisini alone remained near his dying friend, serving as a mark for the bullets of the enemy, which, however, passed him without injury. After a momentary pause, the firing was vigorously renewed on our side, and two soldiers rushing forward took their expiring captain in their arms, his lips still moving in prayer. He was hardly raised from the ground ere his spirit had returned to God.

My brother was not yet twenty-two years of age: his slight and graceful form was animated by such a noble and religious spirit, he was endowed with so sound a judgment, and possessed such admirable principles, that none who knew him could withhold their esteem and affection. But alas! he was now no more! whilst ignorant of his fate, and of the sanguinary conflict which was going on around his remains, we, of the 4th company, much against our will, were kept back in comparative safety as part of the reserve, and could only surmise, with feelings of agonising restlessness and anxiety, the extent of that danger to which those most near and dear to us were exposed. The melancholy procession of wounded and dead which, from time to time, were brought in in scarfs, sashes, and handbarrows, was soon, however, to change our suspense into sad certainty: they were our own comrades who now furnished the har-

rowing spectacle; and as each wounded man was borne towards us from a distance, I trembled lest I should recognise a face of one too precious to me. The first that passed, wounded in the chest, was my own Captain — Rozat, — who, unable to restrain his generous impatience, had left the company to go forward alone with his *stutzen* (*a sort of carabine*), which he managed with admirable dexterity; then poor Lodovico Mancini was carried along, the young lieutenant of my brother's company, whose thigh and arm were perforated with balls. Writhing with pain, he could just say to me, "Your brother . . . ." and then stopped, as if alarmed. I asked, at last, a wounded soldier of the battalion, what he knew of No. 2. company? what of the captain; "He . . . . is just fallen, mortally wounded," was the answer.

I cannot say what I felt at these words. It was the first time that the tremendous idea of such a death presented itself clearly and certainly to my horror-struck mind. A sort of careless fatalism had made us feel as if it were impossible for one of two beings so closely attached to be left without the other; "either both or neither" had been the constant expression of our vague and certainly unwarrantable hopes. But at that moment, the dreadful scene before my eyes, and the knowledge of so many

lives lost, seemed to disclose to me, for the first time, the real nature of cold-blooded war in all its horrible reality, and I shuddered at the idea of outliving all that constituted my happiness in this world. I thought to myself, that my brother might be breathing his last within ten paces from me, and I could not even embrace him before he died! My duty forbad me to leave my soldiers, already agitated by so many mournful sights: I paced up and down in front of my small band, who wondered at my unwonted emotion, and convulsively gnawing the barrel of a pistol in my struggles I strove to keep down the boiling tears, which, had they been observed, might have increased the consternation of my devoted followers. At this moment of unspeakable suffering, Garibaldi came in our direction, and I heard him say, "I shall require twenty resolute men and an officer for a difficult undertaking." I rushed forward, desirous at least to liberate myself from a state of inaction, and to suffocate, in the excitement of danger, the anguish which threatened to turn my brain. "Go," said Garibaldi, to me, "with twenty of your bravest men, and take Villa Corsini, at the point of the bayonet." Involuntarily I remained transfixed with astonishment, — with twenty men, to hurry forward to attack a position which two of our companies, and

the whole of Garibaldi's legion, after unheard-of exertions, had failed in carrying. I thought that perhaps he gave me these orders, because as there had been a few minutes' pause in the report of the enemy's musketry, he might wish, by this means, to occasion its renewal, or to discover if any thing fresh had occurred.

This idea glanced through my mind afterwards: at the time, I did not answer a word, but pointed out those who were to accompany me. "Spare your ammunition, to the bayonet at once," said Garibaldi. "Do not fear, General," I replied, "they have perhaps killed my brother, and I shall do my best." This said, I hurried forwards. My friend S———, second lieutenant in the same company (4th), seeing me in a state of agitation hardly to be described, and desirous of sharing the danger with me, rejoined me when a few paces in advance. As I passed before the Vascello, I ran in to beg Manara to give me, as a reinforcement, the remains of the 1st company, as I did not know what on earth I was to do with twenty men only; but I could not find the colonel, and resolved at any rate to do as I had been ordered. The long deserted avenue which led straight up to the villa lay right before me; whoever passed along would certainly furnish a mark for the enemy, who

lay concealed in the garden, and was stationed behind the windows. We traversed it at full speed, but not without leaving several of our small number behind. The little band was thinned, when we arrived at last under the vestibule. I turned round to see how many of us were left. Twelve soldiers remained to me, intrepid, silent, ready for any effort. I looked around me; we were there alone. Our own shot, from our own guns, sounded in our ears; a shower of bullets fell fearfully round us from the half-closed windows. What could twelve men do against a palace occupied by several hundreds of the enemy? I had nothing left for me but to stoop to that which more numerous forces had already done—give the signal to fire, and then retreat. When we had got halfway down the road, S—— and I were both struck in the thigh with the same ball. We returned to the *Vascello*, six in number, in a deplorable condition, and with the conviction that the really extraordinary courage which had just been so conspicuously and recklessly displayed could have no effect, beyond that of showing the French that Italians were still capable of fighting with temerity, whatever the fortune of war might be.

I was carried to the temporary hospital, where I asked for my brother. All assured me that he had

been but slightly wounded, but that it had not been possible to remove him from a small house where he had been conveyed. I sent soldiers and infirmary men to fetch him; I waited for upwards of an hour; at last, no longer able to restrain my impatience and anxiety, I made a violent effort, and went out, dragging along my wounded limb, to seek for him in the fields and houses.

This fruitless search lasted two hours; and they were hours which must weigh like an incubus on the whole of my life. I hurried, quivering with agitation, to examine every corpse which I saw stretched on the ground; I passed within a few paces of that of my brother, but a friend was in time to conceal it from me. I could no longer sustain my own weight. At last, Manara, from a small house just then taken from the French, made me a signal to come in. All the rest withdrew when I entered; perhaps, because they could not muster courage to be present at such a melancholy scene. "Do not seek your brother any more," said my poor friend, wringing my hand; "it is now too late: I will be a brother to you." I dropped with my face to the earth, weakened by my wounds, and by grief at that agonising intelligence.

Three companies only of our 1st battalion took any

part in this engagement, the 3rd having been left to guard the walls.

Our soldiers acquitted themselves so admirably on that day, that it would be an unpardonable injustice to pass them over in silence.

Kept for ten hours under the enemy's fire, and witnessing every moment the fall of numbers of their companions and officers, they continued to fight with the most exemplary courage. Ten different times they rushed forward to attack the enemy, strong as these were both in positions and numbers; when slightly wounded, they hurried off to the rear where a bandage hastily applied enabled them to return to the combat. A great number of them had in this way two or three successive wounds.

Quarter Master Serjeant Monfrini, a youth eighteen years of age, had his hand broken by a blow from a bayonet. After a few minutes, he re-appeared in the ranks. "What are you doing there?" asked Manara, "wounded as you are, you can be of no service: away with you!" "Colonel," replied the lad, "let me stay here; at all events, I shall serve to make up the number." In an attack, he did, in fact, *make up the number* among the foremost, and, struck the second time by a ball in the head, fell down, and expired.

Lieutenant Bronzetti, ascertaining that his orderly, to whom he was particularly attached, had fallen at Villa Corsini, took with him four resolute men, made his way in the night within the enemy's outposts, and carried off the body, on which he bestowed the pious rites of burial.

Lieutenant A. Mangiagalli, having with a few soldiers taken possession of Villa Valentina, and being afterwards reinforced by the intrepid Captain Ferrari, was met by most tremendous resistance on the part of the enemy, and had to force his way from room to room, and on the stairs, where firearms became almost useless. He had broken his sword in striking down a raised weapon, and had to defend himself with the half blade that remained, until, after many of the enemy were killed, and a number made prisoners, the Villa remained in our keeping.

Della Longa, a Milanese private, seeing the Corporal Fiorani fall at his side, mortally wounded, while our troops were being driven backwards by an overpowering influx of the enemy, not choosing to leave his dying friend behind him without assistance, took him on his shoulders, and, while slowly withdrawing to a place of safety, was himself struck by a ball in the chest, and fell dead at the side of his expiring companion.

CHAP. VI.

THE SIEGE.

It is not my intention to write the military history of the siege and fall of Rome: that important work has been already accomplished by others more experienced and competent than myself.

I was obliged to remain the greater part of twenty days in bed. When, however, the enemy threatened to make a decisive attack, or when any sorties from the town were confided to our battalion, my friends gave me due notice, and then I stationed myself at the gate, until the action was ended, when I returned to bed, in order to continue the regimen prescribed for the cure of my wounds.

On Monday, the 4th of June, Garibaldi, having learnt wisdom, as he himself allowed, from the sad experience of the previous day, changed his plan of action, so as no longer uselessly to expose the valuable lives of those who composed the *élite* of the army.

The French being left undisturbed in the positions

they had gained on the 3rd, proceeded with alacrity to carry on those works of approach, which still remain, and challenge observation and admiration; nor were they long in planting the cannon which were to beat down the breach in bastions 6 and 7, with the adjoining curtain.

For several days our cannon alone thundered from the walls, and did the enemy much injury, as they were not at first prepared to return the fire: there were also constant skirmishes between small detachments, sent to protect the works on both sides. In these partial encounters there was much to applaud in the courage of our soldiers, who frequently maintained their own ground, and put to flight troops which yield to none in martial skill and bravery.

On one of these occasions, two companies of the 1st regiment, called "dell' Unione," having advanced too far in their eagerness to protect the workmen, met a large corps of the enemy, and made such a daring onset, that, after after a short resistance, these last were driven back behind the barricades; where they were closely followed by our men. Unluckily, at that moment, the ammunition of our party came to an end; but those bold fellows carried on the contest by hurling stones at the enemy. Here, perhaps, I should mention a striking action of the Polish Captain

Wern, which we witnessed from the walls of the town. Having leaped up on the top of the barricade, he became a mark for a shower of balls; he did not, on this account, however, stir from his position, but, pointing with his fingers to various decorations which he wore on his breast, and among which was the cross of the Legion of Honour, earned in the African campaign, he shouted to the enemies in a furious voice, "Cowards! rabble! aim here! strike on the cross of the Legion of Honour!"

A ball hit him on the head, and the blood which streamed from the wound trickled down on his breast over the cross, and he, still shouting "lower down! here! aim here!" was dragged off to a distance and conveyed to the hospital. Willingly would I here relate all the heroic deeds of many of our young soldiers,—deeds which awakened the liveliest admiration even among the enemy; but not having been myself on the spot during the engagements, I may not perhaps be deemed competent to do so: besides, such actions were so generally and commonly performed, that no one was found to relate them, the really brave man being as loth to boast of dangers which he has run, or of the great things which he has accomplished, as the coward is desirous to make a display of whatever he deems likely to promote his own credit and advantage.

Certain it is, that in that month of warfare the Garibaldi legion, the Medici, composed entirely of wealthy and well educated youths, the Lombard rifle corps, and the Bologna legion of Mellara, stationed unceasingly in the very front of the fire, without repose, and without reinforcements, sustained almost alone the powerful and well-ordered shock of the enemy. A good number of these brave fellows fell daily: we, too, in our battalion had many sad losses to deplore, among which, one of the most grievous was that of Captain Rozat of Geneva: wounded in the chest on the 3rd, he returned to his position on the 9th. While his company protected a *sortie* from the walls, he stood erect on a parapet, firing his carabine: a ball carried off his hat; he continued unmoved; at last, another ball entered his right eye, and stretched him lifeless on the ground.

The war was at this time carried on more with cannon than musketry. The French proceeded with their works of approach slowly but surely. We had nothing to oppose to their admirable engineer service but a few civil engineers and a battalion of wretchedly ignorant and poor spirited pioneers. Garibaldi attempted at first to provide for the defence, by making occasional sallies; but these were generally rendered inefficient by the vigilance of the French, and by

the inexperience of the volunteers, who, not knowing how to conduct this kind of enterprise, began to shout and discharge their arms at too great a distance, so that little or no advantage could be drawn from the most valuable means of resistance which a besieged city possesses,—namely, that of hindering the progress of the works and intimidating the enemy by daring and unexpected excursions. The ardour and courage of the soldiers were, however, undiminished, and this good feeling was increased by the confidence which was still felt in Lesseps, and by the idea, becoming daily more current, of a speedy termination of the war, so that each day gained was considered as equivalent to a victory.

And so the time passed on. The French meanwhile pressed on the works; every day new batteries opened their fire on the bastions 6 and 7, so that at last a breach was made there, to the left of the San Pancrazio Gate. We were all aware that should this be once regularly effected and a battery planted there, no hope would remain for us, except in news from France. Our valour, undisciplined as it was compared to that of the French, would then become of no avail.

On the night of the 21st, the second battalion of Reg. Unione mounted guard on bastion 6. All was

quiet. Lietenant-Colonel Rossi, whose duty it was to make the general round of inspection, found every thing in order: the soldiers at their post, in perfect silence. He continued the round as far as the neighbouring Gate *Portese*. On his return, when near the breach, he was stopped by the *Qui vive?* of the sentinel. As the Romans also when on duty were accustomed to employ *alt! qui vive!* he gave the watch-word and was going on, when he found himself surrounded and made prisoner. What on earth had happened? In the space of half an hour the French had occupied the breach, not as if it were a post held by the enemy, but as they might have relieved guard in a fortress.

Not a single shot had been exchanged, not a drop of blood had been shed. The sentinels had fled, the drowsy pickets were aroused by the enemy silently shaking them, enjoining them to decamp to a place of security; it may well be imagined, that, astonished and terror-struck, they did not wait for a repetition of the advice. The whole circumstance was involved in inextricable mystery; there were suspicions of treachery; some of the sentinels, when interrogated, affirmed that the French had made their appearance from under ground, and had compelled them to fly. Their contradictory assertions only served to bewilder

the interrogators. Last of all it was reported that the French had discovered a secret door which opened into a subterraneous passage leading from the outer base of the wall into the city, and that by this means they had suddenly, in the dead of night, made their appearance in the midst of the terrified sentinels, who, seeing themselves surrounded on every side, had yielded without a struggle. On the same night, bastion No. 7, and the wall which united it with No. 6. fell, after a vigorous resistance, into the hands of the French.

This event produced a dreadful sensation in Rome itself. The French now commanded the site of our camp, and as soon as their cannon could be planted on the breach, our ruin would be accomplished. They immediately set about fortifying the position they had gained. There was a great difference of opinion within the city. The Roman General, Roselli, urged the necessity of our instantly making an attack, in order to regain at the point of the bayonet all that we had recently lost. Garibaldi, better acquainted with the discouragement which that morning pervaded even the best in the ranks, who had begun to suspect some treachery, and looked upon all as hopeless, opposed himself warmly to Roselli's proposal. Thus were these precious hours lost in useless dis-

cussions; evening drew on, the French had already crowned the breach, and the enterprise had become impossible.

From that moment we all saw that the fortune of Rome was lost. Although the greatest pains were taken to keep the news from France concealed, it nevertheless began to find its way among us, and many began to inquire: Why should we go on fighting? The honour of our arms was insured, and any place might surrender with honour when a breach was in the hands of the enemy, and when there was no hope of assistance from without. If we had continued for a whole month to defend ourselves against the army of the expedition, it was not because we were presumptuous enough to imagine that Rome could resist the will of France; but only because, perceiving how strangely the original scope of the enterprise had been falsified, we hoped, by a vigorous resistance, to show clearly what was the real spirit of the population, so as to bring back the French government to more equitable and benevolent intentions.

But when the Assembly confirmed General Oudinot's instructions, by which he was enjoined to enter Rome, at whatever cost, and Lesseps was called upon to justify his own conduct; when our last hope was extinguished by the event of the 21st,

and the soldiers began to look in each other's faces, and ask what game they were playing at; and Garibaldi himself declined any further responsibility; why did the government, or rather, well may we ask, why did Mazzini, still persist in continuing the desperate struggle? Why were false bulletins circulated on the evening of the 22nd, announcing astonishing changes in the French government?

I have in my hands a letter which Mazzini wrote to Manara on the 22nd, and which Manara himself gave to me at my request.

I give it here at full length, to prove that Mazzini knew far better than any one else the real state of affairs. He wished nevertheless to prolong the defence, from I know not what sentiment, of pride or obstinacy, and for which he has to render an awful account to God and to his country, which still mourns so many lives uselessly sacrificed. The letter is as follows: —

"22d June, ½ past 6, P. M.

"Citizen Colonel,

"I hear it is the determination of General Garibaldi not to undertake the assault promised for five o'clock. I deeply regret this decision, and believe it to be most injurious to the interests of our country.

"The assault ought to have been given last night, half an hour after the taking of the breach.

"If that was not possible, because in the night the spirit of the troops did not warrant it, the agreement made with Roselli ought to have been kept. At half-past five this morning the assault should have been made.

"And since the error had been committed of not commencing the attack at the hour fixed, it ought to have taken place at five in the afternoon, as had been again promised.

"To-morrow morning the attack will be impossible; the enemy's artillery will be planted on the breach. The system of action is therefore entirely changed; and, permit me to say, ruined. In our circumstance the only possible means of defence were to be found in an assault of this kind. This morning, after sounding the tocsin, and calling on the people *en masse*, we have nothing but Jesuitical explanations, which are destructive of all enthusiasm.

"To-day after dinner the people were again excited to fury. 2000 of the populace (*popolani*) were ready to join our forces, a number certainly sufficient to take the *Casino:* and what more was necessary? Another immense multitude would have followed in the rear. Whereas now, the people having been a second time deluded in their expectations, will believe that we are afraid, and then they too will fear. The adverse party will take the upper hand. A municipal

government, or something of the sort, will be put forward at the first serious menace, and we shall act Milan over again.

"You have *now* neither workmen nor materials; forty days of labour have exhausted all spirit and good will in the inhabitants; and very soon we shall have neither meat, nor ammunition, nor flour. I consider Rome as fallen. God grant that the enemy may dare to assault it: if that were to take place immediately, we should have a noble defence by the people at the barricades: we should all hasten thither. A little later and that resource will remain no longer. My mind is overwhelmed with indescribable grief, that so much valour, so much heroism should be lost! In the meanwhile your report is before me. I do not refer to you; I esteem and begin to love you. I know that you think as I do, and the same opinion too is shared by Roselli (calumniated by many parties) and by the best of the staff. My only remaining satisfaction will be, that my name shall never be subscribed to a capitulation, which I yet foresee to be inevitable. But why speak of myself: it matters not what may become of me? But what, alas! is to become of Rome and of Italy? Yours, &c.

"GIUS. MAZZINI.

"P.S. Show this letter to the General."

It was then on the 22nd of June that Mazzini considered Rome as fallen; that he deplores so much valour and so much heroism should be lost: he foresees that a capitulation was inevitable. If he was convinced of all this, why did he cause the useless slaughter to be continued for eight days longer? Why did not these well grounded fears induce him to enlighten the people as to the real state of things?

Alas! from that day, we were engaged in a series of the most useless perils, and of equally fruitless displays of courage; and though Manara and his gallant companions seemed to seek in the increasing ardour of their enthusiasm, to conceal from themselves that which must inevitably ensue, great anxiety was felt both for the present and for the future. But though the soldiers were dispirited, they still resolved to obey. All foresaw a speedy end to our hopes and fears; but a spirit of military honour made each shrink from being the first to suggest a more prudent course, while he who was at the head of affairs refrained from doing so, and was making a constant exhibition of heroism, speaking of nothing less than burying himself under the ruins of the city, now menaced in every way.

The enemy, on the morning of the 24th, succeeded in mounting four cannons on the curtain uniting

bastions 6 and 7; but these were soon silenced by the incessant and astonishing fire of our battery stationed at St. Pietro, in Montorio. The enemy then gave up the attempt, that the engineer might have time to construct works still more solid. In the meanwhile we fortified as well as we could a second line of defence, formed by the old Aurelian amphitheatre, which extends in a semicircle about 200 paces in the inner side of the bastions. The batteries were reorganised; and Manara, who, on the death of Colonel Daverio, had been made head of the staff, introduced some desirable alterations in the service, by which the continued exposure of the corps *d'élite* to incessant fatigues was in some measure prevented; whilst from day to day the defence was prolonged in a manner that was surprising even to ourselves. Every evening we wondered that we had not yet been attacked; although the delay did not for an instant conceal from us the inevitable approach of an assault, rendered the more terrible from our ill-defended position, and the dispirited condition of our troops. The brave Medici legion still occupied the Vascello, and, what was really extraordinary, the small houses also which surrounded it, although some of these were but a few paces distant from the breach held by the enemy. From them, however, was kept up a lively

exchange of rifles and musquetry with the enemy, who made repeated assaults, and as often encountered a desperate resistance. It was truly marvellous to see those young volunteers, accustomed till then to quiet studies, and to the care of their family circles, opposing themselves day after day, without hope of succour, to the brave French soldiers, who showed themselves worthy of their fame. A small band of Milanese youths, who, with rash courage, had pushed their way into Casino Barberini, which is situated close to the flank of the breach, were attacked and surrounded by many of the enemy, who were concealed in the cellars, and scarcely one escaped. They fell after the most obstinate resistance, and the artist Induni received twenty-five bayonet wounds. Some brave fellows who had made their way to the spot, in order to remove the dead bodies, found him still alive: he was conveyed to the hospital, and, strange to say, recovered perfectly. The *Vascello* was at last overthrown by the redoubled cannonades of the enemy on the 26th, and buried twenty unhappy beings under its ruins; but, notwithstanding this, the valorous Medici band did not yield up the most important position so hardly contended for; but, making a bulwark of the ruins, they kept the enemy, now grown much more bold, at a distance, and, with a

mere handful of men, continued to defend the gate and bastions.

On the morning of the 27th, twelve pieces of cannon were planted on the breach. The tempest of shells and bombs became terrific. Villa Savorelli, Garibaldi's head quarters, which till then had been seen towering on the height, as if it even scorned to be defended, was torn down to the very foundations: San Pietro in Montorio, Palazzo Corsini, and all the adjacent houses were grievously damaged. On this trying occasion the inhabitants of *Trastevere* gave a striking proof of resolution and courage. The government had placed the cardinal's palaces at the disposal of the sufferers; and these roofless families took refuge in splendid halls, whilst the remainder of the populace stayed calmly in their imperilled houses, quietly confiding in the government. Not a complaint, not a cry, not a single demand for surrender was to be heard. Once only, when a report had got abroad that Garibaldi, owing to a dispute with the General-in-chief, had abandoned his head-quarters and taken refuge in the city, there was an immense uproar of the people, recalling him to the defence of the walls. Manara hastened to him, conjuring him to yield; and that intrepid soldier returned to the gate, accompanied by the applause of the whole population.

As the danger became more imminent, almost all those who were but slightly wounded returned to their ranks; and in those solemn moments I witnessed many actions worthy of a happier result. Our 7th company, who were employed in raising defences at the point where the enemy's artillery was the most destructive, although serving as marks for these terrible missiles, went on quietly with their work, until they had completed it; and though half their number were killed they still maintained their courage. Many were cut down while removing the earth, which would have facilitated the ascent from the ruined walls; many fell in the act of snatching the lighted matches from the bombs, which produced great havoc among us, and occasioned, by their ruinous frequency, no small damage and terror in the city. The Roman batteries were almost choked up by the tempest of hostile projectiles; the places of our fallen gunners were filled by soldiers of the line; while a single piece was left standing, they continued to fire with an ability which called forth the admiration even of the enemy. In the meanwhile our head quarters were removed to Villa Spada, and there the utmost care and activity were employed in constructing every possible means of defence.

In the course of a few hours the enemy opened

several breaches in the Aurelian amphitheatre, and in bastion No. 8., which, until then, had paralyzed the effect of the taking of the other two breaches. A piece of fallen wall too had filled up the ditch, so that there were only a few outworks capable of offering any resistance, and it seemed all but impossible that these could stand much longer against the shock of the artillery. The service was now become most painful: several of our companies remained on duty at posts which occupied half of the men as sentries for 72 hours at a time; and others were even thus employed for two days and three nights consecutively. The zeal and courage of our officers were redoubled, and not one of them in those trying moments failed in his duty for a single instant. Capt. Ferrari, Capt. Bronzetti, and Lieut. Mangigalli acted at the same time as soldiers and as superior officers. Ever ready for fatigues and perils, they occupied the most dangerous positions, and directed the works, or headed adventurous sallies. Captain Bronzetti, particularly, distinguished himself in the command of the fourth company, and in the arduous defence of a *casino* on bastion No. 8. This he accomplished with the utmost prudence and courage, until the hardships, which he bore with so much heroism, brought on a violent illness. Even then, however, he did not refrain from taking a bril-

liant part in the engagement of the 30th. Manara, too, was equally admirable for his prudence, courage, and unwearying forethought. It appeared, in those last days of the siége, as if each was resolved to illustrate in his own person and actions the glorious fall of Rome, and to show himself superior to the unhappy destinies of his ill-fated but noble country. . . . . .

THE SIEGE OF ROME.

PLAN OF THE SECOND ASSAULT.

30th of June 1849, ½ past 2 in the Morning

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & Co 1851.

CHAP. VII.

THE THIRTIETH OF JUNE.

On the evening of the 29th of June, after some hours of repose passed in the Corsini palace, our battalion was formed and returned to the St. Pancrazio gate. The rain fell in torrents. The soldiers, drawn up in the open air, awaited further orders. After some time, two companies were told to remain as a reserve at Villa Spada, and a third went to occupy the breach in bastion No. 8. Oppressed by the deepest melancholy, I accompanied my poor friend Emilio Morisini to his post in the breach. The night closed in dark and tempestuous; our feet sank in the ground which had been lately turned up by the spades of the workmen; and our lanthorns flickered so as to prevent our seeing the luminous arches traced by the bombs, or to avoid them as they fell. The soldiers, obliged every moment to fling themselves with their faces in the mud to escape the explosion of these projectiles, advanced slowly, a prey to the most disheartening terror; whilst many, taking advantage of the darkness, and of the confusion of

the march, dropped off and returned; so that on arriving at the breach there were not men sufficient to relieve the sentinels. It now blew a hurricane; we were drenched with rain; and the darkness became almost impervious. The poor riflemen, buried to their knees in mud, struck down by the frequent and fatal descent of the bombs, took the perilous places assigned to them in silent discouragement. It was a sight which one could hardly bear to witness. God forgive those who were the cause of so useless a slaughter! and doubly do they need that pardon, inasmuch as they were already convinced of the impossibility of all ulterior defence; which conviction was backed by the asseverations of the most intrepid and intelligent military men. Yet, against their own conscience, and the remonstrances of others, they obstinately continued the defence, and, for the sake only of being enabled to say "We did not yield"—"*noi non cedemmo*,"—they did not shrink from adding uselessly to the number of victims. The multitude, nevertheless, are ready to clap their hands, and to proclaim as the most glorious name in all Italy him who sat quietly aloof from danger, and, provided with a safe conduct, ran at the worst no greater risk than that of returning to his accustomed and most easy exile; while the names of those generous spirits

who sacrificed their lives to their duty, are either already forgotten, or will soon be buried in oblivion!

At about 11 o'clock, my duty calling me to the side of Manara, I left Morisini, after fervently embracing him, and entreating him if possible to preserve a life which was so precious to his family and friends. The cannonade continued incessantly during the whole of the night, and from time to time there were discharges of musketry at the outposts.

At two in the morning the enemy broke in upon our line, and, favoured by the darkness of the night, and the inefficiency of the guard at several of the outposts, forced their way to the different breaches in the city walls. Roused by the frightful uproar of this unexpected assault, in the twinkling of an eye we were all on our feet; the cry of alarm was given, and the drums beat to arms; the night was pitch dark, the sky being still stormy; whilst the discharges of musketry, mingled with the shouts of the approaching enemy, increased the general confusion and dismay. I saw Garibaldi spring forward with his drawn sword, shouting a popular hymn. A few courageous fellows pressed on behind him; while others, as if petrified by a panic terror, stood rivetted to the spot, expecting to be instantly surrounded and cut to pieces. In a few minutes the French had overthrown

every obstacle, and had advanced as far as the log barricade at the gate, a few paces distant from Villa Spada. At this sight, our corps, regaining courage, opened their fire; the barricade was alternately lost and regained amidst shouts, blows, the roar of cannons, the bursting of bombs, and the crashing of roofs and sheds, the air itself being filled with such a deafening uproar as can scarcely be conceived by the wildest imagination. Morisini's post was one of the first to be surrounded. No sooner did the shouts of the enemy reach his ear, than this intrepid youth rushed singly forward to reconnoitre: at the same instant he was surrounded, and attacked so suddenly as to render all aid hopeless. He defended himself for a few minutes with his sword, and then with pistols, animating his men by his gestures, until, struck by a ball in the stomach, and at the same time receiving a thrust from a bayonet, he fell, and the enemy pressed forwards. This little band of riflemen, after a desperate resistance, attacked from behind, at the flanks, surrounded, decimated, at last threw down their arms. Four of them had, however, previously contrived to take up the fallen Morisini, who was universally beloved by his men, and, having placed him on a litter, and availing themselves of the general confusion, made their way towards Villa Spada. But this was already surrounded,

and they consequently fell in with the French, who shouted from a distance "*Qui vive?*" "Prisoners," replied Morisini in a feeble voice. The enemy, suspecting some *ruse*, rushed forward with their bayonets levelled.

One of the soldiers who had carried Morisini relates that, finding themselves again surrounded, and their lives threatened, rendered ferocious by the combat, they laid down the litter, and attempted to cut their way through the ranks of their opponents; and that then, strange to say, the poor lad was seen to rise, and stand erect on his bloody couch, grasping the sword which had lain at his side. He continued to defend his already ebbing life, until, struck a second time in the body, he fell once more. Moved by the sight of so much courage, and such misfortunes, the French conveyed him to their hospital in the trenches.

The accounts given of his death were many and various. I could only gather with certainty that he continued to live for thirty hours, resigned, praying, speaking of his family, and forcing tears from the bystanders, who crowded round gazing on him with silent wonder. On the morning of the 1st of July he expired calmly, and without suffering.

Here let me pause for a moment, while I dwell on

the memory of this incomparable youth, admired, respected, and tenderly loved by all who knew him, and whose cruel fate has left an irreparable void in so many hearts. Not yet eighteen years of age, his attractive, his angelic goodness had rendered him the model and the wonder of the whole battalion. Though he was the most youthful of us all, we almost looked on him as our mentor, and were used to call him our guardian angel. So great was the unsullied purity of his conduct, and the unswerving rectitude of his principles, which he sought, with an energy often wanting even in persons themselves most excellent, to instil and to maintain uncontaminated in those who were his friends! It was indeed a touching sight to behold him under the enemy's fire, erect wherever dangers were thickest, and whilst his lips moved in low-breathed and submissive prayers, commanding his soldiers with the coolness of a veteran captain. But alas! he is henceforth numbered with the dead; yet shall his name and memory long survive in the sorrowful hearts not only of his parents, his sisters, his relations and friends, but of all who had, but to know him, to proclaim him a model of angelic gentleness, of courage, of talent, and of virtue!

After the different breaches had been taken, the fighting became general at all points. The French

occupied all the bastions, as well as our roads and barricades; they had taken almost all our cannon, the greater part of which, however, had been spiked by our gunners: many of these men were seen still clasping their pieces in their death struggles, scarcely a gun being taken till the last of its defenders had fallen.

The day dawned, and with it the courage of our men revived: mustering their forces, they attempted with their usual daring to repel the advancing enemy, who were breaking in on all sides; but all order was at an end, and each moment swelled the French ranks. Our riflemen collected at Villa Savorelli, and Garibaldi's troops stationed themselves among the vineyards, and along the road. The word of command was at length given, and all rushed forwards with a last impetus of courage, whilst the French were driven back at all points by this desperate effort of their already vanquished opponents. Meanwhile the enemy's cannon roared without intermission; our ruined batteries without artillerymen (for they were lying dead in heaps round their pieces) could not return the fire; and the ground was strewed with our soldiers, for the most part mortally wounded. Villa Spada was surrounded: we shut ourselves into the house, barricading the doors, and defending ourselves from the windows.

The cannon balls fell thickly, spreading devastation and death; the balls of the Vincennes chasseurs hissed with unerring aim through the shattered windows. It is maddening to fight within the limits of a house, when a cannon ball may rebound from every wall, and where, if not thus struck, you may be crushed under the shattered masonry; where the air, impregnated with smoke and gunpowder, brings the groans of the wounded more distinctly on the ear, and where the feet slip along the bloody pavement, while the whole fabric reels and totters under the redoubling shocks of the cannonade. The defence had already lasted two hours. Manara passed continually from one room to another, seeking to reanimate the combatants by his presence and words. I followed him, distracted by anxiety, having had no news from Morisini: a ball rebounding from the wall, wounded my right arm. Perdio! exclaimed Manara, who was standing at my side, "Are you always the one to be struck? Am I to take nothing away from Rome?"

A few minutes afterwards he was standing at an open window, looking through his telescope at some of the enemy who were in the act of planting a cannon, when a shot from a carabine passed through his body. "I am a dead man," he said, falling: "I

commend my children to you." The surgeon hastened to his assistance. I looked inquiringly into his countenance, and seeing him turn pale, lost all hope. He was laid on a hand-barrow, and, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the firing, we passed through a broken-down window, into the open country. Manara, letting his hand fall into mine, kept saying to me, "Do not abandon me, stay with me;" and I followed him with a bleeding heart. My duty as a soldier was now accomplished: the most painful office of a friend was all that remained for me to do. After many windings and turnings we reached the ambulance of Sa. Maria della Scala, where a hundred of the most severely wounded had been already placed, it being impossible to have them conveyed to a greater distance. The moment we arrived, Manara desired me to send for his Milanese friend, Dr. Agostino Bertani. In the meanwhile all the surgeons were preparing to do what they could for him; but he continued saying "Let me die in peace, do not move me." In consequence of having been assured by the medical men that he had but a few hours to live, I bent down to his ear, and said, "Think of your Lord and Saviour." "Oh I think of him, and much," he replied. I then beckoned to a Capucine monk to come near, who, after having received the

signs of the dying man's contrition, imparted to him absolution. Manara then wished to be supported by the Viaticum, and I anxiously endeavoured to prepare him as well as I could for his great change. A feeling of soothing consolation penetrated my mind in seeing the truly Christian spirit in which my most beloved and suffering friend encountered death. After having partaken of the Sacrament, he did not speak for a considerable time. His first words were to commend his sons again to my care. "Bring them up," said he, "in the love of religion, and of their country." He begged me to carry his remains into Lombardy, together with those of my brother. Perceiving that I wept, he said, "Does it indeed pain you so much that I die?" and, seeing that my suffocating sobs prevented my replying, he added, in an under tone, but with the holiest expression of resignation, "It grieves me also....." He called to his side the soldier who had been one of his orderlies, and begged his pardon if he had sometimes vexed him, "*se l' aveva alcune volte fatto impazzire.*" He then asked again if there were no news of Morisini, expressing a desire to have him near him. I knew already from vague reports that he was a prisoner, and had consoled myself on this account, believing him to be out of danger; but,

aware how much Manara was attached to him, I had not ventured to tell him this, fearing that the intelligence might re-awaken his anxiety. A short time before he died he took off a ring which he valued greatly, placed it himself on my finger, and then, drawing me close to him, said "I will embrace your brother in your stead." *Saluterò tuo fratello per te, n' è vero?*

When Bertani arrived, Manara was scarcely able to speak: only on feeling himself moved in order to have his wounds dressed, he raised himself up a little, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed, "Oh, Bertani, let me die quickly! I suffer too much." This was the only complaint which ever escaped from his lips. In the convulsions of his last agony, when he began to cling, in that last death struggle, to those who stood round him, I grew faint, and was removed to a distance lest my loud sobs should increase the sufferings of the dying man. When I recovered my senses, I returned to his bedside: he was already motionless and cold: his heart still beat slowly. Little by little the warmth of life ceased entirely, and the soul of that young hero fled to heaven to rejoin the friends who had fallen before him and with him! . . . For fifteen months we had shared each other's dangers, joys, and hopes: there had been no concealments, no jealousies, between us. Drawn together by natural

sympathy of character, that sympathy had been soon changed into a brotherly affection. I lost more than a friend in losing Manara. Oh! what did I not suffer in pressing to my heart those cold remains, so beautiful still in their paleness: one thought alone seemed then to sustain me. Morisini at least, as we all believed, was safe!

Meanwhile the fighting was fiercely continued: our men, headed by Garibaldi, charged for the last time with the bayonet, and drove the French back behind the second line. This final effort exhausted all the remaining force of our poor soldiers. A report began to prevail of the municipal authorities having sent to the camp to capitulate, and the firing gradually ceased. Night drew on, silent and gloomy. Almost all our posts were abandoned; the numbers of our dead and wounded were fearfully great; yet the courage of the survivors was still admirable; but it was easy to foresee that Rome was lost with the loss of that day's battle. The French occupied all the bastions and the *Vascello*, and had pushed forward as far as S. Pietro in Montorio.

Who shall, however, say, that the 30th of June, though ending so fatally for us, had been inglorious for Italian arms: although too many precious lives had been sacrificed in that fruitless combat. The

three days which preceded the entry of the French into Rome offered the melancholy spectacle usually presented by a city on the eve of surrender. On the 1st of July, the Constituent Assembly decreed *that the defence which had become impossible should be relinquished.* The Triumvirate resigned; another government was chosen in its stead. The ministry sent in their resignation and the municipality undertook to negociate with the enemy. The Assembly continued its sittings without interruption, declaring that force alone should dissolve it. In the meanwhile it decreed that the Triumvirate had merited the thanks of the country, bestowed the rights of Roman citizenship on all who had borne arms in defence of the republic, and authorized the Minister of Finance to provide for the most necessitous. While these things were going on, however, the populace were restless and tumultuous: they fortified afresh many parts of the city, and even erected barricades, and attempted to reorganise troops.

The most strange and appalling reports, too, circulated through the city: there was no certain news from the camp, and a fresh attack was apprehended. General Oudinot demanded the surrender of all the Frenchmen who had fought against their countrymen; the Roman government refused to degrade

itself by selling those to whom it had afforded employment, protection, and citizenship. While the negociations were being protracted the agitation and excitement of the population was hourly increasing.

On the morning of the 1st of July, a soldier who had escaped from the breach told me that when Morisini was taken prisoner he was already dangerously wounded. Though tormented by my own wound, which, without being dangerous, caused much suffering, I hurried to the Triumvirate, from thence to the Ministry, and then to the Town Hall, to ask for a permission to go out of the city. After three hours of fruitless journeys backwards and forwards, I succeeded in obtaining it, and went off to the French camp, without, however, being provided with a safe conduct. On being arrested at the outposts, I contrived to describe the cause of my anxiety, and the officer, moved by a kindly feeling, allowed me to enter the camp. I was conducted to one of the camp hospitals, and asked the first surgeon I met after a young Lombard officer who had been wounded in the defence of the breach. I received for answer, He is dead! . . . . . He was my third, my last remaining friend, the one for whose safety I trembled the most; and, whilst his death was not only most distressing to me personally, it was an irreparable calamity to his family, of whom he was

the idol and the only son. I thought of his mother, and of his relations; I thought of myself left alone in the world; nor could I even weep, surrounded as I was by crowds of soldiers who stared at me with a sort of hostile curiosity. I entreated that his body at least might be given me, in order that I might convey it to his family. The surgeon replied that it had already been removed to a burial ground at two miles' distance. At my urgent request, he sent off instantly to countermand the interment. Meanwhile I was obliged to wait, and, while devoured by heart-rending anguish, was forced to dispute about politics with the officers, who showed themselves completely in the dark as to all that concerned us, asking me why we had not acceded to the terms offered by Lesseps, and what we had done after the victory which had been obtained over us by the Neapolitan army. More than an hour had already passed in this way when a Captain Adjutant Major came in: he was excessively surprised at seeing an enemy's officer without a safe conduct in the camp. He ordered the officers who had received me to be arrested, and sent me instantly back beyond the line of outposts without listening to a word of explanation. I was compelled to return to the city, and be the bearer of melancholy tidings to our anxious friends. I wrote to the head officer of the French staff, ask-

ing to be allowed to enter the camp in order to remove the body of my deceased friend. I received the order to do so on the morning of the 2d. While on my way I fell in with Manara's funeral procession. It was a sight which struck me to the very heart: the two battalions of 900 men now reduced to 400, marched in front, without officers, sad, spiritless, and haggard. I saw passing before me ten or twelve soldiers, the last remnant of my brother's company without a captain, — without even a lieutenant: all my friends had died in the hospitals, or were prisoners. A Roman military band followed the soldiers; then the bier, covered with a blood-stained tunic; then a hundred wounded soldiers, who had dragged themselves painfully from their beds to pay a last tribute of respect to their poor Colonel. The aspect of the vanquished city, which, before admitting its conquerors, presided mournfully at the obsequies of one of its noblest defenders,—the thought of that gallant young man who had fallen on the very last day of the defence, at the age of twenty-four years, leaving behind him three infant children, and all the bright hopes which seemed still in reserve for him, accompanied to the tomb by his fellow soldiers who had lost in him their last stay, — the wounded men, — the flowers strewed along the whole

length of the road,—the pressure of public calamities added to the weight of private sorrow; filled up the measure of my grief, and lacerating a spirit already weighed down by suffering almost deprived me of reason. The sad procession entered the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, where sumptuous funeral rites were celebrated, and Padre Ugo Bassi* pronounced a funeral oration over the body. It was one of those scenes which leave their impression on a whole life, and cannot be recalled without a thrill of horror. Not yet recovered from this shock, I had to return to the camp. At the outposts they bandaged my eyes, and then made me walk under the scorching rays of the sun, for upwards of two hours. When they stopped, I opened my eyes on a newly made grave, — Morisini was already buried. I had to be present at the dishumation, to follow with my eye each stroke of the spade which seemed to re-echo on my heart, and then to see that angelic countenance, begrimed with blood and earth, lifted out of the grave, and carried before me on a bier into the city. Oh! this was the last, the most tremendous refinement of suffering to which I had been reserved; in enduring this, I seemed to have fulfilled

* The same *padre* who was afterwards shot by the Austrians with revolting additional marks of obloquy and cruelty.

my task to the uttermost, — and in the delirium of anguish, cursing my very existence, I asked what remained for me to do here below.

While these events were occurring, the uncertainty and confusion of the city had become still greater; many of the populace (*popolani*) circulated through the streets in large bands, demanding with sinister vociferations that the war should be continued. The greater part, however, of the inhabitants were preparing in disdainful silence to bow their necks once more beneath the old yoke. But not a barricade was demolished, not a watch house of the national guard was deserted, not a magistrate abandoned his post. Deputations to and fro from the camp followed each other in rapid succession. Still nothing was concluded. At last, as if by some sudden decision, the gates of the city were flung wide open, the troops were consigned to their quarters, and a message was sent by the Assembly to that army which had at first presented itself as a liberator, announcing that, yielding to force, Rome resisted no longer, and that the French might accomplish their ill-augured mandate. That same morning Garibaldi having mustered his troops and volunteers in the great square of St. Peter's, invited all to follow him who did not choose to lay down their arms, declaring that his intention was to throw himself

into the mountainous districts, where, however, he could promise nothing, except hunger, thirst, perils, and fighting. Four thousand men answered to this call, and to the amazement of the more prudent, who could not conceive what Garibaldi could hope to accomplish with a handful of dispirited soldiers against four armies, he marched out at the St. John of Lateran Gate, and took the road towards Tivoli. The end of this adventurous expedition is but too well known, and unfortuately it does not form the only dreary episode of a most melancholy history.

On the 3rd of July, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the French army made its entry into the conquered city. All the streets were deserted, every door and gateway was closed, a death-like silence reigned everywhere. On arriving opposite to the Piazza del Popolo, the French regiments who had perhaps expected to be greeted by the acclamations and festive welcomes of a people *restored to liberty*, suddenly drew up, petrified by the aspect of the city, which seemed so threatening in its sullen silence. Orders were given to put the caps on the nipples of the firelocks, and 12,000 men, preceded by a powerful vanguard, marched into Rome with quickened pace and fixed bayonets. At the same moment, the constitution of the Roman republic was pro-

claimed with pomp at the Capitol, in presence of the whole Assembly and a vast concourse of the population. But the Assembly which made a show of Spartan pride in rejecting all proposals of accommodation, and who, in imitation of the senators of ancient times, resolved to await in their chairs the decision of their fallen country's destinies, would have done better had they not forgotten what they owed to that country's defenders, who were left to the mercy of the conqueror. No measures whatever had been taken to secure their safety. Some regard was especially due to the survivors of the Lombard legion, against whom every part of Italy was now closed, and who began anxiously to enquire what fate was reserved for them. Manara, who had constantly protected their rights with unwearying energy, was no more; others, on whom this noble duty now devolved, had either little influence, or were too much engrossed in securing their personal interests to think of contending for others. A considerable sum of money had been allotted by Government for furnishing subsidies to the officers and men; another sum ought to have been found in the cash boxes of the regiments: both the one and the other had almost entirely disappeared, leaving, in consequence, these ill-fated exiles destitute of every re-

source. Certain individuals were pointed out to the indignation of these injured men. I avoid repeating their names, because I have no right to accuse any one without the certainty of being able to substantiate my charge; but I still hope that the day will come when such dishonourable actions will incur the just penalty of the law, as well as the universal detestation which they merit.

Every other resource having failed, a letter said to have been written to Manara by General Oudinot, holding out some fair promises as to the general welfare of the corps, was resorted to as a sort of forlorn hope. I have only lately come into possession of this letter, which was not forthcoming at the time; and I make a point of transcribing it here, as a document which does honour to my late friend, and which shows the generous interest felt by the Marquis of Azeglio in the fate of those who fought honourably in a cause which certainly was not his. The letter is in the General's handwriting, and is as follows:—

"Sir,

"The Marquis d'Azeglio, who appears to take the warmest interest in you, has called my attention to the situation into which the chances of war may have

brought you. I should, Sir, be only acting in conformity with the well known instincts of the French nation, in receiving with courtesy a brave soldier, whatever may have been the circumstances which bring him into contact with our army. I am therefore perfectly disposed to take into serious consideration the recommendation of the Marquis d'Azeglio.

"Possibly absence from your country may have diminished your pecuniary resources. If such be the case, I would beg you to acquaint me with your wishes; I should lose no time in complying with them, and deem myself fortunate in being able to serve you.

"Receive, Sir, the assurances of my particular esteem.

"The General in Chief,

"OUDINOT DI REGGIO.

"From Head Quarters, 2d July, 1849."

On the 4th of July, the Rifle Brigade was disbanded at the same time with the other corps. These unhappy exiles, driven out of Rome, condemned to beg their bread in the streets of Civita Vecchia, were driven by despair either to enrol themselves in an African regiment, or to give themselves up to the

Austrians, their only choice lying between the first proposal and flogging, starvation and dishonour.

Such then was the fate of the Lombard rifle brigade,—a corps which was a model of discipline and of courageous endurance in misfortune, which had acquired the esteem of all with whom it had been in contact, and the respect of the enemy, both during the conflict and afterwards. Thus was it left, after so many perils and hardships, in such infamous neglect, that the survivors were often heard to envy those who, by an honourable death on the battle field, had escaped the still more cruel alternative of being scattered as miserable wanderers over the face of the earth!

And does the kind and sympathising reader inquire concerning him who has undertaken to record in these pages the sad misfortunes and many virtues of those his companions, his brethren in arms?

Having performed the last melancholy duties of a soldier and a friend, alone and weeping, I left that city, which we had all entered but two months before with glowing expectations, amidst shouts of applause.

Not being allowed to land at Genoa, I disembarked at Marseilles, and at length found my way back to my still bleeding country, and saw again the families

of my deceased comrades. My only support in the cheerless life which remains to me being henceforth derived from the firm persuasion that God will not suffer so much blood to have been shed, so many existences to have been ruined, in vain; but that in answer to the prayers of those martyrs who are above, He will at length confer on our beloved Italy that sound sense, dignity, and spirit of union, — indispensable requisites, without which it were vain to hope for brighter days, or better fortunes for ourselves or our descendants.

APPENDIX.

LETTER

ADDRESSED TO THE TRANSLATOR OF EMILIO DANDOLO'S ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS.

A NUMBER of publications have already appeared, relative to the wars and revolutions of Italy in the years 1848 and 1849, some being of a merely military character, others historical, but all more or less representing various shades of political opinions, and containing passionate appeals to popular feelings,—at one time holding out the most exaggerated and ill-grounded hopes, at another directing the public mind into the narrow and tortuous channels of party spirit and personal animosity. As might be expected, such extravagancies on the part of the Italian press have formed a frequent ground of reproach, and sensible men in our own and other countries have often expressed themselves severely, and perhaps justly, on the subject. But surely some excuse may be found for these errors in the feverish excitement of the public mind, in the long and painful compression under which all reference to the national feeling had been smothered, and in the suddenness with which that pressure had been removed; and this, too, at a time when unheard of events seemed to turn the heads of all Europe, menacing the

existence of the oldest empires, baffling the foresight of the ablest statesmen, and we might almost say, justifying, the boundless expectations of an ardent, imaginative people, who hailed with rapture their apparently easy and rapid liberation from a foreign yoke. While, however, we deplore the excesses which had no small influence in precipitating the ruin of the Italian cause, we are far from passing a sweeping censure on all the publications which have been called forth by the stirring events of our times, many of which, alike exempt from the contagion of party spirit and from illusions founded on impracticable theories, are at once moderate and intelligent*; nor do we know a fairer specimen of these than the unpretending narrative of Signor Dandolo,—the work of an open hearted, honest soldier, eminently free from prejudice or conceit, and as candid in judging of others, as he is self-denying, and patriotic.

It is only fair to our Author to bear in mind, that his book does not pretend to be a history of the campaign of Italy, but simply of the Italian Volunteers; that is, of the adventures of an individual, and of others resembling him; whilst at the same time it may much enhance the interest we feel for both him and his comrades in arms, if we view them as what they really were, no bad representatives of one of the chief elementary principles of this Italian war, being in fact that which Signor Dandolo so briefly but so

* Several works of this nature are in course of publication, among which I would mention that of Signor Fasini, and another, somewhat more voluminous, by Gualterio. This last resumes the history of events from a still earlier period, and is anxiously looked for by the Italian public.

graphically describes them to be, in those few words, "The volunteer corps comprised the best and the worst part of the nation." For the Italian movement was essentially national. It had been long preparing; it was the following up of an idea innate in the country,—one of those master-thoughts which contain every thing within themselves. And this movement was moreover a popular one; and by the word "people," in Italy, something is to be understood differing widely from its signification as applied to other nations.

We are far from wishing to pander to the foolish and often hurtful pride of the Italians; but whether it be that some germs and vestiges of the civilisation of antiquity are still inherent in the innermost fibres of this people, from whom that civilisation originally emanated, or from other causes, which cannot be here discussed, certain it is, that two concurrent and almost identical facts appear to be verified in Italy: first, that here the term *people*, according to the noblest acceptation of the word, has a wider application than in other countries, and that we must go lower down than elsewhere before we meet with that class commonly designated as *plebeian* or *proletarian*,—that portion, in short, of society, which politicians have agreed to consider as passive or brute, because wanting in those conventional ideas which constitute the more artificial civilisation of the higher grades of society in other countries. Now in Italy, one scarcely knows where to look for, or to find, this brute part of the population, for here the lower orders are often superior in the moral scale to those who rank above them. Then the

second fact, which is derived from the first, is this; that in Italy the classes of society are far less distinct and separate than elsewhere, so that, when once they are brought into contact, or unite for the accomplishment of any object, they instantly find themselves to be less different, and less uncongenial than might be anticipated from their disparity of condition; and they understand each other, even when they do not agree, because the ideas of all are expressed in one common language, and because there is no great disparity of intelligence between them. Thus it was with the early volunteers of 1848. They all flocked together in one great universal movement; they were impelled by a single idea, in comparison of which individual feelings, and interests, and provincial prejudices themselves, — which in Italy are the most powerful of all, — were, for the time at least, counted as nothing. True it is that the volunteer corps did not, as indeed it could not, exercise a decided influence on the issue of the war; but this inefficiency must be admitted with regard to all bodies of the same class and character in the presence of powerful standing armies; and those young men, without any previous training, collected from various states, of distinct character, and almost all of them of essentially pacific habits, could not but prove indifferent troops, and at any rate quite incapable of turning the scale of war. Nevertheless something, and that not a little, was accomplished by them, and whoever considers them as individuals, or acquaints himself with some of their combined achievements, will assuredly find much to applaud. The pacific Tuscans went from the quiet shades

of the Cascine straight to the walls of Mantua, where they faced the enemy's cannon, and not a few of them sacrificed their lives for the common cause. In the Lombardo-Venetian provinces the war was sustained by Venetians, although they were considered peculiarly averse to martial habits; by Romans; by Neapolitans, who counted among their numbers the illustrious Alexander Poerio, and by Sicilians, who had so much besides to fight for at home. The Lombard Volunteers, who were the most numerous of all, and who it appeared would have to form the nerve of the war, could not do as much as they desired to do in Lombardy, because their union or incorporation with the Piedmontese had not been effected with sufficient forethought, and still more because they had to contend with the tremendous fortifications, and all the forces and skill of Radetzky. It should, however, be always recollected that these same volunteers nobly showed, in the almost miraculous liberation of Milan, the signal for beginning the war; and again they equally distinguished themselves within the walls of Brescia, bombarded by Haynau *, when the war was ended. Something, too, these volunteers did, in the petty and ill augured "war of the Alps;" and last of all, we find them at Rome, whither they, with other bands of similar character with themselves, resorted as to a general rendezvous held in the "universal city."

The defence of Rome, without vainly exaggerating its importance, was not altogether despicable, even in a military point of view; as to the principle which ani-

* See Appendix, Brescia. Note D.

mated that defence, it had in itself a signification, obscured, it may be, by passion and party spirit, and which was often falsely judged by those who were wearied and disgusted by the errors committed in its name, but which remains to every thinking mind as a solemn word addressed to futurity by one of the most extraordinary revolutions in ancient or modern times. For even in the last moments of its existence, however deteriorated and lost to all hope, the Italian movement presented the same character which it had borne at its commencement; — in all essential features it was still the same. Nor is the cause of any apparent change difficult to be accounted for. That which had made it degenerate from its primitive beauty, was the spirit of party. The English nation may thank God that political sects or parties, as we understand them, cannot take root among them in the same manner as they have done among us. This is one of the many benefits they derive from their ancient and gradually developed liberty. They have, and may continue to have, political factions, and religious sects (which are altogether different from ours, though the name be similar), they may see the low and brutal mob carried away by the influence of turbulent demagogues, and various, though brief, disorders may ensue; but the great mass of society is not disturbed, because the enlightened portion of it, strong in the spirit of combination and sympathy, can continue its separate course, and remain still unmoved by the turmoil and agitation around it. But it is not so in Italy: here, for reasons already stated, it is more difficult to allow freedom of action to the lower orders;

whilst on the other hand, that part of society, which ought the least to do so, abandons itself with the greatest facility to hallucinations of the imagination, and to delusive promises. Inexperience, and an ardent fancy (as we have already said), are the causes to which these facts may be traced. But, to add to the effect of qualities inherent, it may be supposed, in the national character, another cause of error presents itself, in the difficulty, which but too really exists, in coming to some united and definite understanding as to the best means of reorganising Italy, were the country once free; the only suitable and reasonable way of accomplishing this end being rendered impracticable by the actual state of Europe, and therefore scarcely retaining a place in the minds of Italian politicians, who have accustomed themselves to run after theoretical ideas borrowed from other countries. And hence it comes to pass that these leaders of public opinion, having no confidence in their own governments, and considering them as diametrically opposed to the national welfare, find themselves without any solid foundation to rest on, and are disposed to embrace the most inconsistent and revolutionary ideas; and whilst some, more daring than the rest, take a course contrary to that of the multitude, and are enabled through their individual talents, earnestness, and enthusiasm, to draw after them a number of devoted followers, but little progress is made in promoting the cause they have in hand: for bringing into the field empty ideas and vain names, their efforts cannot but end in disappointment; and the nation itself, accustomed to see similarly high-sounding preten-

sions again and again followed by similar results, cease to trust any longer in themselves, or in those who should guide them, and remain without really doing anything, simply because they have no clear notion of what they ought to do.

Such, then, has been the case in Italy,—such the consequences of the sectarian spirit which prevails throughout Europe. While, therefore, we are far from wishing to censure, or stupidly to deny, the progressive movement of the age, we must confess that there is something in it which we fear, — something which we deem to be essentially false, and consequently in direct opposition to all that is right. And when certain leaders of the movement either really are, or affect to be, imbued with doctrines which reason and experience have proved to be erroneous, neither truth, nor any other advantage can, in our opinion, result from the influence of such persons over a credulous and ignorant crowd.

Such a leader is Mazzini, nor do we know any other so sincere as himself. He believes in his own *idea* of justice, and freedom; he believes in it so entirely as to have taught himself neither to perceive, nor to seek for any thing out of it. He does not see that it is pride which maintains this idea in his mind, because, whilst he himself is almost without any admixture of inferior desires or personal affections, he deems himself specially called and marked out for that part in this world's drama which he has taken upon himself to play. Without scruple therefore, as without regret, he is at all times ready to sacrifice not only men and things to this one dominant

feeling in his mind, but the present with all that it comprehends; and, for the sake of the idea which thus absorbs him, he — who would not otherwise be devoid of a certain simplicity of mind commonly designated as goodness — surrounds himself, and that knowingly, with men of no good principle, and sanctions the most unjustifiable acts by allowing them to be done in his name. As to that apparent hesitation on his part to face in his own person those dangers to which he so recklessly exposes his adherents, we believe it to proceed from an overweening conceit of his individual importance to the cause to which he has devoted his energies, rather than from any want of physical or moral bravery.

"*Dio* e il *Popolo*," are the two greatest names in heaven and earth. But Mazzini knows not what the true people is, having always lived with and among his *own*, and caring nothing for the rest of the world, whom he regards as a mere herd, which he can guide according to his will. In his own way, he is most aristocratic, and despotic, and is perfectly capable of commanding or setting in movement a political *sect* or party, by means of secret correspondence; but in our opinion he is utterly inadequate to forming any thing like a government, or any regular administration whatever. In Rome, as Triumvir, he was often derided; as such it cannot be denied, however, that he did much to rouse the masses of the population; yet this was always done by covert and indirect means, as if he were exercising a craft, never carrying men along with him by the tide of eloquence or passion. As the *people* is far from understanding him,

so is he from understanding the people. He is is but little of an Italian by nature, still less so by habit, having always lived out of Italy, and knowing it only through the medium of his fanciful doctrinarianism; for having constantly associated with emigrants, and with different parties and nations, he gathered such news of Italy only as could be obtained from lying intriguers, or from exiles labouring under perpetual illusions. Moreover, Mazzini could not be really popular, because he is not a Christian*, either in the Italian or English sense of the word; religious he would naturally be, even to the verge of mysticism, but at the bottom of his religion there is the incredulity of revolutionists, who, like himself, have drunk deep at the poisoned sources of the last century. Consequently *Dio e il Popolo* in his mouth, and at the head of his proclamations, either means nothing, or it means only—God, and *we the undersigned*. . . .

Signor Dandolo is not a Mazzinian; but from his book, it is easy to perceive how the Mazzinian *idea*, and those causes which, we have already said, produced and fomented that idea, were interwoven with the thoughts and actions of the volunteers, so as to render them frequently useless, if not prejudicial to the cause they intended to serve. This false principle created confusion in the minds of the well disposed, fostered the aberrations of the weak-minded, and forwarded the plans of the designing, who mixed themselves up in this, as they are wont to do in every revolution.

Signor Dandolo, and others with him, went forward

* See Appendix, Mazzini. Note E.

with Italy in their hearts, as to the fulfilment of a sacred duty; they began with the first war-shout in Milan, nor did they lay aside their arms till after the surrender of Rome, when there was no place in Italy where her battles could be fought, excepting Venice, already at the last extremity, and inaccessible to succour. His whole narrative, from the beginning to the end, breathes this oneness of thought. He writes naturally, like a youth who does not pretend to be a politician; he neither philosophises nor argues; but the difficulties attendant on such heterogeneous bands, and the want of some practical idea, of some guide to direct them to a definite end, appear plainly enough in the few and simple expressions scattered throughout his pages.

The narrative is almost exclusively military, but, for the intelligent reader it may prove more instructive than many laboured dissertations. After landing at Rome, when invited at their first review to cry *Viva la Republica*, the volunteers were silent, and their commander, in order not to damp their ardour or to offend the multitude who were present, gave the word, *Viva l'Italia*. In this single fact there is a whole history, which, had it been rightly understood, might even then have resulted in the salvation of our common country; but the great leaders of the people either would not, or could not, comprehend its import.

We are not theoretically averse to the republican form of government; but the name of republic as then employed was no other than that of a negative and destructive principle, which mixed itself up with the question of inde-

pendence, as if that alone had not been sufficient to absorb every other: besides, the Mazzinian government was neither a republic nor any thing else, and had brought itself into universal discredit? In the silence, therefore, of the volunteers, there was displayed that popular good sense which agitators frequently affect to pass over, but which sooner or later puts down those very agitators themselves.

There is something further to be learnt from Signor Dandolo's book; he and several of his companions whom he saw expire at his side were Christians not merely in name but in the genuine feelings of their hearts and minds. This also is a fact of great importance, although few may appreciate it at its full value, and one which ought to be reckoned as of no small weight in the balance of politics. Incredible as it may be to Mazzini and to his enthusiastic admirers, and disbelieved, too, by those who look upon the volunteers as possessed by some evil spirit, these youthful friends of our Author died invoking the name of the true God of Christians, and asking for the assistance of the ministers of religion. If it be well for all to meet death in this manner, surely still more must it be so for him who dies with his hand on his sword, — a weapon which is indeed accursed, if it be not consecrated by the cause in which it is employed. It is our firm belief, that the war of the people, such as Mazzini dreams of, can never take place unless the priest is in the battle field, and rears the banner of the cross above the tumult of the fight.

The first battle in which Signor Dandolo was engaged subsequent to the events of Milan, was that of Castel-

nuovo. There the audacity and improvidence, the devoted self-sacrifice, and the absence of all military art and discipline, the extremes of good and evil mingled together in these bands, in short, all the qualities inherent in troops of the kind, appeared at once in all their extent, producing as usual first of all successes, and afterwards disasters greater than those which are incidental to regular soldiers.

The Manara column, in which our Author served as adjutant, was ordered from the Lake of Garda to join, the somewhat pompously called "Army of the Alps." This expedition was urged forward with that rash confidence which was so fatal to Italy, and which even the magic of early successes, the unprecedented strangeness of the events which were then taking place in Europe and the almost super-human ideas which they suggested, were not sufficient to justify. Both in a strategic and national point of view, the expedition of the Alps was undoubtedly advisable, with the view of closing the road of the Tyrol against the passage of Radetzky's reinforcements, and of liberating, if possible, the valleys of the Alps, and the really Italian province of Trent. But then it should have been conducted in a manner and with means suitable to its importance ; whereas, these hastily collected riflemen were altogether insufficient for the object proposed, nor could the inhabitants of open plains and cities be expected to cope with the Tyrolese Jägers, accustomed as these were to live with their guns in their hands, and to scale the mountains with the agility of chamois.

The expedition then was, as might have been anticipated from the very first, altogether fruitless. The Manara column, and other free corps, stationed on the top of Monte Suelo, remained inactive during the whole time of the war; and only served to call forth the historical science of the Frankfort Assembly, and to rouse the passions of Germany, which, from the days of Arminius down to the present hour, has never ceased to view Italy as subject to its victorious arms.

Accordingly, this expedition was pointed out as a serious outrage, and as reprehensible temerity in the harangues of the professor-deputies of Frankfort, whilst it was reechoed in the notes of all the diplomatists, who were already sufficiently disposed to give sentence against Italy.

The column did not abandon the Alps, until the rout of the Italian army had begun, and then with much difficulty it found its way back to Piedmont. A regiment of regular troops might (as our Author observes) have sustained this mountain war, but it cannot be affirmed that it could have gone as far as Trent, where Austria stood already on the defensive; besides, the Piedmontese forces, which, at the opening of the campaign, scarcely amounted to 30,000 men, were not sufficient to admit of extending their line of action across the Alps. The Piedmontese generals were also averse to the mixture of Lombard volunteers with their soldiers, fearing the example which they might offer of a want of discipline, and even, perhaps, of something worse; for it cannot be denied that there were certain ideas afloat among them, which would have rendered their aggregation either difficult or una-

vailing. The battalions being, therefore, left to act separately, as if they had been composed of old soldiers, were collected by slow degrees, arrived late on the field, and were but useless spectators of the defeat, which was rendered more terrible by their desperation and rage.

From the very beginning then, a most grievous error was committed, which was the first and principal cause of all the subsequent misfortunes: this error consisted in not only permitting, but encouraging, the idea of Lombardy and Piedmont being two distinct countries, (as if the Italian provinces were not too naturally disposed to hold themselves apart,) so that, at last, the *fusion* became all but impossible, and was not only inopportune but ineffectual. This error of Charles Albert, had in it a mixture (like his whole nature, which was a singular compound) of a certain poetical and dreamy deference to the supposed will of the majority, a ruling idea in those days, and of a sort of knight-errantry which distinguished the king as a soldier, contrasted with, and sometimes opposed by, the traditional circumspection of Piedmontese politics. Charles Albert ought to have marched unhesitatingly to Milan, and in place of decreeing the Union, have effected it at once, as an affair which admitted of no doubt; and, instead of allowing the Lombard recruits to co-operate with his army in detached battalions, he should at once have enlisted them among the ranks of his soldiers, subjecting them to the same discipline, and to the same generals. Signor Dandolo himself, with his natural good sense and genuine candour, wishes there had been more Piedmontese regiments, and fewer Lombard battalions:

for the latter, by being kept apart, not only retained and fostered the vices inherent in these promiscuous bands, but encouraged still more those wild theories, that pride and animosity which, early disseminated among them by the partisans of Mazzini, had been too effectually fomented by the provincial and municipal prejudices peculiar to Italy.

Scarcely had the Piedmontese set their foot in Lombardy, when certain individuals in Milan began to vociferate that the barbarians who had been driven out were about to be replaced by other worse barbarians, "and this," as our Author justly observes, "was the cry of those whose political creed was '*Italia una!*'" Here was the root of evil, here was the cause of ruin. The Mazzinians were opposed to the partial incorporation of one province with another, and still more if effected under the sceptre of a king; the spirit of provincialism and other inherent obstacles rendered such a union difficult, unless carried out with all the arts of prudence, united with the ability of seizing the opportunities presented by the necessities of the moment. Charles Albert hesitated, seduced, perhaps, by the Mazzinian phantom of unity which he may have hoped to turn to his own advantage; the Piedmontese politicians, brought suddenly beyond their usual sphere of action into a more daring field, found themselves bewildered, and feared that Milan might weigh down Turin. All the Italians gave themselves up to the pursuit of fanciful ideas, and of a golden future, rather than cool their enthusiasm by the sobering consideration of those difficulties which were possibly in re-

serve for them, — or prepare to meet them by sacrificing their passions or their fancies to the truth, and to the well-being of all. None can dispute the just claim of Piedmont to some compensation for the blood and treasures she had expended, and for the perils to which her crown had been exposed; and there is no part of Italy which would not have been a gainer by being united to that province, which is not only the most moral, but the most practised in arms and in politics. But since the destinies of Italy have never yet permitted the union of two discordant dialects, it would have been better had Piedmont taken a less startling aim, and, following ancient precedents, had contented herself with a small adjunct, such as Parma; for this small state would have been more easily assimilated; and in that case, Milan might have been given to the Duke of Genoa. This idea was put forward, but too late, and was not backed by sufficient authority; neither was it altogether devoid of difficulty and danger. Whatever ulterior arrangements might have been adopted, there is no doubt that the Lombard arms ought to have been united with the Piedmontese; nor were they, even both together sufficient to ensure success, without much ability and great promptitude in directing them against an enemy superior in numbers, and still more in military skill, entrenched, too, in a line of fortifications, the most imposing in Europe, and which were certainly not to be forced on a sudden. According to all the rules of war, Piedmont required a second regular army. Naples alone could furnish this; and Venice, by its brave defence,

offered the *point d' appui* for the united operations of the two armies; but the lamentable prevalence of suspicion and mutual jealousy, and the undecided character of Piedmontese politics, at one moment erring on the side of timidity, at another of ambition, deprived the war of the assistance of the Neapolitans, when, contrary to all expectation, that assistance had been secured to the cause of Italy. Thus the war was lost, and the best intentions were frustrated by causes more than sufficient, in our opinion, to account for such results; nor is there any need to attribute part of our calamities to treachery, or to listen on this point to the suggestions of municipal jealousy and sectarian prejudice.

These observations are, we think, confirmed by the events of 1848, of which we now offer a brief summary, our Author being purposely silent on all subjects of which he could not speak as an eye witness.

The agitation of the public mind which had long existed in Italy, had rapidly increased during the last two years throughout the whole country; the French revolution, in February 1848, immediately followed by that of Vienna, and the apparent dissolution of the Austrian empire, raised that agitation to the highest pitch; the insurrection of Milan was in fact the commencement of hostilities; nor had Charles Albert any option but that of declaring war. Accordingly this he did on the 23rd of March, although Piedmont was not sufficiently prepared for such an unequal and daring encounter: indeed, whatever be the merited reputation of the Piedmontese army, it is certain that the system of recruiting in that kingdom,

though offering the advantage of yielding a greater number of soldiers than could be otherwise obtained from the Sardinian population*, is not such as fits them to face an enemy superior in numbers, and trained to the habits of military life. The regular troops, to the number of 30,000 men, could alone be said to be real soldiers: those who are called *provincial* soldiers, men upwards of thirty years old, and generally married, were also admirable for their discipline; but having been only a few months under arms, they had not the training necessary for such an enterprise as that of 1848. They fought, indeed, and fought well, from a sentiment of duty; but not with the impetus and boldness of those whose affections and fortunes are centred in the camp; and, moreover, they were collected slowly and with difficulty, and did not join the army till late, on the Ticino. The cavalry was good; but not numerous enough for a campaign in the extensive and open plains of Lombardy. The artillery was excel-

* The army in Piedmont consists of two classes of soldiers,—"*soldati d' ordonnanza*" and "*soldati provinciali*," the former serve eight years, and are exempt for life from all further duty after that time; the latter, after serving for fourteen months, return to their homes, but during sixteen years are liable to be called upon; during the first eight years to complete their respective regiments, and during the following eight years to form the reserve. Each contingent, amounting to about 7000 men, is called out every 1st of January: it begins exercising on the 1st of March, the day on which the contingent of the preceding year, under ordinary circumstances, is sent home. . . . . According to the present organization of the Sardinian army, a force of 130,000 men, all under the age of thirty-seven, can be collected in the space of three months, by calling out the whole of the contingents of the "provinciali."

lent; but it also was deficient in quantity. To blame Piedmont, therefore, for not having sooner and more deliberately taken the field, is what we might expect indeed from thoughtless declaimers in clubs and newspapers; but only from such persons. To every thinking mind it was sufficiently evident that that war which all Europe dreaded — which all the diplomacy of Europe blamed with expressions almost amounting to menaces, even at a time when Piedmont had no longer the liberty of choice — was full of hazards for all Italy, and ought not to be entered upon a moment before the time. Such, doubtless, was the feeling of the Piedmontese Government then and afterwards; and we believe that, however averse to draw down upon themselves the enmity of Austria, or the disapproval of the rest of Europe, and though desirous to abstain from all irritating demonstrations, they could not have acted otherwise than they did. Whilst also it is by no means denied that the state of preparation was not such as it ought to have been in an essentially military country, it may be asserted that the same reproach in this respect attached to Austria as to Piedmont. Austria, which during thirty years had studied the war of Lombardy, and for months past had seen it gradually drawing nearer, was nevertheless utterly unprovided with the first and most necessary means of defence, and was not prepared in Milan to crush the revolt at its birth, or to afford any strong place of retreat for the numerous garrison of that city.

Who would believe it? Mantua*, — the strongest link of

* See Appendix, MANTUA. Note F.

the united chain of Austrian fortifications—Mantua, which will be the strongest hold of Italy when it becomes Italian, if it did not instantly turn out its then weak Austrian garrison, and shut its gates against it, was only prevented by a concurrence of slight difficulties which might have ceased in a moment,— by deference to the advice of a timid Bishop, who feared for his flock, — or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, by the dispensation of Providence, who did not judge Italy to be yet worthy of liberty.

Thus, by the retreat of the Austrians in the first instance, was the seat of war brought to the Mincio, where the serious operations of the campaign had in fact to begin; and the Italian army found itself in presence of the unimpaired and formidable quadrangular system of connected fortifications, consisting of Verona, Peschiera, Legnano, and Mantua, within which Radetsky might hold himself secure, and in the mean time mature his plans for the future.

The universal discouragement, or rather panic terror, which had seized the Austrians on their unlooked-for defeat, and their having been obliged in so sudden a manner to evacuate all the unfortified towns of Italy,—Venice itself not excepted,— were circumstances which might, it is true, have endangered their possession even of these fortresses, had they been attacked by an enemy who held in readiness a sufficient number of well trained soldiers, with experienced generals, and a man of daring intrepidity at their head. Austria was aware of these dangers, and of the still greater one which might await her from a descent

of the French. At the first shock, believing the empire itself to be nearly undone, she could scarcely hope to reconquer Italy; and since all the great powers, and especially England, were anxiously desirous to put a stop to the conflagration, she not only lent a willing ear to words of reconciliation, but at first promoted the offers of mediation which were addressed to both parties. It must be allowed, to the praise of this Government, which for centuries had been growing old and powerful in the arts of self conservation, that the men who had been substituted for the old pillars of the Empire never lost their self-possession; and in the midst even of the general ruin Austria retained her confidence in herself. She listened to the propositions which were made to her, almost as if seeking to measure the evils to which, in case of worse fortune, she might be compelled to resign herself; but, beyond the cession of Lombardy for a large pecuniary compensation, she never listened to any proposals, and her fortresses, which could not be wrested from her by armed force, she never would have consented to surrender by treaty. In the meanwhile she reinforced her army, and awaited events. As to the proposals which were made in Milan by an Austrian intriguer, sent there for the express purpose, they could have had no other object than that of fomenting the ambition of the Milanese, and of widening the divisions of parties; for at the very same time the English Chargé d'Affaires at the Court of Inspruck replied, to the somewhat precipitate proposals of Lord Palmerston, that the Austrian generals and ministry were far from viewing the war of Italy in such a desperate light as Lord Palmerston ap-

peared then to do. In fact, if one reviews the course of events, one finds, that at that very time (it was then early in June) the tide of fortune had already turned in favour of Austria. The Pope, by his fatal encyclical letter of the 29th of April, had not only deprived the national cause of its religious character, and had filled the minds of the regular troops and the volunteers of the Pontifical States with misgivings, but he had besides given a last and decisive impulse to the wavering mind of the king of Naples, inducing him to withdraw his regiments from the Po, without which additional force, as we have already said, it was impossible that the Italian army could be victorious. Ferdinand had only lent his assistance, either because he had been unable to resist the general movement, or from the hope of gaining some advantage in it. At the very time that the liberals were disturbing the internal order of his kingdom, appeared the *encyclical* letter of Pius IX., which, in the king's opinion, divested the Italian cause of its nationality; and this, together with the protest of the Papal government against the occupation of Ancona, which deprived him of that fortified town, indispensable to him for the operations of the war, showed him that the way was closed against his making any of those future acquisitions of territory, which alone might have balanced in some degree the displeasure with which he regarded the enlargement of the Sardinian kingdom. The pontifical soldiers, who formed the chief strength of the line of defence against the second Austrian army already advancing towards Italy were thus left alone, divided among themselves, and robbed of their confidence; and Charles Albert remained com-

pletely exposed without any support except the feeble one which could be offered by the already dispirited Tuscans, and the few but brave soldiers of Parma and Modena. Such being the state of affairs, it is not to be imagined that Austria should desire to terminate the contest by concessions, when the chances of success were already so completely in her favour; and a very brief summary of the events of the war will place this clearly before us.

Charles Albert having crossed the Mincio, after a short but sharp encounter with the enemy at Goito, directed his first movements towards Verona. He made an attempt on Peschiera, to which it was necessary to lay regular siege; fought successfully at Pastrengo; then, confiding too implicitly in the secret intelligence maintained within Verona, and resolving to take the Austrians by surprise, he fell upon their outposts at St. Lucia, close under the walls of Verona itself. This engagement was highly honourable to the Piedmontese arms; but the result was not such as compensated for so grievous a sacrifice of life.

It was evident from this first serious engagement that, though the Piedmontese might often be victorious when opposed in equal numbers to the Austrians, they were insufficient to meet the overwhelming exigencies of this war, and still less to cope with the arts of their more practised enemy, or to attempt to expel Radetzky from his impregnable fortifications. This fact became increasingly apparent during the rest of the campaign.

Mantua itself was invested; the operations of the siege, however, were languid, and, the numbers of the army being insufficient for such an extensive line of

action, Radetzky, reinforced by the arrival of the different garrisons which had, during the days of terror, evacuated the cities of Lombardy, determined to take advantage of the feebleness of the Italian line of attack, and, on the 29th of May, suddenly changed his tactics, and took the offensive: he hoped easily to put to rout the few troops that surrounded Mantua, and then to assault the right wing of the Piedmontese army stationed between the Aglio and the Mincio. The honourable resistance offered by the Tuscan volunteers at Curtatone, by prolonging the assault, gave Charles Albert time to come with the main body of his army to the succour of the bridge of Goito, against which the attack of the enemy was chiefly directed. A general engagement took place; Radetzky's designs were frustrated, and the Austrians were compelled to retire. The 30th of May was a glorious day for the Piedmontese arms, and, as if to complete their success, the joyful news of the surrender of Peschiera was brought to the king in the heat of the battle. A more daring leader, by immediately urging forward his success, might have driven the Austrians behind Verona, upon the Adige, and, if fortune had not opened to him the gates of that city, which was the centre of the war, he might have gone with the main body of his army to reinforce Vicenza, a place of the utmost importance, which Radetzky was anxious to take possession of, and had already fruitlessly attacked: from thence, he might, according to circumstances, have either menaced Verona, or have given fresh courage to the defenders of the Venetian provinces, who were neither few nor back-

ward in the cause; and if he had not succeeded in dispersing, he would certainly have prevented the entrance of, the Austrian reinforcements, that were already pouring down from the Friuli. Had such a course been adopted, it cannot be denied that Milan would have been left defenceless, and exposed to Radetzky's vengeance. Charles Albert probably feared that this might be laid to his charge by the numerous party who either opposed or mistrusted him: besides, he had too little confidence in himself, in his army, or in his generals, to seize unhesitatingly the moment when fortune smiled propitiously on the Italian cause. This was the more to be regretted, as the forces which could be drawn from the nation were already shown to be insufficient to ensure victory over the Austrians in a prolonged and regular war. After the battle of Goito, as the royal army showed no inclination to follow up the retreat of the Austrians, Radetzky, having left a portion of his army to protect Verona and the passes of the Adige, turned with the remainder to the subjugation of Vicenza, which had formed part of his original plan, and which he accomplished on the 10th of June, after a bloody conflict. Padua, and then Treviso, became a comparatively easy prey, and by this means he secured his rear, shut Venice up among her vast lagoons, and opened the road for fresh German reinforcements.

Charles Albert, in the meanwhile, was also waiting for reinforcements of the old *provinciali*, who came in but slowly; and this apparent inactivity, this absence of any fixed plan of action against an enemy who was daily becoming more powerful, discredited his capacity as a

general, cooled the ardour of his soldiers, and the admiration of the Italians, and gave the Austrians leisure to take deliberate aim, and to embrace the first favourable opportunity of assaulting him. Nor was it long before this presented itself. Towards the end of July, with the illusive hope of surrounding Mantua, the left wing of the Piedmontese army was extended along the Po, where a partial success ushered in the commencement of irretrievable ruin, for Radetzky, advancing on the opposite side with the whole strength of his army, after putting to rout the left wing, fell upon the already weakened centre of the Piedmontese army, repeating his attacks until the rout became complete. Scarcity of provisions, the want of experience, united to a certain sceptical reluctance with which many of the Piedmontese generals had undertaken the war, added to the misfortunes of the retreat. Any army is capable of obtaining a victory; but those states alone which are strong in their civil institutions and military apparatus can hope to rally after a defeat. The disasters of the army were increased tenfold by the frightful occurrences which attended the arrival of Charles Albert at Milan, and gave the signal for the commencement of a series of disgraceful events (more ignominious even than disastrous), which in a short time spread their baneful effects over the greater part of Italy, and consummated its ruin.

The situation of Piedmont renders the conservation of its territorial integrity a matter of importance to the great powers of Europe, and especially to France; and to this fortunate circumstance it was due, that the Austrians

did not pass the undefended Ticino. France, reduced as she was to grope miserably along between the precipitancy and the trepidations of a penitent revolution, after having remained inactive during the progress of the war, was desirous of playing some part at least in the conclusion of peace. England, at this conjuncture, almost as if willing to relieve her neighbour from a dilemma, and at the same time to guard against any too daring caprice on her part, induced her to offer mediation in their common name to both parties; and this mediation was accepted by Piedmont. England interfered the more readily in this contest, because, foreseeing the possibility of Austria being compelled, by the state of affairs in Hungary, to throw herself into the arms of Russia, she gladly embraced this opportunity of keeping up her friendly intercourse with her old ally. Besides, the universal opinion then was, that the state of Italy was such as to preclude the possibility of handing her over, as before, to the dominion of Austria; whilst, at the same time, the necessity of giving some stability to her affairs, was apparent to all. Nor did Austria herself deny this; but counting, as usual, on divisions among the Italians, and on the errors consequent on these, she relied on what time itself might do in her behalf, and protracted the negociations without accepting the mediation. Her expectations were realised: time was on her side; and the follies of Italians soon deprived Italy of that reputation and favour which for a short time she had acquired in the opinion of Europe.

The Italian principalities, not having the wisdom to

form a peaceful confederation for their mutual support, offered themselves one by one to the ambition or scorn of their imperious protector. In the mean time popular agitations were every where increasing; Tuscany, because the weakest, was the first to be overtaken by the hurricane, and in the course of a few hours was subjected to a total subversion; then the expulsion of the Pontiff, by reversing the character which the first Italian movement had borne, involved the whole national cause in that universal discredit, on which Austria had placed her hopes. Piedmont, almost overthrown by the same causes, after seven months of agonising uncertainty, suddenly declared the armistice to be ended, and renewed hostilities with Austria. Of the war of 1849, Signor Dandolo has related but little, and in fact there was little to relate; it really was not a war, but the violent bursting asunder of a knot which could no longer be disentangled. The republicans, who called for war, rendered it materially impossible of any other solution; they accused the government of neglecting the defences of the country, of not exciting the people to arms, of being deficient in real patriotism. But when that same party of agitators were in power, did it do more or less than its predecessors had done? By coupling absolute independence with a fanciful liberty; by exciting local and personal passions, instead of those which at first had united the nation in one single idea; by marking out all governments as objects of assault, asserting that they were hindrances to the liberation of Italy, by exciting disgust by their excesses, and thus forcing many, who had been at first warm

supporters of the national cause, into the ranks of the retrogrades; by mixing up, in short, falsity with truth, they divided the forces of Italy at the very time when they most required to be compactly united. Hence, too, it came to pass that the Piedmontese government being at the time more or less under the influence of these persons, found itself forced to declare war contrary to the dictates of its own conscience and to the persuasion of friendly powers. As to Charles Albert himself, it must be owned that he rather courted the renewal of hostilities, than otherwise, either because in the camp only he felt that he had power and personal liberty of action, or because his whole life was henceforth devoted to an idea of expiation; the retrogrades themselves desired it, because they expected their safety from the Austrians alone, and besides the retrogrades, there were, perhaps, some few also who were only desirous of coming to a solution of whatever kind it might be. It was said that the leaders of the democratical party longed for the war, and, in the secret depths of their hidden councils, hoped that it would end in defeat, and that the only thing which displeased them was that it broke out too soon, before they had woven the entire thread of their devices; for, as far as it is possible to understand their views or wishes, it seems that they were these,—viz. that Charles Albert being defeated, Piedmont, the object of their aversion, would be undone. The Austrians, it is true, might press onwards, but with them they might conclude a truce—a peace—for a short time; and in the meanwhile the democracy would constitute itself; and when the royal armies should have been de-

stroyed, then the popular war would begin, and the people, rising *as one man*, would infallibly drive the Austrians beyond the Alps. The raving nonsense apparent in such plans attests perhaps their sincerity; and though few probably entertained this idea in all its inherent absurdity, yet those few nevertheless drew after them many others, either because they were incapable of thinking at all, or because, from the uncertainty which is but too truly attendant on all the plans for the reconstitution of Italy, the wildest schemes will never fail to find their advocates amongst the young, the inexperienced, and the enthusiastic of this country.

When Spain, in 1808, and Germany, in 1813, rose to assert their independence, they knew what they wanted: they wished to insure the present, and to preserve a great part of the past. Their object was clear and defined; but when nations go in search of an undefined future, the same difficulties which the Italians encountered are inevitable. Religion alone, as it did in Greece, is capable of arresting the tide of innovation and consolidating every thing; but here the material weapons (if we may be allowed the term) of religion were imprudently turned against that which called itself, and which truly was, the cause of Italy.

The battle of Novara might have been won; but the war could never have been successful, which incontestable conclusion appears also clearly to result from Signor Dandolo's brief narrative, and from the hints which may be gathered from other sources. On the day when the armistice expired, Signor Dandolo was commissioned to

go with a few men to reconnoitre the movements of the Austrians at the confluence of the Po and Ticino, as he well observes, the most important part of the whole line. This spot was abandoned : our Author found it completely deserted, and he saw the Austrians coming forward with a security which even to themselves appeared incredible. Whether Ramorino be regarded as a traitor, or as madly disobedient to the commands of the general-in-chief, such was the result of his orders; and one such instance is sufficient to show what would have been the sequel had the war been prolonged.

The war of '49, or rather the struggle with Austria, being ended, the destinies of Italy were sealed ; but other events subsequently occurred which are themselves also of vital importance, whether we consider them as indications and germs of undeveloped principles, or as the final catastrophe of a vast and complicated drama. With respect to these events, our Author's narrative is much more circumstantial; for, indeed, the Volunteer corps, whose historian he declares himself to be, from that time became of much more importance, and took a more conspicuous part than previously in the war in Lombardy. They henceforth appear almost alone on the scene; and, whilst their fate is held in painful suspense, we behold in their conduct, their sentiments, their expressions, a practical exemplification of all those virtues and vices which, in their most exaggerated form, seem to have been unaccountably, but most inextricably, mixed up in this Roman movement from the beginning to the end of it. These Volunteers seem to have transferred much of their

own enthusiastic and daring spirit into the mass of the population to whose assistance they came. They themselves were, in fact, the flower of Italy, — youths fresh from the influence of family ties, nourished in the school of generous sentiments, refined in mind and manners: their only complaint was that they had not fought enough; they burned to fight, at all costs, under the tricoloured banner in the name of Italy. But, together with the *flower* (we almost scruple to transcribe again words which our Author alone, perhaps, might be permitted to pronounce) were the *dregs;* and, besides this cause of mischief, which is inseparable from such troops, there was something substantially false as well as vague and inconsistent in the undertaking itself, and in the minds of those who pretended to conduct it. This is evident in the revolt of Genoa, which immediately succeeded the battle of Novara; that city had risen in arms, refusing to accept the terms of a peace which gave back a part of Italy to the Austrians, and it refused its belief to the defeat of the army at Novara; and, though in all this there was a certain air of generosity, and many of Signor Dandolo's companions were at first inclined to take the part of Genoa and to resort thither, when a division of opinion had ensued, and some deserted their colours, yet did the Volunteer corps lose but few of its best members. Signor Dandolo afterwards rejoices at his escape from all aberrations of the kind, because that which was good and fair, in the abstract, was only made use of there as a skreen for municipal passions, and party spirit, and as a pretext for making war with Piedmont; in a word, for

serving the Austrians, who, while they laughed at such folly, reaped all the advantages of it.

The project of going to Genoa having failed, the only field which remained open was Rome, and thither a considerable body of the Volunteers directed their course. As the Volunteers were assembled in the neighbourhood of Spezia, their natural road, — as the Author properly remarks — would have been through Tuscany, had not the state of that country presented an obstacle to their admission; for the popular government there, detested by the majority, had become powerless, and, indeed, was overturned, at that very time, by the people themselves. We may be sure that it was not the intention of the Tuscans that this movement should be turned, in any degree, to the advantage of the Austrians, against whom public opinion had universally declared itself; and it certainly was never intended that the country should fall into the hands of the retrogrades.

And if immediately after the reactionary movement in 1849 those who were at the head of affairs in Tuscany saw themselves obliged to reject the services of that free corps towards which they felt themselves drawn by so many sympathies, we who were at Florence at the time know how strongly opposed that necessary measure was to their feelings and their wishes. For as every restoration is for the time a retrograde movement, not always to be arrested at the right point, there was then in the condition of Tuscany not only much uncertainty, but, we say it with the deepest regret, there was something false and hollow. Besides, these volunteers, deprived of every

other standard, and probably compelled, even against their will, to follow that of Mazzini, might have had the appearance of wishing to bring the country back to that state which had become insupportable; they might have occasioned disorders, and, instead of excluding the Austrians, they would have furnished them with a legitimate and ostensible reason for entering Tuscany. It is moreover a fact, that at that period opinions somewhat anti-liberal were predominant, and armed bands of Lombard volunteers were looked upon by many as spreaders of anarchy, and as all but brigands. The road through Tuscany, therefore, being at that time out of the question, the free corps had no other course open to them but to proceed at once from Spezia to Rome.

We cannot here discuss as it merits, and we should scruple lightly to scan, the weighty, grand, and, as it were, immeasurable principle which was involved in the last scenes of that portentous and memorable drama now drawing to a close. At first sight, it was the vindication of the name of Italy against strangers, be they who they might; against the French (the news of whose intended arrival had been at first such a subject of rejoicing to the liberals) as much as if they had been Austrians: it was also a protest, not only Roman, but Italian, and more than Italian against clerical government. Thus far the principle of this defence of Rome was easy of explanation, and had many reasons to defend it. Beneath, however, all this was comprehended and agitated a more vast, abstruse, and boundless question, — that is, the principle of religious unity, towards which the minds of men seem to turn, in

these perilous times, as to a means of safety. The Republicans themselves declared their desire to confirm this principle by purifying it; and Providence, though waiting for a more fit moment than the present for the full development and accomplishment of such a scheme, has, perhaps, directed the events of Rome to this end: in the meanwhile, however, appearances seemed to be directly contrary, and the consciences of many were disturbed. Neither the Triumvirate of Rome nor a great part of their followers were worthy or fit promulgators of that principle. The love and regard felt for the name of Pius IX., which, for a moment, had seemed to bring together all hearts in a sentiment of unity, had been marred by the arts of those parties who, by their exaggerated pretensions, had endeavoured to take advantage of the tide of public feeling for the accomplishment of their own ends: afterwards, when things took another direction, they gave the appearance of the greatest ingratitude to the often just assaults which were made on the authority of the Prince of Rome. They had, moreover, falsified the principle of the whole movement by proclaiming an impracticable republic, and an impossible Italian unity as essentially connected with it: they had degraded this idea by culpable fatuities and trivial follies, and by an assassination which alone *sufficed to discredit the whole Italian cause.* And now, by a just and merited retribution, that principle of Religion which they had chosen to employ, treating it as a mere vulgar instrument, to be first used and then thrown aside, fell strangely back upon themselves, and all the powers of

Europe, republican as well as monarchical, supported by the majority of their people, united in the purpose of bringing back the Pontiff to Rome, and re-establishing a government which, by a singular and mysterious contradiction, they unanimously recognised to be the worst of all, and impossible to be maintained.

Our sympathies were always on the side of the defenders of Rome; and if it is asked, as doubtless it will be asked, What does all this mean, and how is it to end? We would reply that the "end is not yet," and that in the history of these events is to be discerned a germ, a principle of a mighty future, of a destiny still to be accomplished. We would add that whilst our sympathies were always on the side of the defenders of Rome, we knew but too well that the defence itself was impossible. Even, however, had this not been the case, we were by no means disposed to approve or accept the immediate consequences which a victory would have entailed. And though, in thus joining as it were in some of the reproaches brought against the liberal party, we may seem in a degree to slight the noble cause which they maintained, and even to lay ourselves open to the calumnies of the retrogrades, whose triumph we should certainly have deprecated, yet to such accusations, from such accusers, we can well afford to turn a deaf ear; for amongst the many despicable, foolish, and vicious who were called together by the Roman movement, we see not a few of the generous, the pure-minded, and the good; and these share our warmest sympathies, whilst we hail them as harbingers of better times when better principles shall prevail. We see as it

were Emilio Dandolo,— we see Manara, Enrico Dandolo, and Emilio Morosini, who, confronting and intrepidly meeting death beneath the walls of Rome in defence of that cause to which they devoted their energies and their life, have merited gratitude from every lover of his country. In a word, we see men whose names we believe shall hereafter be recorded as sacred to Religion, which shall not disdain to consecrate them as examples to be admired and imitated by every true son of Italy.

Florence, Oct. 1850.

HISTORICAL NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

DERIVED

FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

NOTE A. Page 4.

VICENZA.

THE junction between General Nugent's corps (amounting to about 26,000 men and 2000 cavalry) and Field Marshal Radetzsky's troops at Verona, took place on the 22nd of May. On the 19th, a confused report reached Vicenza of the approach of these troops; and on the 20th, news having been brought of their having passed the Brenta, the Roman Volunteers and Swiss Papal troops, under Durando, made preparations for repelling an attack. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a servant making his way across the corn fields beyond the last barricade of Borgo Scrofa, saw first of all three, then six, then a great many more Croats stand up among the corn; they were creeping silently and stealthily along the side of a hedge-row. The alarm was given, and scarcely had the battalions ranged themselves at the barricades, when the enemy rushed out of ambush, and the assault began. The inhabitants showed the utmost intrepidity. The civic

guard repaired to the posts assigned them; the women were seen encouraging their servants, sons, and husbands to the fight; all seemed to vie with each other in showing their hatred of servitude and their love of independence. A shower of cannon balls, bombs, and rockets, began to fall over the town. They were received with hisses, clapping of hands, and cries of "Viva l'Italia!" The fight was renewed at several different gates; the enemy was driven back from the Padua gate by the bayonet. At night-fall the attack ceased: little injury had been done to the town, but fourteen houses of the Borgo Scrofa were set fire to. In the morning, from the heights, the enemy were seen moving along with an immense train of baggage, cattle, &c., in the direction of Verona. Venice in the meanwhile hearing of the peril of Vicenza, had sent the Antonini Legion to the succour, and Durando with his brave troops hastened thither from Padua; the courage of the Vicentini rose at this welcome assistance, and it was determined to harass the enemy's retreat. The Austrians had erected a barricade near the Olmo. Here a sharp engagement took place, but as the barricade was defended by a tremendous fire of artillery, Durando recalled the troops from the attack, and they returned in good order to Vicenza. Antonini lost his right arm, and several other officers were wounded. No further attack was for the present anticipated, as it was reported that Nugent's troops were part of them to be sent to the assistance of Peschiera. But on the morning of the 23rd a cloud of dust on the Verona road announced the approach of cavalry; and a short time afterwards, a body of

24,000 men with fifty-four pieces of artillery, came upon Vicenza, prepared to revenge the repulse already suffered, — the troops, animated by the promise of sackage. The first attack was made on Mount Birico, a position which commands the town. General Durando showed the utmost vigilance and prudence in directing the defence. The whole city was illuminated, the doors of all the houses left open, the women awaiting with resignation the result of the battle. A storm raged through the night which seemed to vie with the glare of the artillery; nevertheless, not a single cry of terror was to be heard, not a single appeal for capitulation, — the committee, the municipality, the firemen, the civic guard, were all at their posts; the inhabitants were ready to throw down stones from the windows, from the roofs, and the walls, and to overthrow the houses themselves on the heads of the enemy should they penetrate into the streets. At half-past 11 at night the signal of alarm was given; the Croats advanced with the cry of "Viva Pio Nono! Viva l'Italia!" At midnight the battle raged on every side, the enemy advanced and was repulsed; fiery missiles fell into the town, the cannon roared on the walls, and from the barricades: at last, on the next morning, after prodigious feats of valour, in which the Swiss troops took their full share, the enemy retired after having thrown the dead and wounded into the flames. "From Mount Barbato," says the Author of *Tre Giorni di Vicenza*, "our men saw the sepulture which the Croats afforded their fallen comrades; — having set fire to a magazine of wood, with a hook at the end of a cord they caught up the bodies under the chin, and

flung them over a wall into the flames. Who knows whether in this horrible holocaust, many still breathing victims may not have furnished fuel to the hissing and crackling flames!" Thus, Vicenza, for the second time, had to congratulate itself on its escape. During the attack the powder magazine was menaced, it contained 250 barrels of powder, its explosion would have been fatal; forty citizens, aided by some women, in the midst of showers of shot, removed the barrels in hand-carts to the vaults of the neighbouring church. There were many other instances of heroism which it would be too long to repeat; but one, cannot be omitted. An aged man who had numbered nearly eighty years, was seen by an officer hurrying off as fast as his limbs could carry him to the barricade, carrying a long lance on his shoulders. Where are you going, at such a time as this? asked the officer. The old man lifted his grey head proudly, and replied coolly — "To die free at the barricade," — "*a morir libero alla barricata.*"

But another trial awaited the ill-fated city. Durando, immediately after the battle of the 23rd, set about strengthening the defences. Fresh cannon were planted; forts were raised at the entrance of the suburbs; the old elm avenue which had led to the Capuchin convent was levelled; the dykes were opened, and the inundation spread over the flat grounds; the utmost concord and enthusiasm prevailed in the city between the inhabitants and its various defenders; and Durando was considered as their tutelary guardian.

On the 8th of June, Marshal Radetzky encamped at

Este. On the 10th, the enemy were seen ascending the hills at a distance; at 3 o'clock in the morning, the barking of dogs, the flickering of lanterns, and the confused and smothered sound of voices and footsteps announced the approach of the enemy. A horrible fire is opened on the city. In vain the brave Volunteers defend the heights; wave after wave of the invaders press onwards over heaps of slain. The flames spread to the barricades and the outposts. Three companies of the University battalion sustain the attack of 3000 of the enemy at the Rotonda; the whole fabric falls; — sword to sword, breast to breast, the Italians defend the entrance to the town. Casa Nievo is lost and retaken under the command of the gallant d'Azeglio (now President of the Government at Turin), who received a wound; Calandrelli at the head of the Roman artillery, performed wonders. At 6 o'clock the battle still raged, when suddenly the white flag was reared; the eminence overlooking the town had been gained by the enemy, and heavy pieces of artillery pointed down to the roofs; the whole paraphernalia of destruction was ready to be hurled down into the defenceless city. Durando perceiving that defence had now become impossible, wisely determined to surrender, and to save the lives of the brave fellows under his command. The consternation and terror of the city knew no bounds; all vociferated that they would fight on; some cries were heard of *morte ai traditori*. The committee were threatened if they consented to yield. A council of war was held in Casa Nievo; a bomb fell through the roof into the midst of the council-room, though none were in-

jured. It was agreed to send Lieut.-Col. Alberi (a literary man), to make terms of capitulation with the enemy. With a mind distracted by a thousand griefs, in the dead of night, among heaps of slain and the groans of the dying, he presented himself at Casa Bembo, the quarters of General d'Aspre. His mission succeeded beyond expectation; the Austrian General confessed that, the defence "had been a brave one, and worthy of honourable terms of surrender." The terms were signed at 6 in the morning in the house occupied by Radetzky. The troops were allowed to leave the city with arms and baggage, and military honours, and were immediately to repass the Po; the Pontifical troops were obliged to promise not to serve again against Austria for three months. General Durando, having earnestly recommended the inhabitants of Vicenza to the clemency of the conqueror, Marshal Radetzky promised to treat them "as subjects, in a manner conformable with the benevolent principles of his Government."

Thus fell the town of Vicenza; its defence is the more remarkable, as the city was without regular fortifications, and held out simply from the courage of its brave defenders, who never exceeded 11,000 men, the greatest part of whom were volunteers from the Papal States and from the Lombard Provinces.

NOTE B. Page 19.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE RESPECTING THE AFFAIRS OF ITALY.

MILAN.

"Milan, Dec. 31, 1847.

"WHEN the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was constituted, the late Emperor Francis directed, in the year 1815, the organisation of two kinds of Representative Assemblies, of which the higher are called Central Congregations, one for each of the two Governments of Milan and Venice; the second, Provincial Congregations, one for each of the seventeen provinces of the kingdom. These assemblies are composed of half nobles and half commoners, the delegate of the province being the President of the Provincial Congregation; the Governor of Milan (or Venice) the President of the Central Congregation. The members are elected by the Communal Councils and the Royal Burghs, the Government having the right of veto upon the election. The Central Congregation is invited to communicate the wishes of the nation to the Sovereign, who, however, reserves to himself the power of granting, or refusing its requests at pleasure. The president has the power of naming committees of the deputies, to report on matters of difficulty.

"Availing themselves of the power thus conferred upon them,—a power which they have hitherto allowed to remain dormant,—a step has been taken by the Central Congregation of Milan, that has caused considerable excitement among the public. At the instance, namely, of one of the

members, Signor Nazari, deputy of the province of Bergamo, the Central Congregation have demanded the appointment of a committee to report upon the present state of the country, and the causes of the existing discontent, which demand has been complied with by the Government. I enclose a copy of Signor Nazari's petition, or demand, addressed to the Central Congregation, and beg to call your Lordship's attention to the language of this paper. Signor Nazari has hitherto taken no prominent part in the affairs of this country, but has always been considered as a moderate and independent man. As soon, however, as the step he had taken became known, a great number of the inhabitants of Milan went to his house to leave their cards, as a mark of their approval of his conduct. The Government are much annoyed at the proceeding of Signor Nazari, and especially at the publicity it has acquired. In the meantime, the Provincial Congregation of Milan, not slow to follow the example set to them, have drawn up and presented to the Central Congregation a paper, purporting to contain a sketch of the principal grievances and demands of the inhabitants of the province; — the substance of these demands is, I understand, as follows: —

"'That the affairs of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom should be henceforward administered by the Viceroy, assisted by Italian counsellors alone, it being a great subject of complaint, that the entire management of Italian affairs has hitherto been absorbed by the Aulic Council at Vienna.

"'That the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom should provide for its own expenses, and should contribute, in a fair pro-

portion with the other provinces, to the general expenses of the empire; that the taxes should be adapted to the character of the inhabitants, and to the productions of the country, and should be under the control of the authorities of the kingdom, who should have power to reduce or augment them, and that the accounts should be made public.

"'That publicity should be given to the accounts of the public debt, and that the country should be assured that the provisions of the article of the treaty of Vienna, regarding the "Monte Napoleon" should be complied with.

"'That the Customs system should be made suitable to the country, with a view to an eventual union with the Italian Customs League.

"'That the regulations for the conscription should be modified, and a reduction made in the time of service, which is now eight years.

"'That there should be greater publicity in the courts of law, and that greater security should be afforded against the arbitrary measures of the police authorities.'

"These demands are now before the committee appointed to receive them; and were they of an ordinary nature, brought forward in other times, they would probably remain for years consigned to the consideration of the committee, and to that of the authorities of Vienna, to whom they would be subsequently referred. Under present circumstances, however, the usual dilatory mode of proceeding can hardly be followed; and although no one seems to imagine the possibility of a compliance with these demands, the step which has been taken may be the means of accelerating those measures, be they what they

may, which are generally supposed to be under the consideration of the Government at Vienna.

"I have been informed that a paper has been presented to the Central Congregation of Venice, calling upon it to follow the example of that of Milan," &c..&c.

Petition of Signor Nazari to the Central Congregation of Milan.

"To the Central Congregation of Lombardy.

"No great power of observation is required to be aware how public opinion for some time past has pronounced itself, I will not say in a hostile manner, but certainly in a far from ambiguous spirit of discontent, against the Government. This spirit pervades all classes of society, more or less, and shows itself whenever an opportunity offers, as the authorities well know, whenever they have thought fit to have recourse to severe and unusual measures, in order to prevent it from degenerating into disorderly demonstrations.

"But from whence arises this discontent which goes on fermenting? which increases in proportion to the measures adopted for its suppression. Whence the bad feeling which exists between the governors and the governed? Have the latter perhaps reasonable grounds of complaint; and if they have, who ought to lay their reasonable complaints before him who alone can render them satisfied and contented?

"I, for my part, do not see that any persons are better fitted than we are to explain the desires of the country, — we, who, in our capacity of private individuals, are able

to judge of the good and evil which results from good and bad institutions;—we, who, placed by Providence in a state of moral independence, can the more frankly make known our sentiments. None, finally, are more legally qualified than this Central Congregation, to lay before the Throne the wishes of its faithful subjects, because it is to that assembly alone that the Sovereign clemency has granted the precious prerogative of making known our wants.

"This being admitted, as I think it would be highly desirable to devise some means for re-establishing between those who rule and those who are governed, that good understanding by which alone public tranquillity is guaranteed, in order to remove all, even the most remote danger of a collision, which would be most hurtful to the country, I have determined in this protocol, petition, or motion, whichever it may be considered to be, to ask and propose to the Central Congregation, that it may be pleased to name a Commission, chosen from among its members, and composed of as many deputies as there are provinces of Lombardy, in order that the said Commission may examine into the present condition of the country, and the causes of the discontent referred to, previously to making a detailed report on the subject to the Central Congregation itself, for its subsequent consideration.

"This step is recommended to me by a desire for the public good, by the attachment I bear to my Sovereign, and by the sense of my duties: for as a citizen I ardently love my country; as a subject I desire that my Sovereign may be adored and beloved everywhere, and by every-

body; and, as a deputy, I should consider myself as wanting to my calling and my oath, if I remained silent, when my conscience calls on me to speak.

(Signed) "NAZARI."

— *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy in* 1847, p. 12.

"Venice, January 18th, 1848.

"The example of the central congregation of Milan has been followed by that of Venice. . . . Though the Venetian provinces have hitherto been much more tranquil than the provinces of Lombardy, they appear now disposed to make common cause with the latter, and it is surprising to see the change which a short time has brought about. When I left Venice, early in November last, everything was perfectly quiet, and although some little excitement had been produced by the speeches delivered during the sitting of the Scientific Congress, society was upon its accustomed footing. Now, however, it is quite different, the Venetians have adopted the system of the Milanese, and there is hardly a Venetian house into which the Austrians are admitted. This determination has been come to unwillingly by many, but they act under a system of intimidation that is carried on to a degree scarcely credible. Persons supposed to have a leaning towards the Government are held up to public execration, and their names are written on the walls as traitors to their country.

In the meantime, excepting constant interrogations by the police, nothing appears to be done by the Government, and it is deplorable to see the dilatory man-

ner in which affairs are carried on. The want of some all-controlling hand is severely felt, and is admitted by the local authorities themselves, who bitterly complain of the delays of the government at Vienna, from whence they can get no answers to their repeated representations. This is most evident at the present moment in Milan, where decisive measures are called for, but where no person seems to know who is the head of the Government. The viceroy, Count Spaur the governor, Marshal Radetzsky the commander-in-chief, Count Ficquelmont, and the director-general of the police,—each exercises authority, while no one appears responsible for the measures that are adopted. The only thing that is actually in progress is the augmentation of the army; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable season of the year, troops are arriving almost daily in these provinces. I fear these troops arrive for the most part with a hostile feeling towards the inhabitants, which will acquire strength from contact with the regiments already quartered here, between whom and the people the feeling of irritation is very great. At Milan, as I have already said, this feeling especially exists; but I do not think that any thing in the shape of an open provocation is meditated at present by the Milanese; on the contrary, they appear anxious, as long as possible, to keep their demonstrations within bounds, so as not to afford any pretext for interference to the Government. The remarkable unanimity which has prevailed in the demonstrations hitherto made, has caused the authorities to be persuaded of the existence of a secret directing committee; and

they are unremitting in their endeavours to discover its members. Although well acquainted with various persons decidedly hostile to them, and who certainly exercise great influence, the Government have not hitherto succeeded in detecting the members of any regularly organised society; nor do I think that, as yet, any such exists in these provinces." &c. &c.

"*Order of the Day addressed by Marshal Radetzsky to the Austrian Troops in Italy.*

"'Milan, January 18th, 1848.

"'His Majesty, the emperor, being determined, according to his rights and duties, to defend the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, as well as every other part of his dominions, against all attacks of an enemy, either from without or within, has allowed me to make known to all the troops of the army, stationed in Italy, this his determination, persuaded that his will will meet with the firmest support in the valour and fidelity of the army.

"'Soldiers, you have heard the words of the emperor, I am proud to make them known to you: against your fidelity and your valour, the efforts of fanaticism and of the *infidel spirit of innovation* will be broken like fragile glass against the solid rock. The sword still vibrates which I have wielded in so many battles during sixty-five years: I shall know how to employ it in defence of the tranquillity of a country which, a short time since, was most happy, and which a mad faction now seeks to plunge into misery.

"'Soldiers, our emperor counts upon you; your old general relies on you; let this suffice!

"'Let them not compel us to unfurl the banner of the two-headed eagle; the strength of whose talons is not yet enfeebled. We promise, indeed, defence and tranquillity to faithful and friendly citizens; and not less surely does destruction await the enemy who dares, with treacherous hand, to undermine the peace and the welfare of the people.

"'The present order of the day will be notified to all the corps in their respective languages.'

"The conduct of Austria, within her own frontiers, could not be different if dictated by a deliberate determination to provoke the population to revolt. The arbitrary arrests which take place daily are not founded on any pretence of conspiracy; personal popularity seems to be the only obvious crime of those seized upon, and every measure appears to partake of the same nature—rather to excite to resistance than to restrain by example.

"The large additional powers given to Marshal Radetzsky, immediately after the proclamation in which he made evident the spirit in which he meant to exercise them, the increase of the army to an amount now approaching to 120,000 men, the demonstration on the frontiers of Piedmont (15,000 men being stationed within the limits of the Austrian frontier, opposite to Novara), all show that Austria is ready for immediate action. If she should consider it her interest to attempt it, an excuse will not be wanting. I still trust, though, that that excuse may not be found in any step which must detract from that admiration with which all Europe has regarded the whole course of the present pontiff, and that, surrounded

as his holiness is by unparalleled difficulties, he may still show himself, as heretofore, equal to the complicated responsibilities of his post, and sustained in his trials by those high motives which in his double character must still give him courage to earn the blessings of the millions who look to him with confidence.

"At the moment when Austria has assumed the position which I have detailed above—has arrived the intelligence of the constitutional changes at Naples. It is impossible not to foresee that this must shortly lead to similar events at Florence and at Turin. It remains to be seen whether this will induce Austria to concentrate her resources on the defensive, or, before any further changes can be consolidated, at once to strike the blow which we have reason to believe she has long been meditating."— *No.* 53. *Correspondence, &c.* Feb. 3. 1848.

NOTE C. Page 152.

GENERAL GIACOMO DURANDO.

"TOWARDS evening on the same day (the 13th), Giacomo Durando entered Bergamo at the head of the division, between lines of Croats, who rendered him military honours, and in the midst of a population who, notwithstanding the presence of the enemy, abandoned themselves to the transports of an indescribable enthusiasm. Few generals ever obtained a more solemn or a more strange ovation.

"Cries of 'Viva l'Italia!—Viva la Lombardia!—Viva

Giacomo Durando!' echoed through every quarter of the city. Many brave youths, embracing and wringing the hand of the General, shouted, — 'Long live the writer of the *Nazionalità Italiana*,' — a sort of acclamation which might well flatter his *amour propre*, made, as it was, at a moment when the affairs of Italy seemed to be almost at the last extremity. The Austrian troops, who listened to these cries, might certainly perceive that the land which they had reconquered was far from subdued: notwithstanding the singular position in which they were placed, they maintained a becoming dignity. Our battalions filed along before them with their tri-coloured standards unfurled, returning the military salutes of the Austrians, and observing the strictest discipline. In the midst of this effervescence of the whole population, the General was almost carried along by the crowd to the municipality.

"The local authorities who were far from expecting such a singular visit, as they believed that the Lombard troops had all retreated into Switzerland, found themselves all of a sudden between two fires, and were surprised at the very moment, when, having published the usual proclamations, they were preparing to go out of the city to receive the proud conqueror. They gradually disappeared: two, and at last one only, of the members remaining in the municipal hall. On this one fell the indignation of the General, who determined, by exacting a subsidy, and a supply of shoes for the troops, to provide for the urgent necessities of the soldiers, and at the same time to punish the want of cordiality shown by the municipality towards their ill-fated countrymen driven into exile for the sake of their country's independence.

"This incident rendered the situation of Durando somewhat complicated. Schwartzenberg had not yet signed the agreement, to which he had verbally consented, for the transit of the division; the municipality, who found the outlay of 50,000 lire demanded by Durando, a heavy sum to pay, invited him to interpose; new arrangements and fresh obstacles ensued. The General was unwilling to expose his troops to the chances of six or eight days' march and residence in Lombardy without means of subsistence, and the Austrians refused to admit his right of levying contributions in a country which had become theirs by right of conquest. The General, in the heat of the dispute with two officers appointed to negotiate the affair, half in earnest, half in jest, threatened that if they continued to refuse succours, he should go to Monza, and carry off the iron crown and other treasures, to convey them to Charles Albert. At this sally of the General's the two officers rose affronted, and the negociation was abruptly broken off.

"If the stay at Bergamo were prolonged, it would be impossible to prevent a collision between the two parties, who stood facing each within half a gun shot: and on the other hand, a few hours might bring fresh troops from Milan, who would have blockaded the Lombard division, and placed them in a bad condition. To go out of Bergamo by day, and avoid a combat, was impossible; to withdraw fighting, without artillery, would have been highly rash. But one resource remained, sacrificing baggage and a couple of battalions, to throw themselves into the mountains during the night. But what would have been the sequel? They would have been compelled to

fly into Switzerland, where they would have been disarmed. Durando having made these reflections, determined on resuming the negociation, and during the night, he sent an officer, in whom he had full confidence, to Schwartzenberg, proposing to the Austrians to furnish them with a *foglio di via*, rations sufficient to carry them to the Ticino, and 500 pairs of shoes. With this assistance, and the money which he had received from the city of Brescia, he could do without levying further contributions. These propositions were agreed to and signed by Schwartzenberg, and it was settled that on the following day, the 14th, at 10 o'clock, Bergamo should be entirely evacuated by our troops, who were to direct their course to the Piedmontese frontiers, following a given itinerary.

"These difficulties being overcome with the enemy, others arose on the part of friends. On the 13th, when General Durando was marching in the direction of Bergamo, the Milanese Signor Cernuschi, well known for his adherence to the Giovine Italia, had presented himself to him; he was the bearer of a document from the Insurrectional Committee of Valtellina, signed by Mazzini, by which he was empowered to send as many troops as he could collect in that direction, to keep up the war against the Austrians. He gave a grand description of the preparations made, set forth the project, and with the map of the Alps in his hand, endeavoured to prove, as in fact he was convinced, that this undertaking would produce wonders. Giacomo Durando, who had served ten years in the Spanish and Portuguese wars, was convinced, on the contrary, that such a kind of warfare could not be sustained in Italy,—the national character, the customs,

habits, and traditions of the people being entirely opposed to it, as well as the agricultural condition and the very nature and character of the country itself. Besides, politically speaking, it was clear that such an undertaking was against the interests of Piedmont, its main object being to give a preponderance to the republican over the constitutional principle in the regeneration of Italy. Notwithstanding this, the General's mind was not a little disturbed, chiefly on account of the disastrous news which circulated, of the whole of Piedmont having risen in arms, Charles Albert having made his escape, and the republic having been proclaimed, the armistice broken, and the treaty of Milan annulled. These reports were due to the arts of conspirators; but in such a tremendous conjuncture every thing was to be feared, and Durando, isolated in the midst of Lombardy, had no means of verifying the fact, or of openly proving the falsity of the reports. In the meanwhile, he replied to the suggestions of Signor Cernuschi and of the committee of Valtellina, that in a political light he could not join himself to a standard which was not the one to which he had sworn fealty; and that, in a military point of view, he considered that a partial insurrection would be of little avail, as the effects of the treaty of Milan would hold good, and the Piedmontese army would be removed from the centre of the war: that if any of his companions in arms chose to join the insurrectional corps, he had no power to prevent their doing so, but that they would undertake it with his disapproval, and at their own risk. These considerations were all quite natural to those who had long experience in military matters and in insurrectional move-

ments, but did not so easily enter into the minds of the ardent young heads, and of those officers to whom the idea of prolonging the war with Austria was full of charms, if it had only been with the view of making a solemn protest in the face of Europe against Austrian domination. In a word, Cernuschi found the ground well prepared, and there wanted but little for discord to be introduced into the Division, from which the worst consequences would have ensued; for the troops would have been exposed without protection to the reprisals of the Austrians, by whom they were surrounded.

On the following day (the 14th, at 10 in the morning), our troops evacuated Bergamo, according to the agreement made with Prince Schwartzenberg, and were drawn up in order of battle on the grand piazza outside of the gate leading to Monza. The Austrians, with Schwartzenberg at their head, had already taken possession of the opposite gate leading to Brescia, and the two commanders of the respective forces, having verbally made the last preparative agreement, nothing remained but to give the command to march towards Monza, and from thence to the frontiers. At the moment at which Durando went out of the gate of the city to give the order to march, followed by the Austrians who were to take immediate possession of the gate, the heads of all the battalions and columns presented themselves to him, declaring in the most respectful manner that they could not recognise the convention, nor admit of any truce or armistice with the enemy; and that consequently they would take the road to Switzerland, and join the corps of Garibaldi — adding that they knew not what destiny awaited Piedmont, being entirely ignorant

of the condition of the country, and of the late events which might have occurred there.

" This unexpected occurrence, which took place in the presence of the Austrians, not only compromised and rendered fruitless all previous negociations, but exposed the divisions which existed in the ranks. If it had taken place two days earlier, there would not have been the same danger. As it would have been at night, and as we were in possession of the upper part of the town, the thing might have succeeded; but now it was too late. Besides, the General, as a Piedmontese, and consequently, obedient to orders, as well as a man of honour, was bound to abstain from hostilities against the Austrians, and to return to Piedmont under the auspices of the treaty and of the agreement freshly entered into that very night with Schwartzenberg, and he could not in any way accede to, or render himself accomplice in an act, which, besides leading the troops to inevitable ruin, was in itself a disloyal proceeding, contrary alike to military honour and international good faith. He therefore unhesitatingly refused to put himself at the head of this enterprise, gave his reason for refusing in a calm, connected manner, and concluded by warning them, that, should they adhere to their determination of not keeping to the terms of the treaty to which he had just bound himself by a fresh agreement, and should he find it impossible to obtain obedience from the troops, no resource remained for him, in order to avoid the stain of disloyalty, except that of giving himself up as prisoner to the Austrians, who were there a few paces distant, and of surrendering his sword to Prince Schwartzenberg.

" This scene passed in presence of the assembled popu-

lation of Bergamo, and of all the troops drawn up in order of battle; the General had acquired the full confidence of the latter, from having commanded them during the whole campaign, in most difficult circumstances, and the very officers who now held this language had always hitherto given undoubted proofs of deference and respect. And as a proof of this, during the critical days which had succeeded the beginning of the retreat from Caffaro on the 28th, contrary to the habits of the Volunteers, no one had ever asked him to explain his plans, or what he intended to do with them, or where he was leading them. Durando had never confided his projects to any one, and the Volunteers had placed a confidence in him, by which he could not but feel honoured.

"The firm and frank declaration of Durando produced its effect on these minds, which, however agitated, were painfully affected by the idea of abandoning their principal companion in arms, and venturing, without an experienced leader, on an enterprise which was not only difficult, but almost impossible under existing circumstances. They declared, therefore, that they placed their fate entirely in his hands. But a part of their number evidently made this declaration unwillingly, and among these was the brave Manara, who subsequently fell gloriously fighting under the walls of Rome. The signal for marching was immediately given — '*Viva il Generale!*' burst spontaneously from the troops and the population, who pressed one upon another to accompany him beyond the houses. 'Let us see you again soon; come back soon; do not forget us!' was the cry of men, women, and children, who thronged round his horse. It was a moving

scene. They invoked our return. . . Unhappy people!" — *Memorie ed Operazioni dell' Indipendenza, &c.*, p. 313.

NOTE D. Page 295.

BRESCIA.

BRESCIA is the second city of Lombardy, containing a population of 40,000 souls; it is built in a rectangular form, at the foot of a chain of mountains which run up towards the Tyrol. The citadel stands at the angle which rests on the acclivity, and consequently commands the whole town. Brescia showed great energy in the insurrection of 1848, was foremost in voting unanimously for the union with Piedmont, and, throughout the whole of the campaign, gave striking proofs of attachment to the national cause. A number of the inhabitants enrolled themselves as soldiers, and formed the 21st regiment of the Lombard Division; and it would be difficult to give an idea of the generous care which the citizens, generally, lavished on the sick and wounded of the Piedmontese army.

After the defeat of Charles Albert in 1848, Brescia again fell into the hands of the Austrians. Previously to the opening of the campaign of '49, Radetzsky's troops were concentrated on the Ticino, and 500 men only were left in the citadel of Brescia. The city was in the utmost agitation, when, on the 24th of March (the day of the fatal battle of Novara), some Italian refugees arrived from Switzerland, and made the people decide on rising in arms. The Governor was surprised in the town, and taken

prisoner, but the attack which was made on the citadel, was easily repulsed, and the town bombarded. The insurgents then blockaded the citadel, and took possession of the suburbs of S. Eufemia; but two Austrian battalions and a squadron, instantly marching against this spot, drove the Brescians back, and compelled them to shut themselves up in the Piazza. General Haynau, who commanded the Austrian troops at Venice, arrived in haste from Padua, with three or four thousand men, and on the 30th of March the ill-fated town was attacked on three sides — from the citadel, by the troops under the walls, and by Haynau. Being without hope of assistance it ought to have surrendered; but as there was a doubt as to the truth of the news which only then began to be circulated of the defeat of Novara, the inhabitants, excited by their desire to make a defence which might be advantageous to the national cause, refused to submit. Haynau, who might have furnished the inhabitants with undeniable proofs of the loss of the battle of Novara, abstained from doing so, and instead of giving time for truth to make its way into the city, gladly availed himself of an opportunity of making a terrific example. During the 31st, the battle raged furiously; the Austrians penetrated into the city, and fought their way from street to street and from house to house, over heaps of dead bodies and blazing ruins. On the 1st of April, Brescia was finally vanquished, after scenes of such atrocious cruelty as baffle description, and which formed a fitting prelude for the butcheries of Hungary. Tremendously heavy fines were also levied on the desolated city, which served to complete its ruin. The

misfortunes of Brescia can only be equalled by its heroic bravery; and the name of this city has become sacred to all true Italians.

Note E. Page 300.

MAZZINI.

Mazzini, in his letter addressed to the Pope, and dated September 8th, 1847, expresses himself thus: "I worship God, and an idea which is an inspiration from God—One united Italy, the corner-stone of moral unity and of progressive civilisation for the nations of Europe. I believe with my whole heart in a religious principle, which stands above all social regulations; in a Divine ordinance, which we must endeavour to realize here on earth; in a law, in a Providential intention, which we must all seek, as far as our strength allows, to study and forward. I believe in the inspiration of my immortal soul, in the traditions of humanity, and in those of Italy, and have found that Rome was twice directress of the world — once through her Emperors, and afterwards through her Popes. I have found that every new era in the life of Italy has likewise been one in the life of Europe; and that when Italy fell, the moral unity of Europe ever began to waver in doubt, and anarchy, and confusion. I believe in another manifestation of Italian opinion, and believe that another European world must create itself from the heights of the eternal city, which once had its Capitol, and now has its Vatican." Then, turning to the present Pontiff, he says: —

"I regard you favourably. There is no man now, not only in Italy, but even in Europe, who is more powerful than you. Therefore, Holy Father, you have great duties to perform. God measures these according to the amount of means which he gives to his creatures. Europe is in a fearful crisis of doubt and expectation. Faith is dead through the action of time, which was hastened by your predecessors and the hierarchy of the Church. The Catholic faith has sunk into despotism, and Protestantism is sinking into anarchy. Look around you! You will find superstitious persons, or hypocrites, but no faithful. Reason loses itself in empty space. The wicked worship their interest and worldly advantages. The good pray and hope; none believe. Kings, governments, and rulers strive for the usurpation of power, which is unjust, because it does not represent the worship of truth, and is not inclined to sacrifice itself for the good of others. The people struggle because they suffer, and because they also desire enjoyment. Nobody contends for duty's sake — nobody! because a war against wickedness and falsehood is holy, and a crusade for God's sake. We have no longer a heaven, and on that account no longer a society.

"Be not deceived, Holy Father: such is the state of Europe.

"But man cannot live without a heaven. The idea of society is a conclusion deduced from that of religion. We shall, sooner or later, have a religion and a heaven. We shall have them: not so kings, and the privileged classes of society. Their position excludes them from affection — the soul of all religion. The spirit of God

descends upon the multitude which are assembled in His name. The people have suffered for centuries on the cross, but God will bless them with a faith.

"It is in your power, Holy Father, to hasten that moment. I do not mean to speak of my personal opinions respecting the future religious development. That signifies but little. I will merely say, whatever may be the fate of the present state of religious opinions, it is in your power to place yourself at their head. If God will that they should revive, it is in your power to make them revive. If God pleases that they should change their form, that doctrine and worship should depart from the foot of the cross, and raise themselves a step nearer to God, the Father and Teacher of the world, then will it be in your power, placing yourself between the two epochs, to lead the world to the conquest and practice of religious truth, and to annihilate detestable materialism and unprofitable scepticism. God forbid that I should endeavour to tempt you through ambition! I should think that I was profaning both you and myself. I call upon you, in the name of the power with which God has invested you (and that not without some purpose), to accomplish the good work of European reform. I call upon you to appear as the apostle of eternal truth, after the lapse of so many centuries of doubt and corruption. In order, however, that you may fulfil the two things which God has imposed upon you, two things are necessary — to have faith, and to bring about the unity of Italy: without the first you fall halfway, forsaken by God and man; and without the second you have not the lever, by means of which alone you can accomplish great, holy, and durable works."

"Be faithful." But what faith does the spokesman of Italian Nationality recommend to the representative of Christ upon earth? That faith which has been handed down since the time of the Apostles, and which the Romish Church has preserved inviolate up to the present day? Far from it. "Proclaim," he demands of the successor of St. Peter, "proclaim a new era. Declare that humanity is holy, and a child of God: that all who infringe its claims to possess social union, are in the path of error; that the source of all governments springs from God; that those who are most superior in intelligence and in heart, in genius and in virtue, have the right to be the leaders of the people. Bless every man who suffers and combats; blame and cast from you every man, without regard to the name which he bears, or to the dignity with which he is clothed, who is the cause of new suffering. The nations of the earth will hail in you the best interpreter of the Divine intentions, and your own conscience will strengthen and fortify you to an unspeakable degree."

The principal duty, however, of the Church is, as the leader of Young Italy proceeds to say, to restore the unity of his country. "For this there is no necessity you should work yourself, but only bless all who work for you, and in your name," &c. &c. &c. "Show that you embrace in your love the twenty-four millions of Italians, your brothers; that you believe them to be called upon by God to bind themselves together in the unity of one family, under one single covenant; that you will bless the national standard, wherever it may be raised by pure and undefiled hands; and the rest leave to us. We will cause a people to arise around you, over whose free and popular develop-

ment you, as long as you live, shall preside. We will found one government at least in Europe which will do away with the absurd separation between the spiritual and secular power. In this government you shall be the chosen vessel to represent that principle, the application of which will be carried out by those men who shall be selected for the defence of the nation.

"Do not shrink before the thought that you may become a cause of war. War already exists: it is everywhere inevitable; and, whether open or concealed, is close upon its outbreak.

"I address these words to you, because I in no way doubt as to our fate, and because I hold you to be the sole and indispensable instrument for the accomplishment of this undertaking. I address them to you, because I look upon you as worthy to advise the preparatory steps for this great plan; because, were you to place yourself at the head of these undertakings, the way would be much shortened, and the dangers diminished; because, under you, the combat would obtain a religious character, and many dangers of reaction and political intrigue would disappear: because, under your flag, a political and at the same time an immeasurable moral end would be gained; because, the regeneration of Italy under the ægis of a religious idea, would far outstrip the revolutions of other countries, and place Italy immediately at the head of European progress; because, the means are in your hands to effect that these two powers — God and the people (which too often, alas! are unhappily divided) — should work together in a beautiful and holy harmony, for the guidance of the faith of nations."

So far go the revelations of Mazzini, to whom one merit at least cannot be denied: he despises the usual hypocrisy of the revolutionary party; makes no false and misplaced demonstration of moderation and loyalty: but proceeds firmly and directly to his true end.

Persons versed in history know that this is exactly the same end as that at which Arnold of Brescia and Cola di Rienzi formerly aimed. The only difference is, that the revolutionary dream has, in the course of centuries, gained in self-reliance and confidence. The proposal to the sovereign pontiff to renounce the faith of the Church, to depart from the foot of the Cross, and for the sake of bringing about a general European change, to place himself during his life at the head of the confused, ill-digested pantheism of the new "Humanity religion," such a proposal was surely never yet made to Pope or Cardinal in the records of history. — *Article from the "Austrian Observer" of Jan.* 29. 1848.

Note F. Page 310.

MANTUA.

As soon as the news of the revolution of Vienna reached Mantua, the whole city rose in the utmost commotion. The Austrian garrison, which consisted only of a single regiment of Italian soldiers, retired into the fortress; but as soon as a sort of provisional government, consisting of twenty-two individuals, had been constituted, the soldiers returned into the town, leaving their officers in the fort, fraternised with the inhabitants, and urged them to join them in making an attack on the fortress, and driving

out the Governor, Grabosky, whom they represented as prepared to fly, having post-horses ready saddled in order to make his escape if attacked.

The committee, some of whose members were averse to the new order of things, when applied to by the inhabitants and soldiers for direction and assistance, advised delay. "The news from Milan was uncertain: whether Radetzsky was conquered or victorious, he would certainly direct his steps to Mantua, — how could they defend the fortress without gunners?" Meanwhile the bishop was employed to calm, if possible, the excitement of the people, and was sent backwards and forwards to the citadel with offers of an ultimatum, which was never agreed to. These negociations went on for a day and night, during which time the soldiers still continued to patrol the town, and the people were actively engaged making preparations for resistance. The committee at last succeeded in reconciling the soldiers with their superior officers, and got them readmitted into the fortress. The inhabitants, finding themselves thus tricked, formed a plan for upsetting the government and carrying the fortress by a *coup de main*, — boiling oil, stones, and all the apparatus for a popular rising was in readiness; but at the hour fixed for the attack, a troop of Hungarian cavalry made its entrance into the city, and Mantua remained in the hands of the Austrians, who were retreating at full speed from Milan.

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

00031355

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 March, 2016